Beyond the Stage Lights [Project Sekai]

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Beyond the Stage Lights [Project Sekai]

by ExitCue

Summary

I wasn't supposed to exist here.

I'm not in any promotional art.
Not on the stage.
Not in the Sekai.

I'm just one of those nameless faces in the crowd. The type of person you'd pass by a hundred times in school without ever remembering their name.

But today… Something broke.

It began with a flicker. The sky glitched, for only a second, like a static burn across the world.
Everyone else just kept walking.

Laughing.

Rehearsing.

Singing.

But I saw it.

And then I heard it, a voice, soft and cracked, not from a song, but from somewhere deeper.

> *"Can you hear me?"*

It echoed in a space that didn't exist. A Sekai with no color. No sound. No identity.

And somehow… it was calling me.

My name is Yuu Hazuki.
Or maybe it isn't.
I don't know anymore.

But what I do know is this:
I'm not part of the story.

Not yet.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Tap to Start

Chapter Summary

Yuu Hazuki is just a rhythm game nerd, Osu, Arcaea, Deemo, Cytus, Phigros... and of course, Project Sekai.

They're not a singer. Not a performer. Just a fan watching from the other side of the screen.

But one strange glitch, and the voice of a broken Miku, pulls them into a place that shouldn't exist.

The stage was never meant for them.

So why is it calling?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The school bell rang, sharp and clear, cutting through the lingering chatter of the classroom.

“Oh? Finally,” Yuu Hazuki muttered, slinging his backpack over one shoulder in a single, practiced motion. “Time to head home.”

He reached for his phone instinctively, already itching to the world where notes fell and his heart raced with every beat just before he could slip it into his hoodie pocket, a voice called from the next row.

“Hazuki, heading out already?”

“Yeah,” Yuu replied with a lazy nod. “Got something important to do.”

“Oh? Important?” The classmate leaned forward, smirking knowingly. “Right… new units drop today, huh? Why not pull now?”

Yuu grinned. “Because you’re bad luck.”

“Uwah! That hurts, man!”

They stepped into the hallway, falling in with the stream of students heading out, conversations swirling around them.

“Kawaki-kun, you know what actually hurts?” Yuu asked as they descended the stairs.

“What?”

“Getting a single miss… at the end of a perfect combo run.”

Kawaki snorted. “Look, I don’t care about that. I only care about the units.”

“Wow~ Rude,” Yuu huffed, dramatically offended. “You’re gonna get raided by half the fandom for disrespecting their favorite songs.”

“I’ll survive.”

Yuu let out a soft laugh, his fingers still absently tapping at his phone with the fluid precision of someone who lived off perfect combos and 1-miss heartbreaks.

“By the way,” Kawaki said casually, “Is it okay if you grind my account?”

“No,” Yuu replied flatly.

“Why not? I mean, you’re good at rhythm games, right?”

“And what if I am?”

“Come on, Hazuki! Please?”

Yuu sighed, running a hand through his hair. “You’re annoying… but fine. I’m itching to clear your shitty stages anyway.”

“Uwahh! Thank you!” Kawaki beamed. “I’ll send my account through Discord!”

Yuu rolled his eyes. “You better not have weird settings again. I swear, the last time your offset was cursed.”

With that, the two went their separate ways, their footsteps drifting apart among the crowd of students. Before long, Yuu was alone at the bus stop, the late afternoon sun casting long shadows across the pavement.

He slumped onto the bench and unlocked his phone with a flick of his thumb.

“Let’s see what units they’ve got for us today…”

He turned the screen horizontally as the familiar loading screen lit up, accompanied by music he knew by heart. A quick update rolled through, then the event banner appeared.

“Oho? Night’s Treasure Gacha… and it’s a Unit-Limited Event.” A grin spread across his face. “Good thing I saved up for today’s banner. I’ve even got enough for a spark.”

“Come on… come home, Mafuyu~ Please come home…” Yuu whispered, eyes locked on the shimmering gacha animation.

The screen lit up with color — a golden burst, then a swirl of blue.

Four-star. His heart leapt.

“Please… please—”

The character silhouette began to form, pixels flickering and dancing into shape—

Then froze.

“Huh?”

The music cut off.

His screen went dark for a second… then flickered back on.

But something was wrong.

The background was blank.

No sparkles, no lights.

Just an empty, pale void.

No pull result.

No character.

Nothing.

“What the hell…?”

Yuu tapped the screen.

Nothing responded.

Then, faintly—barely audible through his earphones, he heard something.

“Can you hear me…?”

It wasn’t the gacha voice line. It wasn’t any character he recognized.

It sounded distant… broken… almost like someone whispering through static.

He stared, frozen, as the screen glitched again, this time showing a flash of teal hair, then static, then...

Black.

His phone restarted itself.

Yuu blinked.

“…That’s… new.”

The bus hadn’t arrived yet.

But something else had.

“Hey… wait a minute!” Yuu sat up straight, clutching his phone like it had just personally betrayed him. “What about my pulls?! I wasted ten pulls for that!”

He jabbed at the screen as it came back to life, the familiar Project Sekai icon glowing on his home page.

No way was he letting that glitch steal a potential Mafuyu.

He launched the app. The screen dimmed, then brightened—everything seemed normal again. Loading bar. Music. Start screen.

“Alright, come on. Give me my history back—”

But as soon as he tapped Start, the screen didn’t load into the main menu.

Instead, it faded to white.

No units.

No songs.

No UI.

Just a single, empty stage bathed in static light.

and in the distance…

A faint, humming melody.

Off-key. Broken.

Calling him.

“I found you.”

The voice cut through the silence—gentle, feminine, but layered with static, like a cassette tape left out in the rain.

Yuu blinked.

“…Huh?”

Before he could react, the screen burst into white.

A blinding light erupted from his phone, far too bright for any LCD should be. He winced, shielding his eyes—but it was no use. The world around him dissolved in that instant.

The sound of traffic, wind, people—gone.

For one brief moment, everything was silent.

And then.

He was no longer sitting at the bus stop.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading the prologue! Things are only going to get stranger from here! If you liked it, consider dropping a kudos or comment!

(Also, don't kill me if I did something wrong, or made an error.

Please don't kill me, but instead just correct me.)

The Sekai That Shouldn’t Exist

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Yuu Hazuki stirred.

His eyes fluttered open, only to be met by a blinding overhead light that made him squint. It wasn't the harsh fluorescent glow of the bus stop or the warm sunlight from earlier. No, this was... sterile. Artificial.

He blinked slowly, trying to focus.

The first thing he noticed was the floor beneath him—smooth, pale, and glossy like a freshly cleaned stage. Not a speck of dust. It reflected light unnaturally, as though reality had forgotten how physics worked here.

“…Where…”

He sat up, his fingers pressing into the cold surface beneath him. It didn’t feel like any material he recognized—neither tile, nor wood, nor plastic. Just... smooth. Blank. Empty.

Yuu turned his head.

There were no buildings. No bus stop. No people. Just an endless white stage that stretched far in all directions. Curtains of light swayed around the perimeter like distant auroras, yet there was no wind.

"...The hell?"

His heart began to race.

Not in the panicked, full-blown horror way, yet.

More like the way it felt when he dropped a combo at 99% or suddenly hit a difficulty spike mid-song.

He stood up, brushing off imaginary dust from his pants out of habit, and pulled out his phone.

Still in his hand.

Of course.

Yuu clicked the power button.

Nothing.

He held it down.

Still nothing.

“Come on… don’t crap out on me now…”

He flipped it around. No cracks. No overheating. It was perfectly fine, except for the fact that it had basically turned into a rectangular paperweight.

He sighed and slipped it back into his pocket. “Figures. Classic isekai moment. Am I in a dream or something?”

Yuu turned in place. Somewhere in the distance—just barely audible—he could hear something. A note. No… a hum. Low, droning, almost mournful.

A voice?

“La… la… la… la…”

Off-key.

Uneven.

Glitchy.

Yuu’s eyes narrowed.

He followed the sound.

With each step, the stage beneath him rippled like water, but held firm. It was like walking across a frozen lake that didn’t creak.

Eventually, the curtains of light parted ahead, and he saw her.

A figure.

Standing in the middle of the stage.

Perfect posture.

Long teal twintails, motionless in the windless air.

Head bowed slightly forward, arms dangling loosely by her sides like a marionette on standby.

“...Miku?”

Yuu’s voice echoed, but the figure didn’t move.

The humming stopped.

He took a cautious step forward. Then another.

“Why are you here?”

Her voice pierced through the silence. It wasn’t like the cheerful, upbeat voice lines he was used to. This one sounded hollow.

Filtered.

As if she were speaking through an old radio with broken reception.

Yuu froze.

His throat tightened.

"…I—I don't know."

Miku slowly lifted her head.

Her eyes glowed, not bright, not alive, but flickering.

Like old stage lights left on too long.

"You're not supposed to exist here."

"Hold on," Yuu said, throwing up his hands. "Even I don't understand what's going on…!"

His voice cracked slightly, echoing across the strange, silent space.

"I was pulling for the unit's banner and bam—I suddenly got here!"

The girl, Miku, or at least something wearing her face, tilted her head slightly.

Her expression didn't change.

No smile.

No reaction.

Just flickering teal eyes watching him like a scanner reading a corrupted file.

"You pulled… the banner?" she repeated slowly, like the words were foreign.

"Yeah. I even saved enough for a spark. I was aiming for Mafuyu—"

Yuu stopped himself mid-sentence, realizing how ridiculous that sounded in the moment. "I mean. That's not the point."

Miku took one step forward.

Yuu instinctively took one step back.

"Calm down," he said, hands still up. "I'm not here to do anything weird, okay? I just… I don't know how I got here. One second I'm outside—bus stop, sunset, chill music—and the next, I'm in white void Sekai with creepy lighting and you glitching like a horror mod."

He paused. "No offense."

She blinked.

"This place does not recognize you."

"…Yeah. Well, I don't recognize this place either. So we're even."

“Yet you were found.”

Her voice was soft. Too soft. Almost like a whisper in his skull.

Yuu swallowed.

“…Found by who?”

“Hold on,” Yuu said, throwing up his hands. “Even I don’t understand what’s going on…!”

His voice cracked slightly, echoing across the strange, silent space.

“I was pulling for the unit’s banner and—bam—I suddenly got here!”

The girl—Miku, or at least something wearing her face—tilted her head slowly. Her expression didn’t change. No smile. No spark of recognition. Just flickering teal eyes, watching him like a scanner trying to decode a corrupted file.

Miku took one slow step forward.

Yuu instinctively mirrored her with a step back.

“Calm down,” he said, his palms still raised. “I’m not here to do anything weird, okay? I just… I don’t know how I got here. One second I’m outside—bus stop, sunset, chill music—and the next, I’m in this white void Sekai with horror mod lighting and you glitching like something out of a rhythm creepypasta.”

He paused. “…No offense.”

She blinked once, long and deliberate.

“This place does not recognize you.”

“…Yeah. Well, I don’t recognize this place either. So we’re even.”

There was a stillness. Miku’s gaze never wavered.

“Yet… you were found.”

Her voice was soft. Too soft. It didn’t echo—it just slipped directly into his head, like an uninvited thought. Yuu felt the hairs on his neck stand.

He swallowed.

“…Found by who?”

No answer. Just silence.

And then.

“Say,” she whispered, “can you play a song for me?”

Yuu blinked. “A song…?”

Before he could ask what she meant, something materialized in front of him.

A soft chime rang out, and a shimmering, holographic interface appeared, floating midair, glowing faint blue and violet. It looked like… a custom song stage select, stylized like Project Sekai's menus, but warped. Distorted.

Five song panels hovered in front of him. None of them had titles.

No BPM. No difficulty.

Just static.

"What… is this?" he muttered, stepping closer.

His hand reached out instinctively, like muscle memory guiding him through muscle panic.

The moment his fingertip hovered over one of the panels.

"You want me to play a song...?" Yuu asked, voice low, eyes darting between the holographic interface and the flickering Miku in front of him. "...I'll try."

He lifted a finger and tapped.

The stage pulsed beneath his feet the moment his fingertip touched the panel. A flash of static erupted across the world, followed by a sharp chime—one that sounded almost like the Project Sekai loading sound.

Almost.

But wrong.

The panel vanished. In its place, dark streaks spread across the once-pristine white stage like ink on paper. The shimmering sky above dimmed, and a faint instrumental began playing—familiar, yet unrecognizable. A melody twisted just slightly off-key, like a beloved cover corrupted by lag.

The notes began falling.

Not on a screen.

In front of him.

Glowing arrows, circles, and sliders descended in midair, forming a massive, projected note highway that stretched out over the void. Each one shimmered like it was made of glass, flickering in and out of existence as they fell toward the glowing center below.

Yuu's breath hitched. His hands trembled—not from fear, but instinct.

"I… I know this."

His feet moved first.

Then his hands.

And before he knew it, he was playing.

Not tapping—not on a screen—but performing.

His fingers traced each floating note like he'd done it a thousand times before. Slides danced through the air, trails of light following his hands like a stage illusion. When he hit the timing perfectly, the world responded—each perfect flaring gold beneath his feet.

Despite the surreal setting, his body remembered.

Osu, Arcaea, Cytus, Deemo, and Project Sekai.

His rhythm gamer instincts had transcended glass.

For a moment, he smiled.

Until the background glitched again.

Miku.

She moved now.

Her head twitched slightly to the beat.

Not dancing.

Not performing.

Just staring.

And humming along.

But the more perfect Yuu played, the more the world began to destabilize.

The song's tempo started to rise. The color palette dimmed. Notes became erratic—almost alive, shifting their paths slightly to throw him off. His foot slipped on one that unexpectedly changed direction midair.

"Hey!"

He staggered, catching his balance just in time to hit a fast slider, but the system didn't register it.

"Miss."

His heart sank.

The stage groaned.

No—cracked.

A massive fracture opened across the floor, like glass under stress.

Miku tilted her head again.

"Why are you playing a song… that doesn't belong to you?"

Yuu's hands froze midair.

The notes kept falling.

Cracks spiderwebbed beneath his feet, each miss deepening the fractures in the stage like glass under pressure. Every imperfection—every misstep—was an attack on the stability of this strange world. The rhythm had turned hostile, no longer welcoming, no longer fair.

It wasn't human.

It didn't want him to succeed.

It wanted him to fail.

And finally, he did.

FAILED.

No screen. No gentle retry button. Just one overwhelming boom that slammed into his chest like a punch made of disappointment and despair. The stage groaned beneath him—then shattered.

Yuu barely raised his arms before the world caved in.

Light collapsed.

Gravity twisted.

And then.

Silence.

A soft click.

Yuu opened his eyes.

He was standing again.

Right where he had started, back in the infinite white void. The holographic interface hovered in front of him, as if nothing had happened. The five panels remained untouched. Silent. Waiting.

Miku stood where she had been all along, arms slack, head slightly tilted. Watching.

Yuu's breath hitched.

His shoulders rose and fell. He clutched his own arms like the phantom memory of rhythm still ached in his bones.

The beat still echoed faintly in his ears—haunted, warped, distorted. A melody he never chose, yet somehow knew.

"…I don't know…" he whispered.

His voice barely broke the stillness.

“I don’t know why I’m here. I don’t know what this place is. I don’t even know what that song was…”

Miku said nothing.

Yuu looked down at his trembling hands, flexing his fingers slowly.

“I just…”

He paused. Sighed. Looked up again.

“I just… don’t want to leave this world feeling like a failure.”

A long, heavy silence passed.

Then, Miku’s lips moved.

“You are an error.”

Yuu blinked.

But she wasn’t finished.

“Yet… you played.”

Her voice had changed. No longer cold. No longer robotic. The digital echo had softened, tinged now with something… human. Or perhaps just curious.

He met her eyes again.

And for a flicker of a moment, they were no longer empty.

Yuu took a breath.

Then stepped forward.

“…Miku.”

He clenched his fists and stared at the panel, the same one he failed, now flickering gently, as if listening.

“I don’t know what’s going on,” he said. “I don’t know who brought me here. But…”

He took another step. Then tapped the panel again.

“I’m going to play that song.”

The interface lit up once more.

The ghostly beat returned, slightly less broken this time, like the melody was healing with his resolve.

His body moved.

Not guided by panic, but rhythm.

A purpose with pride

tap

tap-tap-slide

hold—release

His feet glided across the strange, glassy floor, each movement syncing perfectly to the beat.

Every note matched a step. Every slide followed his motion like a flowing wind.

His limbs didn't shake anymore; they danced.

The stage no longer cracked.

It lit up beneath him.

And behind him, he heard something new.

A second voice.

Humming along.

He turned his head slightly, without missing a beat.

Miku had raised one hand. Her mouth moved, syncing perfectly with the strange melody. Her voice —fragmented, glitched—was gaining color.

Like she was remembering what it meant to sing.

Yuu didn't stop.

Couldn't stop.

The music filled his chest, not a soundtrack, not a BGM, but a presence.

The once-chaotic melody now pulsed with warmth, steadier than before. The notes still floated through the air, but they were no longer malicious. No longer slipping away just before he could reach them.

They welcomed him.

And beside him, Miku moved.

First step.

Then another.

And then she began to sing.

The moment her voice joined the song, the Sekai around them shimmered—white void fading into soft, prismatic hues, like the sunrise bleeding through clouds. The cracks that once spread across the floor closed, replaced by luminous trails of color with every movement Yuu made.

He danced, no, performed—like it was second nature.

His body found rhythms where there were none. His hands slid into motions he had only ever performed on screens, now amplified into graceful arcs of motion and control. His breath timed perfectly with the BPM. Every step echoed like a heartbeat.

Miku spun around him.

Her voice trembled at first, like she had forgotten how to sing—but it grew, second by second, line by line. What was once broken and empty slowly rebuilt itself. She sang without lyrics, only melody, yet it filled the Sekai like poetry never needed words.

Yuu matched her movement, gliding along the beat, eyes locked on hers.

He was no longer a stranger fumbling through a foreign song. He was a player. A performer. And this stage—this moment—belonged to him just as much as it did to her.

Perfect.
Perfect.
Perfect.

Every note hit.

Every motion is synced.

The Sekai responded. The light grew brighter. The stage extended outward, stretching into a sky of sound. Instruments joined them—piano, strings, faint percussion—each rising in tandem with Yuu's pulse.

And then.

As the chorus approached.

She harmonized with him.

Not just vocally, but in soul.

Miku's expression softened. The mechanical tension melted from her frame. Her voice, now radiant and full, soared above the melody, wrapping around Yuu's every step. She smiled—faint, hesitant—but real.

They moved together.

Two silhouettes against a shifting aurora.

Two performers, syncing for the first time.

The final notes descended.

Yuu’s arms lifted, his body turned, he struck the last beat with one final, perfect movement.

And then.

Silence.

Not the cold, crushing silence from before.

But soft.

Warm.

Fulfilling.

The stage pulsed once.

Then everything froze.

A glowing window of text appeared above them:

FULL COMBO
SCORE: 100%
— “Synthetic Aurora [Lost Arrangement]” Cleared —

Yuu staggered slightly, out of breath. His chest heaved as he placed a hand over his heart. Sweat clung to his brow, but his lips carried the faintest smile.

“I… I did it.”

Miku turned to him.

“You cleared it,” she said quietly.

He nodded. “I didn’t just clear it. I felt it.”

She stared at him for a moment.

Then lowered her head—not in sadness, but in something akin to reverence.

“…Thank you.”

Yuu’s eyes widened. “Huh?”

“This Sekai was empty,” she continued. “Silent. I could not remember the song. I could not remember why I sang.”

She stepped closer, gaze softening.

“But when you played it… I remembered the warmth. The rhythm. The emotion. I remembered what it meant to perform for someone.”

He blinked.

“I… I didn’t do anything that special. I just played a song.”

“You played with heart.”

She offered him her hand.

“Would you… perform again?”

Yuu looked down at her outstretched hand.

Then up at the now-glowing sky.

“…I think I’d like that.”

He took her hand.

The world lit up.

Yuu gasped as his eyes snapped open.

“Gah!”

He shot upright in bed, his heart pounding.

The morning light filtered in through the window, and the familiar hum of the city outside greeted him.

The dream—no, the experience was gone, leaving him with only a sense of lingering confusion.

The white void.

The song.

Miku’s voice.

All of it felt so vivid, so real.

“…So it was a dream…” Yuu muttered, running a hand through his messy hair as he rubbed his eyes.

The remnants of the strange, surreal performance still echoed in his mind like the fading hum of a distant melody.

He swung his legs off the bed, still dazed, and reached for his phone on the nightstand.

His fingers brushed against the screen, and the lock screen appeared.

“Haah… If it’s all a dream, does that mean everything I pulled in the gacha banner was also a dream?”

He opened his phone.

His thumb froze.

“Eh?! Where’s my Project Sekai?!”

The app was gone.

His mind raced. Had it really been a dream?

He frantically swiped through his phone, checking his other apps, no sign of the game, no history of his pulls, no updates. Just an empty slot where it used to be.

He scrambled to open the gacha folder.

Nothing.

His heart thudded in his chest.

The empty feeling from before started to creep back in.

Just then, the door to his room swung open with a loud bang.

“Oh, would you shut up! Get ready to eat your breakfast, or else you’ll be late!”

Yuu blinked, startled. “Late? It’s 6:50 AM though!?”

The voice from outside the door sounded exasperated. “What is this guy talking about? Isn’t today your first day in Kamiyama High?”

Yuu’s eyes widened.

“…Huh?!”

He shot up from his bed, his mind trying to piece together what was happening.

First day of Kamiyama High?

Isn't that... the in-game and story location?!

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading this chapter of Beyond the Stage Lights!

This chapter serves as both an introduction and a surreal dive into a world where the boundary between game and reality begins to crack. If you’re a fan of Project Sekai or rhythm games in general, I hope you enjoy this twist on immersion!

This isn't a dream, is it?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Yuu Hazuki stood frozen in the middle of his room, phone still in hand, hair sticking up wildly in every direction like a protagonist who just rolled out of bed into an alternate reality.

"…Kamiyama High?" he muttered.

He looked around, eyes scanning every corner of the room like it might cough up an explanation. The posters on the wall? The same. His shelf stacked with rhythm game CDs? Still perfectly aligned. His desk—cluttered with headphone wires and snack wrappers—untouched.

Then his eyes landed on the calendar.

He rushed over.

April 7th.
First day of school.

But not the school he remembered.

"I don't go to Kamiyama High," he said under his breath. "I go to—"

He stopped.

Blank.

His mouth hung slightly open as his brain reached for a name that wasn't there. Not a single syllable surfaced. His own high school? His college? The city he lived in?

Gone.

"…I'm a college student…" he whispered.

But the more he said it, the more it sounded like a fading dream. The only thing his mind clung to now was one phrase.

Kamiyama High.

Like it had always been that way.

Ding!

His phone vibrated. A notification popped up—not from Discord, or LINE, or Messenger.

An unfamiliar app.

The icon was shaped like a music note fused with a speech bubble.

[Message from: Aoyagi Toya]
Toya: “Yuu-kun. hurry up or the gates’ll close on your first day…”

Yuu stared at the name.

“…Aoyagi Toya? That Aoyagi?”

It couldn’t be. He knew that name. Rhythm game fans everywhere knew that name.

He tapped the chat.

A full message history unfurled.

Friendly texts.
Memes.
Screenshots of scores.
Inside jokes.
Photo spam.

As if they’d known each other for years.

“No. Nope. This is weird. This is very weird.”

He backed out of the chat and opened his contacts list.

Names scrolled by like an idol event banner.

Shiraishi An.
Azusawa Kohane.
Shinonome Akito.
Hanasato Minori.
Kamishiro Rui.

Every name he’d memorized from in-game events and card banners—

Now saved in his phone.

Real names.
Real profiles.
Real chat logs.

Real people.

His mouth went dry.

“Hey mister…”

Yuu jumped, spinning around.

Her mom was still standing in his doorway, arms crossed.

“You’re gonna be late.”

“Ah—! Y-Yes, I’m going,” Yuu stammered, heart thudding.

His mother rolled her eyes and walked away, muttering something about “protagonist syndrome.”

Yuu grabbed his uniform, still half in disbelief, and checked the mirror.

It fit perfectly.

Too perfectly.

“…Okay,” he said to himself, voice quiet. “This isn’t just some Sekai…”

He slid his phone into his pocket.

“This is the real world. Right?”

But no matter how hard he tried to believe it, one truth pulsed in his mind like a steady BPM:

Nothing about this is normal.

After scarfing down a quick breakfast and ignoring his mom muttering about “anime boy speedruns”—Yuu slipped into his shoes and sprinted out the door.

His destination?

Kamiyama High.

>Timeskip to Kamiyama High<

Every step toward the school gate felt heavier than it should. The streets were clean.

The air was a little too crisp.

The blue sky overhead? Picture-perfect.

Almost like a backdrop.

And waiting just in front of the school’s gate.

“You’re finally here. Took you long enough.”

Aoyagi Toya stood with his arms crossed, dressed in the familiar Kamiyama High uniform. His sharp gaze met Yuu’s with faint irritation, though his tone lacked any real bite.

Yuu froze mid-step. “S-Sorry.”

Strict and blunt.

Just like in the game.

No.

Not the game.

This wasn’t a cutscene.

This was real.

And yet, his brain couldn’t unsee it.

Before he could spiral, another voice chimed in.

“Now now… Let’s save the sermon for later and head to the gymnasium.”

Yuu’s eyes widened.

Shiraishi An.

She stood just behind Toya, her usual bright energy intact, ponytail bouncing slightly as she walked up beside them.

He stared for a second too long.

“...Shiraishi An,” he blurted out.

An blinked, puzzled. “Yeah? What is it all of a sudden? Saying my full name like that.”

Ah crap. I said that out loud.

Yuu waved his hands frantically. “N-No, nothing! Sorry!”

Toya raised a brow.

Yuu forced an awkward laugh, rubbing the back of his neck.

As the three of them began walking across the school grounds, Yuu took a quick glance around. Students were chatting, stretching, heading to the gym—like a normal first day. Too normal. Scripted, even.

And yet…

He was the only thing that didn’t feel scripted.

What’s the current me’s relation to these units?

They spoke to him casually, like he belonged. Like he’d always been here. But he didn’t remember joining this world. He didn’t remember logging in. And worst of all—

He didn’t know what came next.

His thoughts flashed back to her voice.

Not An.

Not Toya.

Her.

“You’re not supposed to exist here...
...Yet it found you.”

“Say, everyone…” Yuu began as they walked toward the gymnasium, trying to sound casual. “We’re first years, right?”

Both An and Toya paused, then looked at him like he’d just asked if the sky was blue.

“We are,” Toya replied flatly.

An tilted her head. “Do you not remember your section? You and Toya are in the same class.”

“A-Are we?” Yuu gave a nervous laugh. “Haha… Thanks for reminding me.”

An’s eyes narrowed. “…Are you okay?”

Yuu stiffened.

“It feels like…” she continued, brows furrowing slightly. “Like you just lost your memory or something. Like you don’t remember us.”

Yuu scrambled for a response. “I-I guess I was just… uh… overthinking school stuff!”

Shiraishi raised an eyebrow.

Then grinned.

“Oh? Is that so? Well~ we’ve been friends since middle school, you know. If you need a little refresher, I can quiz you on our embarrassing moments.”

She leaned in a little, teasing.

“Yes, please,” Yuu said automatically, voice too eager.

Smooth. Real smooth.

Toya exhaled beside them, not even bothering to mask his annoyance.

“You two,” he said. “How about keeping quiet when the teacher is speaking on stage?”

Yuu flinched. “Sorry.”

The three of them stepped into the gymnasium, joining the rest of the students taking their seats. The crowd buzzed quietly, footsteps echoing against polished wood, murmurs filling the air.

It was almost too normal.

Yuu followed along silently, eyes darting across the space.

Rows of chairs. Teachers onstage. Banners on the walls. Kamiyama High’s emblem gleamed under the ceiling lights.

It looked exactly like a rhythm game school event backdrop.

But this isn’t the Sekai I know…

He clutched the strap of his bag tightly.

The story was even made up. This whole setting? It doesn’t exist in the game. The characters—An, Toya—sure, they’re here. But this place... this timeline... this version of their lives?

It was like someone had fabricated a perfect school AU and inserted him into it.

I don’t belong here. I wasn’t even part of the canon.

The longer he stayed, the louder that truth became.

Yuu’s eyes wandered to the teachers on stage. One of them began speaking into the mic, but the words barely registered.

His focus shifted.

Up, high above the banners, toward the catwalk lights.

For just a split second, something moved.

Not a person.

A silhouette.

Like a glitch in the air.

Gone in a blink.

His heart skipped a beat.

“...I’m being watched.”

"A variable."

The voice echoed from above—quiet, detached, almost lazy.
Yuu snapped his head upward toward the catwalks.

There was someone there.

No, something.

A silhouette suspended in stillness.

And around him… time had stopped.

The murmurs of students vanished. The teacher mid-sentence froze, mouth open. Even An and Toya were perfectly still beside him, caught in mid-breath like paused animations.

Yuu stood up so fast his chair scraped the floor, but no one moved. No one reacted.

“Who... are you!?” he called up.

The silhouette chuckled.

A hand gestured vaguely like it was brushing dust off a storybook.

“Hahh… stop overreacting and being confused. I’m trying to create a good plot here.”

“I’m asking who you are!”

“…You can call me the god of this Sekai.”

Yuu’s face scrunched in disbelief. “That’s… ridiculous. What kind of stupid—"

“Bring me back to the real world. Now!”

A sigh came from above. The shape shifted slightly, like they were reclining in midair.

“...How annoying.”

The voice paused, then added—flatly—

“How about this? I will bring you back. In exchange, you complete every stage.”

Yuu narrowed his eyes. “What?”

“Every stage. Easy to Expert. No skips. No assists. All clear.”

His stomach sank. “...That’s impossible.”

“Can’t do it? That sucks, huh. I guess you’ll be staying here forever then.”

Are you kidding me?

There are 552 songs in total...

Multiply that by 5 difficulty levels... that's—

He did the math in his head.

2760 stages.

“YOU EXPECT ME TO FULL COMBO OVER TWO THOUSAND STAGES!?”

The silhouette shrugged.

“I expect you to clear them. But full combos sound spicier for the narrative. Good luck, protagonist.”

Yuu’s jaw clenched. “What do you even want from me? What’s the point of this!?”

The figure leaned forward slightly.

And for just a moment, he wasn’t a shadow anymore.

Yuu saw his face.

It was—

His own.

Or something close to it. Distorted.

As if someone had taken a mirror and shattered it, then reassembled the pieces to look almost like him, but twisted.

Amused.

Detached from consequence.

Yuu staggered back a step.

“You should be thanking me,” the god said with a grin. “You’re not just a fan anymore. You’re part of the story now.”

And then—

Snap.

The world surged back to life.

Voices. Motion. Light. Reality crashing back like a beat drop.

Toya nudged his shoulder. “...Yuu?”

Yuu blinked.

An was waving at him with concern. “Hey. You okay?”

He looked around.

The ceremony was still ongoing. No one noticed anything strange.

But his hands?

They were still shaking.

Complete every stage…

Or stay here forever.

“Can I go to the clinic for a second…?” Yuu asked, eyes still fixed on the floor.

His voice barely rose above the ambient buzz of the gym.

Shiraishi An turned toward him, concern softening her tone.

“S-Sure… Want me to guide you?”

Yuu forced a smile. “I’m fine… I know where it is.”

Of course he did.

He was a Project Sekai fan. A hardcore one. He'd memorized half the game's map layouts from event story scenes and rhythm maps alone.

Unthinkable.

He made his way down the hallway with heavy steps, turning each corner by muscle memory.

A left at the vending machine.

A right past the literature room.

Straight through the quiet wing.

Then, the clinic.

Empty, Dim, A single bed, Clean sheets, Sterile lighting.

Familiar, but eerily quiet.

Yuu closed the door behind him and stood motionless just a step inside.

The silence was crushing.

"What now…?"

He said it aloud, to no one.

The question hung in the air.

He took a shaky breath and sat down on the edge of the bed.

His hands trembled again. He clenched them into fists.

"Complete every stage or stay here forever," he muttered. "What kind of lunatic condition is that?"

He leaned forward, elbows on his knees.

He stared down at his palms.

Callused fingers.

Rhythm-game calluses.

Real now.

Not from hours of swiping glass, but from motion, pressure, resistance.

Reality here had weight.

And the songs?

He remembered the glitchy one.

The corrupted rhythm. The stage shattering.

Even now, fragments of that melody clawed at the back of his skull like a bugged track still looping in his subconscious.

“This isn’t a dream. This is something else.”

Something deeper than Sekai.

Something he’d never read about.

Never unlocked.

Something broken.

He leaned back against the wall, staring up at the white ceiling.

“Am I really supposed to play through over two thousand stages… just to go home?”

He closed his eyes.

“How do I even start?”

Just then, a soft beep echoed through the quiet room.

Yuu opened his eyes.

In front of him hovered a faint blue holographic interface—sleek, translucent, familiar.

The Project Sekai UI.

But… different.

Sharper. More polished. More real than any screen he’d ever swiped.

“An updated version, huh…” he muttered, brow furrowing.

He let out a long, exhausted sigh and glanced sideways at the mirror on the clinic wall.

His reflection stared back—rumpled uniform, tired eyes, body caught between disbelief and reluctant acceptance.

“Fine,” he said, locking eyes with himself. “Whoever you are… whatever twisted thing you’ve programmed this to be…”

He stepped forward.

“I’ll beat this game of yours.”

His finger hovered over the glowing [Update Complete – Launch Now] button.

And with one breath, one final moment of hesitation—

He pressed it.

Everything blinked.

The clinic vanished.

The air shifted.

The light changed.

Home.

Yuu found himself sitting in bed again, morning sunlight spilling through the blinds.

His phone buzzed.

But this time, it wasn't Toya's message.

It was a plain reminder alert.

"Wake up! It's time to go to school!"

He stared at it blankly.

The dream?

The Sekai?

The glitching Miku?

The god with his face?

Still real.

Still echoing.

But now buried under layers of mundane normalcy.

Yuu set his phone down and exhaled, slowly swinging his legs off the bed again.

He wasn't the protagonist here.

Not the center of any unit or story route.

Not a canon Event SSR.

"Today," he whispered, "…I'll be an extra."

Just a background character.

With one goal.

Go home.

Chapter End Notes

Yuu Hazuki doesn’t want to be the hero.

He doesn’t want a spotlight, a character arc, or emotional climaxes.

But now he’s trapped in a rhythm world with rules written by something else entirely, and survival might require him to play along.

Thank you for reading Chapter 2 of Beyond the Stage Lights.

A New Clean State

Everything settled into a rhythm.

Kamiyama High.
Go home.
Clear three songs.
Repeat.

Yuu Hazuki followed that routine like it was doctrine—every day blending into the next.

Wake up, put on the uniform, exchange minimal words with familiar faces, and keep his head down during class.

He didn't try to stand out.

Didn't speak to the canon characters unless spoken to.

"Interacting would break the story," he muttered once to himself.
"Let them follow their script. I'm just passing through."

And so, he lived like an extra.

An NPC who existed just off-frame, silently obeying the invisible director.

Three songs a day.

Sometimes they were easy, other times brutally fast.
The stages changed: school rooftop, train station, cluttered bedroom, underwater alleyway.
Each one glitched slightly around the edges, like a half-finished dream.

He never failed.
He never smiled either.

Three months passed.

Only 14 stages cleared.

"That can't be right," he whispered one evening, scrolling through the interface.
"I've played over 200 songs. I… I should've cleared more…"

But the Sekai didn't care about effort.

It only cared about completion.

Each stage demanded understanding, not just reflex.

He had to feel the songs. Know their message. Their emotional arc. Their "story."

And he didn't.

“I don’t belong here. I can’t understand something that isn’t mine.”

So the system rejected him.

He barely noticed his body changing.

His legs had grown stronger.

His reflexes faster.

Posture sharper.

Arms more toned from constant motion, performance, dance, gesture.

A rhythm game was no longer just fingers tapping glass.

Now, it was everything.

Muscle.

Flow.

Presence.

He hadn’t looked in the mirror for weeks.

But if he did, he’d realize—

He didn’t look like an extra anymore.

That morning, Yuu paused before the mirror.

It was the first time he’d really looked in weeks, maybe months.

The reflection that stared back was… strange.

“I’ve grown taller, huh…” he murmured.

His voice barely echoed in the room.

His uniform shirt fit tighter around the shoulders than he remembered.

The sleeves stopped just a little shorter on his wrists.

His posture, once slouched from hours hunched over a laptop, was straighter now.

Natural.

He raised a hand, flexed his fingers.

Just steadiness.

Discipline.

From rhythm games.

He almost laughed at the absurdity of it.

Playing through choreographed illusions, tapping in sync with invisible beats, yet it had reshaped him. In silence. Without fanfare.

“Maybe I should ask them to buy me a new uniform…”

Them.

His parents.

Or… the parents in this world.

Whoever they were.

They cared, in a distant, constructed sort of way.

Played their roles well. Cooked meals. Left reminder notes. Gave hugs when he looked tired.

Maybe it was fake.

Maybe it wasn’t.

Does it matter if it’s programmed?

If it feels warm?

Yuu looked back at the mirror.

There was a thinness to his face still—a holdover from college nights with skipped meals and late projects—but he was no longer frail.

He sighed and turned away from the mirror.

Another day.

Another three songs.

“Let’s get this over with.”

He stepped out of his bedroom, school bag slung loosely over one shoulder. The hallway light filtered softly through the curtains, and the smell of breakfast still lingered faintly in the air.

Downstairs, she was already waiting.

“Mother, I’m going now,” Yuu called, slipping on his shoes.

“Wait, Yuu.”

He paused mid-step. “Hm?”

“You forgot your lunch box.”

She held it out with a warm smile. Her hands, gentle and familiar—crafted by memory or fabrication, he couldn't tell anymore.

"Ah… thanks," he said, reaching for it.

But just before their fingers met—

"By the way," she said, voice light. "Are you really… Yuu?"

His breath caught.

Only for a second.

But it was enough.

"I mean," she continued casually, "you've gotten taller now… Have you been working out lately? I also noticed your uniform looks tight on you."

Yuu blinked, tension draining from his shoulders.

"Ahh… I was about to say that as well."

She giggled.

"Fufu~ You look like one of those actors I watch on television and YouTube. Are you perhaps going to become an entertainer?"

Yuu chuckled softly, rubbing the back of his neck.

"Mother, you flatter me."

He took the lunchbox from her hands and, without thinking, leaned in for a hug.

It was brief.

Warm.

Familiar.

He wasn't sure if he was holding onto her… or the illusion.

"I'm going now."

"Take care!~" she chimed brightly, waving as he stepped out the door.

And just like that, another ordinary morning passed.

Yuu arrived at Kamiyama High, stepping through the school gates like a background actor returning to set. The halls welcomed him with their usual buzz—shoes against tile, lockers clanging, the occasional laugh bouncing off sunlit windows.

He walked with practiced muscle memory.

Head down.

Gaze neutral.

His destination: Class 1-B.

The classroom he shared with names he'd memorized long ago from unit banners and character stories, Kusanagi Nene and Aoyagi Toya.

Yuu never spoke to them.

Not unless he had to.

During group work, he did his share.

No more.

No less.

He never lingered.

Never forced bonds.

Never broke script.

His goal was simple:

Avoid attachments.

Clear the stages.

Go home.

But that routine cracked—just slightly—that day.

It happened at lunch.

Yuu stood, sliding his chair back with the soft scrape of metal legs. His eyes were already set on the cafeteria exit. One hand casually adjusted the strap of his bag.

Then—

A shadow blocked his path.

"Wait."

A voice. Calm. Flat. But firm.

Yuu blinked.

Standing in front of him was Toya Aoyagi.

For a second, the world just… continued.

Chairs scraping.

Classmates chatting.

Wrappers rustling.

Neither of them spoke.

Finally, Yuu offered a neutral,

“Hm?”

Their eyes met.

Toya’s expression was unreadable, as usual.

A mask of indifference honed by years of restraint.

But something in his gaze was searching.

“You didn’t send the reference for today’s report.”

“Ah… sorry. I’ll send them later.”

“And,” Toya added, “how did you rise to the top rank so fast?”

Yuu blinked again.

“…What?”

“You’re quiet. You don’t show off. But your scores… They’re top rank on the latest score exams.”

A beat passed.

Yuu shrugged.

“I guess I’m not the type to talk around.”

Toya tilted his head slightly, like he was adjusting an internal theory.

“Hmm. How curious.”

Yuu mentally groaned.

He forgot one thing about this world.

Rivalry.

Toya stepped aside, just enough to turn toward the classroom door.

“Are you heading to the cafeteria?”

“I am,” Yuu replied slowly.

“Good. Let’s go together.”

“H-Huh? Why?”

“Because I’m going to buy lunch too.”

“I’m just grabbing a drink,” Yuu muttered, already half-turned.

“Then we’ll head there together.”

Read the room already.

I want to be alone.

But it was too late.

Yuu had already failed his daily stealth stat roll.

And so, for the first time in weeks, he walked to the cafeteria…

with someone.

Just as the two of them were heading toward the cafeteria, they bumped into someone rounding the corner.

“Huh? Toya? And… who are you?”

Yuu froze.

Standing in front of them was Shiraishi An.

Toya, completely unbothered, gestured with his hand.

“My classmate. We were heading to the cafeteria together.”

An blinked, then raised an eyebrow, clearly surprised.

“Hmm~ That’s strange. Most people find Toya hard to approach.”

She turned her gaze toward Yuu, sharp but not unfriendly.

“Well… he approached me first, so…”

“I see,” she said, then extended her hand. “I’m Shiraishi An, by the way.”

“I know you,” Yuu replied reflexively, then quickly added, “Well—I’ve heard about you from people. Miss Disciplinary Committee, right?”

She let out a short laugh.

“I see…”

She turned back toward Toya.

“By the way, Toya, when do you even study? You’re always at the café after school. And you spend most of your days off with Akito, don’t you?”

Uwah… Did I just interact with a random event scene?

“Not every day,” Toya replied coolly. “If you review a little every day, you don’t need to study as much before exams.”

“Ugh… review…” An groaned.

“You sound exactly like Akito,” Toya said.

“Excuse me? Don’t compare me to him. I don’t guess on tests. I attempt to study when exams come around!”

“Attempting to study isn’t the same as actually studying.”

Yuu stood between the banter like a non-playable character witnessing a scripted exchange. Then—

“Speaking of which,” An said, turning toward Yuu. “You beat Toya on the last exam, right? I wonder who that top scorer was…”

Yuu’s face went pale.

Urgk…

An blinked again.

“Eh? You were top one?!”

Before he could reply, Toya smoothly interrupted.

“Anyway. Time is running. Let’s go, Hazuki.”

“Y-Yeah.”

The two of them continued down the hallway, leaving Shiraishi behind with a confused look.

Yuu let out a quiet breath as they walked.

I see... even if I’m not interacting with them, the story continues on its own.

Just like an event cutscene playing out regardless of my presence…

And for the first time in a while, Yuu smiled.

I’m glad.

But then—

“Speaking of the café…” Toya said suddenly, keeping his gaze forward, “how about you send me the report reference after school? We’ll go there together.”

“Eh? Why?”

Yuu blinked, clearly caught off guard.

An invite?

From Toya Aoyagi?

Of all people?

This wasn't in the script.

Ahh crap… Is it because I interacted with a character?

Yuu mentally cursed as he rubbed the back of his neck, trying to reset his expression.
He cleared his throat.

"Well—"

"Yo! Toya!"

A loud voice cut him off.

Yuu's heart dropped.

He didn't even have to look.

He knew who it was.

"Hm? And who's this?" the new voice asked with a cheerful edge.

Yuu slowly turned his head.

Shinonome Akito.

messy orange hair

voice is tough and powerful.

Part of Vivid BAD SQUAD

Canon character #2.

Yuu's face froze.

"Classmate," Toya replied flatly.

Akito leaned in a little.

"Oho? Nice to meet you," he grinned. "I'm Shinonome Akito. Thanks for taking care of Toya."

Yuu blinked. "Y-Yeah…"

What is going on? Did I just trigger another random scene?!

Why are these two even in the same hallway at the same time?! Is this some group event script running in real time?!

“By the way, Toya~” Akito said, elbowing his friend, “wanna go to the arcade later? I heard there’s a new machine there!”

Toya gave a sharp shake of his head. “Not now. I’m going somewhere.”

“Oh? Where?” Akito leaned in. “The usual café?”

“Yeah. With him.” He gestured toward Yuu.

Akito’s eyes lit up in exaggerated curiosity.

“I see~ Then why don’t I come too?”

Toya didn’t even flinch.

“No. You’ll distract both of us.”

“Ehh~ You wound me!” Akito clutched his chest like a rejected anime sidekick.

Yuu’s mind raced.

Why is this happening? I kept my head down. I stayed quiet. I was just trying to go to the cafeteria!

He didn’t say any of that out loud, of course.

Instead, he gave the safest reply he could think of:

“I… just have to send Toya a file. That’s all.”

Akito grinned.

“I see, I see~ Well, you better watch out. If he starts giving you study lectures, you’ll fall asleep with your eyes open.”

Toya deadpanned, “That’s only happened to you.”

Akito laughed and waved them off.

“Fine, fine. I won’t crash your date.”

It’s not a date, Yuu screamed internally.

But the scene was already moving on.

Toya stepped ahead, glancing back.

“Let’s go.”

Yuu followed, expression blank, soul exhausted.

This is bad…

The more I interact… the more the script warps.

The more they notice me.

This isn’t a background role anymore.

I’m starting to get… pulled into the narrative.

And so, they proceeded down the corridor.

Heading to the cafeteria.

But—

Why is the cafeteria so long?

It was never this far before.

Each step echoed just a little louder than the last.

The fluorescent lights above hummed. The hallway seemed to stretch… and stretch. Every turn just revealed another hallway. Another wall. Another set of windows that all looked the same.

Yuu tried not to look too concerned.

He cast a glance at Toya, who walked forward without hesitation, calm as always. Not a flicker of doubt on his face.

As if this distance had always existed.

As if he wasn’t noticing the shift at all.

Just then, a figure appeared around the next corner.

She nearly bumped into them.

"Aoyagi-kun, hello."

It was Azusawa Kohane.

Yuu blinked in surprise. Why is she here?

"Azusawa," Toya greeted her with a slight nod. "Visiting again?"

"Y-Yeah," she smiled sheepishly. "I had to drop something off for An."

"Typical," Toya said, sighing quietly.

Kohane turned toward Yuu, finally noticing the unfamiliar face beside him.

Her gaze was soft, curious—not pushy.

"Ah, sorry! I didn’t see you there. I'm Azusawa Kohane. You?"

Yuu hesitated.

He kept his eyes low, trying to look as forgettable as possible.

But Kohane waited patiently.

Eventually, he exhaled.

"...Yuu. Hazuki."

Her smile brightened just slightly.

"It’s nice to meet you, Hazuki-kun."

Yuu gave a small nod. Polite. Minimal.

Kohane. Azusawa Kohane, in front of me. In Kamiyama High.

Reality is getting thinner by the day.

"Are you two headed to lunch?" she asked, glancing toward the hallway.

"Yeah," Toya replied. "We were just on our way."

"Then I’ll get out of your way. Don’t let me keep you."

"You're not," Toya replied flatly.

Kohane giggled at his usual tone. "Still blunt as ever."

With a quick wave, she stepped aside, letting them pass.

Yuu gave her a polite bow of the head and walked forward. Quiet. Measured.

Just far enough not to be followed.

When they finally reached the vending machines, Yuu seized his chance.

"I'll just… grab a drink," he muttered.

Toya nodded, already distracted by his phone and probably Kohane's earlier message about the café’s new parfait set.

Yuu’s fingers moved without thinking, pressing whatever button his thumb landed on. The drink dropped into the slot. He snatched it and turned away.

Walked.

Fast.

Away from Toya.

Away from canon.

Back through the hallway. Past fading echoes. Past peeling event flags.

Back to Class 1-B.

Just as he turned the corner, he nearly bumped into someone.

Long, grayish-green hair. Pale. Small frame.

She jolted back with a quiet gasp, stepping aside immediately.

“Ah… sorry,” she mumbled, avoiding eye contact, before briskly walking away.

Yuu blinked.

His hand was still half-raised, as if to catch the collision.

He turned slightly, watching her fade into the background.

Nene Kusanagi…

Right. She’s in my class too.

He sighed.

This cast list is getting crowded.

Back at his desk, he dropped into his seat.

No more surprises. That was the plan.

Lunch passed. Afternoon classes blurred.

No glitches. No divine interventions. Just the rhythm of a quiet life.

When the final bell rang, Yuu started packing up.

He didn’t even flinch when Toya called out to him from across the room.

“Let’s go.”

Yuu just nodded.

Café scene. Initiate.

He followed Toya through the now-familiar halls, through the sunlit streets of the city. The sky above was already shifting orange, casting long shadows across the pavement.

When they arrived at the café, Yuu spotted their usual booth by the window, already cleaned and waiting.

But just as he stepped inside—

“What are you three doing here?” Toya’s tone flattened with irritation.

Yuu paused.

Then he saw them.

Shinonome Akito, Shiraishi An, and Azusawa Kohane.

All were seated at another table nearby.

Their drinks were already on the table.

Orders in.

Comfortably chatting.

Akito grinned. “What do you mean ‘what are we doing here?’ It’s a café."

Toya crossed his arms. “You said you weren’t coming.”

“I didn’t follow you,” Akito shrugged. “It’s just a coincidence. Total fate.”

An waved. “I actually texted him. Told him I’d be here after practice.”

“Sorry!” Kohane said sheepishly, holding her cup in both hands.

Toya let out a long exhale through his nose.

Yuu, meanwhile, was collapsing inside.

It’s okay, Yuu. It’s just a small script. Just a side event. This is manageable.

He slowly made his way to their booth, Toya walking beside him with visible annoyance.

You’re not part of the story, remember? You’re just a guest. Just a placeholder. Don’t get pulled in.

He took his seat.

Looked out the window.

Just… survive this conversation…

Area Conversation with Vivid BAD SQUAD

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The café was quiet.

Golden afternoon light spilled in through the window beside him, soft against the wood grain of the table. Yuu Hazuki sat at the edge of it all, one hand cradling a lukewarm drink he hadn't touched since he sat down.

His seat by the window had been chosen on instinct, a place that looked like neutral ground. Background noise.

Safe.

Now?

All four members of Vivid BAD SQUAD sat within five meters of him.

And somehow—somehow, Yuu Hazuki, background NPC and rhythm game recluse, was a part of their table.

He felt Toya's gaze from across the booth. Not accusing. Not hostile. Just... analyzing. Measuring.

Stop looking at me like I'm a limited-time SSR, please.

Yuu sank slightly lower in his seat.

Across the table, Shiraishi An tilted her head, sipping casually from her drink as she rested her cheek against one hand.

"So, Hazuki-kun," she asked, her tone light, "what kind of music do you listen to?"

Yuu blinked. "Uh... a bit of everything."

Her brow lifted with interest. "Everything? That's interesting."

Akito leaned across the table, grinning. "Do you play an instrument or something? You don't really look like it."

Yuu hesitated. "I guess...I can play guitar?"

It was technically true.

Back in college, he used to strum around with chords and covers during study breaks. Nothing impressive.

Shiraishi's face lit up. "Guitar, huh? I'd love to hear you play sometime!"

Yuu chuckled awkwardly and scratched the back of his neck. "Haha... well, I'm kinda rusty. Haven't touched it in a while."

A faint truth, at least. His old acoustic guitar was probably still sitting in the corner of his real-world bedroom. Assuming that place still existed.

"Acoustic or electric?" Akito asked, resting his chin on his palm.

"Acoustic," Yuu replied. "Mostly. I used to mess around with covers."

An smiled. "That's chill. Music's always been part of me."

Yeah, Yuu thought bitterly. I know. I've read your stories. I've seen your 4-star cards. You once said the same thing at a festival side event two years ago.

He sipped his drink—now reduced to mildly warm sugar water—and tried to shrink into the rhythm of their voices.

Across the table, Azusawa Kohane looked up at Yuu.

"Do you perform?"

Yuu nearly choked.

"N-No. No, nothing like that. Not really my thing."

Toya studied him. "Strange. You seem comfortable enough around people."

That's because this is all scripted, Yuu almost said. Because none of you are real.

But instead, he offered a shrug. "I prefer listening."

That seemed to be a good enough answer—for now. The conversation shifted away from him, flowing into easier currents: café recommendations, practice sessions, upcoming local events. Yuu let their voices drift past like background music.

It was almost normal again.

Almost.

Until—

"You're not part of any crew, right?" An asked, her gaze sliding back toward him.

Yuu blinked. "Huh?"

"I mean, you're not tied to any livehouses or groups," she said, stirring her drink idly. "You've got good taste. You should totally swing by the event stage sometime."

"Speaking of which," Akito chimed in, "you could totally perform at An's café sometime!"

Yuu gave a stiff, strained smile. "I'll... think about it."

Please let that be the end of it.

But Kohane tilted her head slightly, eyes soft and curious. "You know... you don't talk much, but I get this feeling from you."

A chill ran up Yuu's spine.

No no no. Don't say it. Don't trigger a support route. I swear—

"You really love music, don't you?"

Yuu's breath caught.

His gaze flicked up—met hers.

And for just a moment, it felt like something shifted. Like the air had changed around them. Something small and watching... now alert.

Don't react.

Don't give it power.

He exhaled. Carefully. "I guess you could say that."

Neutral.

Safe.

Kohane's smile warmed. "That's really nice."

A gentle silence followed.

Not awkward.

Just thoughtful.

Yuu dared a glance around the table.

Their faces, animated, sincere, bright with shared passion and years of dreams.

The kind of expressions that belonged to people who knew where they were going.

And in that quiet, something terrible settled into his chest.

He knew them.

He'd seen them cry onstage. He'd seen them stand under fireworks. He'd pulled their voice cards and rerun their stories just to feel something during long nights alone.

But now?

Now they were talking to him.

Laughing with him.

Inviting him in.

That made it worse.

Because it felt real.

Because it was warm.

And because—deep down—he was starting to forget how it used to feel, being alone.

"It seems we've been off-topic for a while," Toya said suddenly, his voice calm but direct as he turned to Yuu. "Hazuki, can you send me the reference for the report?"

Yuu blinked. For a moment, he'd completely forgotten why they were even at the café in the first place.

Right. The reference list.

"Ah... yeah," he muttered, pulling out his phone with a practiced flick. "That's why we came here, huh."

He quickly scrolled through his notes, attached the document, and sent it to Toya's contact with barely a pause.

"There. Sent," he added, setting his phone face down on the table, hoping no one noticed the slight tremble in his fingers.

Toya gave a nod, already swiping through the message with that same mechanical focus. "Thanks."

Around them, the café buzzed with casual conversation again. An was teasing Akito over something about his last performance slip-up. Kohane sat quietly sipping her drink, her eyes shifting gently between her friends, a quiet smile on her face.

Everything seemed... fine.

Yuu leaned back slightly in his chair and let out a soft sigh, almost too quiet to be heard.

Just another scene. Just another day. Just another script I've accidentally wandered into.

He chuckled to himself under his breath, murmuring, "Hah... I sure am lucky to be sitting here with Vivid BAD SQUAD... If any players or fandom fans saw this, they'd probably envy me and try to kill me."

The words left his mouth before he could stop them.

Akito's head tilted. "Huh? What was that?"

Yuu froze.

Oh crap. I said that out loud?!

He forced a quick laugh, waving his hand with nervous energy. "N-No, nothing! I just meant—uh, that Vivid BAD SQUAD is an amazing unit! Like... seriously! They are all so talented!"

A moment of silence.

Four pairs of eyes stared at him.

Then An leaned forward with a teasing grin. "Oh? Didn't we already tell you we're a unit?"

"Yeah," Akito added with a smirk, "we've only been talking about live stages and café performances this whole time."

Kohane nodded quietly, sipping her drink. Even Toya gave him a look that hovered between suspicion and amusement.

Yuu laughed awkwardly. "Eh?! Seriously?! You're the Vivid BAD SQUAD?"

He widened his eyes in fake surprise like an amateur actor in a school play.

I already know. Of course I know. But right now, let's just... pretend.

An burst into laughter. "Wow, you really don't pay attention, huh?"

Akito leaned closer. "You sure you're not messing with us?"

Yuu raised both hands. "Nope! Not messing. Just... clueless."

Toya shook his head lightly. "You're strange."

That was the only word he offered.

But for some reason, it didn't sound insulting. Just... observant.

Yuu sat there, heart still lightly pounding beneath the surface.

His cover was holding for now.

But one mistake. One stray word. One line too close to the truth...

And the script might fall apart.

"Uhm..." Kohane's voice was soft, hesitant, but warm. "If you want... You can come watch us practice sometime."

Yuu blinked.

"Really?"

Her nod was small, almost shy. "Yeah. I mean, it's not a big deal."

An leaned her elbows onto the table, grinning. "What, you interested now? You're not just a background NPC after all, huh?"

Yuu nearly flinched.

I was trying to be exactly that.

"I just thought it might be interesting," he lied smoothly, swallowing down his panic. "To see how you guys work as a unit."

"Good." Akito leaned back in his chair. "You can finally see me in my natural habitat."

Don't worry, you're scary enough when it comes to music.

You're annoying," Toya muttered without looking up from his phone.

Kohane laughed softly. "You're always welcome, Hazuki-kun."

Yuu managed a smile, but his hands clenched beneath the table.

This is bad. This is very, very bad.

I'm getting pulled in again.

First a chat, now an invitation. The deeper he got, the more the world wrapped around him—like it wanted him to stay. Like it knew how to make him forget.

Forget that he didn't belong here.

Forget that it wasn't real.

Forget that he had a mission.

Still... he couldn't say no.

Because somewhere, buried beneath the fear and hesitation, a part of him wanted to see them practice.

o watch a performance not from a screen, not behind an avatar, but right there—breathing, moving, real.

"...Okay," he said quietly. "I'll come by."

An gave him a playful thumbs up. "You better not flake on us!"

Akito was already making plans.

Kohane smiled like it was the most natural thing in the world.

Yuu looked down at the untouched drink in front of him.

“Well then, I gotta go.”

Yuu stood, grabbing his bag in one swift motion.

The chair scraped softly against the wooden floor as he pushed it back.

He slung the bag over one shoulder, offering the group a half-smile—just enough to look polite. Not too much to look attached.

“Already?” An asked, eyebrows raised.

“Yeah,” Yuu replied, keeping his tone easy. “Got something to do. Homework, probably. You know.”

He didn’t.

Not really.

Kohane gave a gentle nod. “Thanks for hanging out.”

“Same to you,” he said, pausing only a moment before turning toward the café exit.

As he walked away, he could feel their eyes still on him.

Not suspicious.

Not hostile.

Just… curious.

The more I try to stay background, the more this world refuses to let me.

The bell above the door jingled softly as he stepped outside.

Evening painted Kamiyama in golden hues. Long shadows stretched across the sidewalks, and the quiet hum of the city felt distant, dreamlike. Almost like a scene from an event story cutscene.

Yuu exhaled.

That’s enough canon for one day.

He pulled out his phone and opened the rhythm interface again.

Three more songs.

Just three.

Then sleep.

Reset.

Repeat.

But just as he stepped up to the gate outside his house—

“Hey, you.”

The voice was calm. Clear. Almost too clear.

Yuu turned, eyes already narrowing—

—and froze.

Icy-blue eyes.

Long, navy hair, worn loose and drifting in the breeze like a music video moment.

Her voice had that calm, melodic harmony—gentle, but piercing.

"…Are you Yuu Hazuki?"

His mouth went dry.

No way…

Ichika Hoshino.

Chapter End Notes

Did I nail it? The character's personality? I hope you guys enjoyed it! Make sure to share this fic if it satisfies you!

The Protagonist

The air stood still.

Not the breeze. Not the murmur of passing footsteps or the café's soft ambience.

No—this stillness clung only to Yuu Hazuki. Like time had paused just long enough to hold its breath.

"…Are you Yuu Hazuki?"

The voice was soft.

Uncertain, almost, but it pierced through the world like a pin to glass.

Yuu turned, slowly.

She stood there, framed by the muted gray light outside the café.

Just as the stories described her—calm, collected, gentle in a way that felt quiet rather than weak.

He opened his mouth.

Then closed it again.

He forced a laugh.

"Uh… yeah. That's me."

Her expression didn't change much—just a small furrow of the brow. Not suspicion. Not surprise. Something in between.

"I see," she said softly, taking a step forward. "Sorry if that was strange. I just… heard about you."

Yuu's breath hitched slightly.

Heard about me?

"From who?" he asked, cautious.

She met his gaze.

"…Miku."

That name struck him like a dropped chord in a quiet room.

Before he could reply, the first drops of rain splashed across the pavement outside.

Then, without warning, the skies opened up—thick sheets of rain cascading like the world had hit a dramatic cue.

"We should get inside," she said quickly.

“Y-Yeah.”

They dashed through the doorway just as the downpour intensified, clothes damp, hair clinging to skin.

Inside, the warmth and scent of coffee wrapped around them like a blanket. Light jazz hummed from an old speaker in the corner. Familiar.

Too familiar.

Just then, a voice called out from behind the counter.

“Oh my? Who’s this?”

Yuu flinched.

His mother stood there, wiping her hands with a towel, blinking in surprise. She stared between them—his rain-drenched form and the girl beside him.

Yuu opened his mouth, but words stuck halfway in his throat.

“…Friend,” he muttered.

Ichika gave a polite bow. “Sorry for the intrusion. I didn’t mean to cause trouble.”

His mother’s eyes lit up with amusement. “Oh wow~ Our Yuu-kun brought someone home? Really?”

Yuu groaned, already seeing where this was going. “Mom, don’t make it sound like I’m some kind of loner.”

“You are,” she replied bluntly, walking over and handing Ichika the towel.

“Thank you,” Ichika said, smiling softly.

“And here I thought you were bringing home a daughter-in-law,” his mom added with a wink.

Yuu let out a strangled groan. “Why are you like this?"

But then, he heard it.

A quiet sound beside him.

Ichika’s laugh.

Small. Breathlike. Not loud enough to turn heads, but real.

Warm.

Not the rehearsed politeness she used with strangers.

A genuine laugh.

He glanced sideways, catching her expression in profile.

There was something different in her eyes now, like a little weight had been set down for just a moment.

“Anyway,” Yuu said, stepping away from the counter with a forced casual tone,

“We’re going to my room now.”

His mother raised an eyebrow, lips twitching in amusement. “Oh? Okay then…”

Yuu didn’t wait for more teasing.

He led Ichika down the hallway and up the narrow stairs, the creak of each step soft beneath their feet. His bedroom door clicked open, and the two slipped inside.

As soon as he shut it, Yuu leaned back against the door with a sigh, locking it out of habit.

“Right,” he exhaled. “Let’s get back to the topic.”

Ichika stood near the edge of the room, hands folded loosely in front of her, her gaze scanning the posters on the wall and the shelves stacked with rhythm game merch.

“Hatsune Miku,” she said plainly.

Yuu nodded. “Yeah. I’ve… seen her too.”

Ichika looked at him, her expression unreadable. “I’m pretty sure you came across a Miku as well?”

He hesitated.

His voice lowered. “Yeah. A glitching one.”

Her eyes narrowed slightly. “Glitching?”

“It was…” He tried to find the words. “A Sekai that shouldn’t exist. Everything about it felt… off. Like it wasn’t made for anyone.”

Ichika stepped closer.

“Hm… Are you hearing that, Miku?”

Yuu’s eyes widened.

“What?”

The walls around them shimmered like static rippling through water.

And then—

His room was gone.

Replaced.

With a classroom.

Old desks.

Chalkboard.

Morning sunlight filtered through curtains that didn't exist a second ago.

The faint echo of distant school bells rang like ghosts.

Yuu's breath hitched.

He knew this place.

"School Sekai."

"That's right," a voice answered gently.

Yuu turned, already knowing who it belonged to.

There she stood.

Turquoise eyes glowing softly beneath long, twin pigtails that swayed like silk. Black and red square clips held her hair in place. She wore a uniform that shimmered slightly at the edges—as if the data that made her couldn't decide what version of her should be rendered.

"Hatsune Miku…" he whispered.

Her expression was gentle.

"Hello, Yuu."

"Hello, Miku."

Yuu stared at her—not just because she looked real, but because she felt real.

There was no static this time.

Present.

Processing.

Feeling.

Standing there like a memory given shape, like something sacred pulled from the screen and planted into reality.

"Now then…" Ichika turned to Miku, voice calm. "You wanted me to find him, right?"

Miku beamed, her hands clasping together with an audible clap.

"That's right! Thank you, Ichika."

"You're welcome."

Yuu's brows furrowed. "What's going on? What do you two want from me?"

Ichika looked to Miku again, silently handing her the stage.

Miku took it with a cheerful hum.

“Well, it’s a little complicated,” Ichika admitted. “But Miku can explain it better than I can.”

Miku spun lightly on her heels, her long pigtails catching the light as she stopped in front of Yuu.

“Okay, Yuu! But before we talk, how about a performance?”

“A performance?”

He barely finished the word before the room reacted.

A soft mechanical chime rang out.

A UI appeared in front of him, floating in midair, transparent, tinged with cyan.

Familiar.

Too familiar.

PROJECT SEKAI.

The menu flickered once before locking in place.

Song: needLe

Difficulty hovered over the panel.

His fingers moved on instinct, selecting the highest difficulty.

“…needLe,” he murmured, almost nostalgic. “Leo/need’s first song, right?”

Miku nodded brightly.

“It’s a memory. Not just mine—but yours too. The beginning of something you love.”

Yuu’s heart thudded once, hard.

He didn’t just remember the chart.

He remembered when he first saw the story.

It wasn’t just a song.

It was a story in motion.

And now he was going to live it.

“Alright,” he said quietly, placing his hand over the holographic ‘start’ button. “Let’s see how far this world wants to take me.”

And the moment he tapped Start—

The classroom dissolved into stage lights.

The moment his finger tapped Start, the classroom vanished—peeled away like stage curtains drawing back to reveal the world behind the illusion.

Reality tilted.

The dull hum of fluorescent lighting shattered into radiant beams of white, sweeping across a space far too large to be a school.

Desks, walls, windows—all dissolved into colored mist, melting into deep violets and soft cyan blues. The scent of chalk and wood was replaced by something colder.

Sharper.

The sterile chill of concert air and the electric thrum of unseen speakers.

Yuu blinked.

He stood beneath a spotlight.

No longer in his Kamiyama High uniform, but in something entirely different—something crafted.

A sleek performance outfit of black and white with faint lines of digital light tracing along the sleeves and hems. He looked like he'd stepped straight out of a 4-star pull animation.

Beside him stood Miku.

A microphone shimmered in her hand, eyes steady on his. Her expression wasn't demanding—just calm. Certain.

"You ready?" she asked softly.

Yuu didn't reply.

He only exhaled.

3.

2.

1.

The first notes of "needLe" struck, like a heartbeat restarting.

A fast build-up. Strings layered with emotional undertones, urgent but haunting.

And Yuu moved.

Not like a player tapping a screen, but like someone with purpose. Like someone dancing to save himself.

Notes shimmered into the air, symbols and shapes floating all around him, awaiting his motion.

His hands cut through them.

Tap.

Swipe.

Step.

Spin.

Precision flowed through muscle memory he never trained for.

Beside him, Miku began to sing.

Her voice carried the verse like silk pulled taut—beautiful and trembling with something unspoken. Yuu joined her, hesitant at first, his voice rougher, more human, raw.

"I wanted you to leave me alone, I guess you were the same."

His steps matched hers. Each lyric held a weight. Each beat rang with old ache and new resolve.

They weren't just singing.

They were remembering.

Miku spun gracefully, twin-tails sweeping like a painter's brush. Lights followed her. When her eyes met Yuu's in the middle of the chorus, he didn't see data.

He saw someone who understood.

The chorus swelled, and with it, so did something in his chest. Too much, too fast. One note faltered under his hand.

Just one.

But he caught the rhythm before it broke.

Still here.

Still singing.

Still in this Sekai.

The final chorus climbed like a crescendo of breathless belief, and Yuu didn't hold back. His voice pushed into the space. Clear. Sharp. Vulnerable.

Then—

CLEAR.

The word didn't just appear.

It rang.

A soft pulse of gold washed over the stage like sunrise. The lights dimmed. The mist thinned. The concert space faded into quiet white.

Like the world had exhaled.

Yuu stood in the silence, breath heavy, sweat clinging to his temple. Every part of him buzzed—not with exhaustion, but clarity.

Miku faced him, her hands folded gently behind her back, her smile soft.

Ichika stood a few steps behind, quiet, watchful.

Still grounded.

Still here.

Yuu laughed faintly, wiping his forehead.

“Ahh… ten miss,” he muttered. “Could’ve been better.”

And just like that, the golden lights dimmed.

The spotlight faded.

The concert stage dissolved like dust on the wind.

Yuu blinked once—and the familiar rows of desks snapped back into place around him. Fluorescent lights buzzed overhead. The chalkboard loomed silently at the front. School Sekai: Classroom. Back to normal.

Well… as normal as this place gets.

Clapping broke the hush.

Ichika stood by the teacher’s desk, a soft smile on her face, hands coming together in quiet applause.

“That was amazing,” she said, sincere. “I didn’t know you could dance and sing like that, Hazuki.”

Yuu stiffened.

“…Mhh.” He looked away, hand awkwardly rubbing the back of his neck. “Thanks.”

His ears were a little too warm.

He wasn’t used to compliments.

Especially not from characters he once watched through a phone screen.

Ichika tilted her head, studying him curiously. “You looked… comfortable up there. Like the stage belonged to you.”

Yuu gave a short, shaky laugh.

“I wouldn’t go that far.”

“But it did,” Miku chimed in from behind, stepping closer with a bright smile. “That stage responded to your feelings. Even the Sekai adjusted to you.”

Yuu glanced at her, brow furrowing. “What does that mean?”

Miku simply placed a finger to her lips. “That’s for you to figure out.”

Yuu sighed, long and tired.

“Figures…”

Ichika giggled softly. “You really are interesting, Hazuki-kun.”

“Please don’t say that,” he mumbled.

“I mean it,” she added gently. “People usually hesitate. They hold back in the Sekai. But you…”

Her voice trailed off, as if she wasn’t sure how to finish the thought.

Yuu turned to face her, and for a moment, they simply stood there—no words, no weight. Just the quiet familiarity of classmates after a shared secret.

“Well,” he said eventually, “I’m still not used to this.”

He motioned around them—to the classroom that wasn’t really a classroom, to the world that wasn’t quite reality.

Ichika smiled. “Then we’ll get used to it together.”

“Anyway,” Yuu said, clearing his throat as he leaned back against the desk, “let’s get back to the original goal. Why did you two come looking for me?”

Ichika and Miku exchanged a glance.

Not one of hesitation, but of understanding—like they'd already agreed on what came next.

“Do you remember the glitching Miku?” Ichika asked softly.

Yuu’s gaze dropped to the floor.

“Yeah… I still remember her.”

“The one who shouldn't exist,” Miku said, stepping forward, her tone turning just a little firmer. “We want to save her. From that non-existent Sekai.”

“...Save her?” Yuu echoed. “But how? That Sekai doesn’t even exist.”

“You still don’t get it, do you?” Miku tilted her head. “In order to make that Sekai real… it needs a performance.”

“A performance…?” he repeated, eyes narrowing.

She nodded.

“Songs carry emotions. Emotions give shape to Sekai. Without them, it fades. Collapses. But if you perform—if you carry those feelings forward—it can stabilize. It can form.”

Yuu looked down again.

Fingers curling slightly against the edge of the desk.

That glitching Miku… that empty stage… that void that called to him like a dream he couldn’t wake from.

“…But my goal was to go home,” he murmured.

The words came out quieter than he expected.

“I didn’t want to be a part of this. I didn’t ask to be pulled in… but now…”

He swallowed.

“I’m enjoying it. This world. Being here. With all of you. The characters I—”

He stopped himself. His voice cracked just slightly.

“I think I’m… grateful. To that ‘god’ or whatever they were. For putting me here.”

Silence.

Ichika stepped closer. Her expression was soft, calm. No judgment. No expectations.

“Then what’s wrong?” she asked. “Hazuki, what’s really bothering you?”

He let out a bitter breath.

“Is it really okay for me to be here?” His voice trembled. “I’m not part of this story. I’m not a main character. I’m just an outsider... a variable.”

He clenched his fists.

“I’m not a protagonist.”

For a moment, no one spoke.

Then Miku smiled.

Not the idol smile she gave to crowds.

A real one.

“You’re wrong, Yuu,” she said gently. “You are a protagonist.”

He blinked. “Huh?”

“You are the protagonist beyond the stage.”

His breath caught in his throat.

Those words—

The protagonist beyond the stage.

He looked up slowly, eyes wide.

“You may not have a scripted role, or a story arc like the others,” Miku continued, stepping into the spotlight that wasn’t really there. “But you chose to act. You chose to feel. You chose to step onto that stage.”

Ichika nodded beside her. “That’s what makes you more than just a background character.”

Yuu stared at them both.

And for the first time, he didn’t feel like he was watching from the outside.

He felt seen.

Real.

He laughed quietly, disbelieving.

“…You two are ridiculous.”

“Maybe,” Ichika said with a small smile. “But we’re not wrong.”

And suddenly—

Yuu didn’t feel like a mistake anymore.

Just a variable that had finally found its place.

“Well, let’s keep this a secret from everyone, alright?” Ichika said, her voice lowering to a conspiratorial hush as she looked toward Miku.

“Absolutely!” Miku chirped, pressing a finger to her lips with a playful wink.

Yuu raised an eyebrow, watching the two with a mix of amusement and disbelief. “You’re both acting like we’re in some kind of spy movie.”

“We are dealing with a hidden Sekai, aren’t we?” Ichika replied, a rare mischievous glint in her eyes.

Miku giggled beside her. “Besides, keeping things a secret makes it more exciting, don’t you think?”

Yuu sighed, a faint smile tugging at the edge of his lips. “You two are dangerous together.”

Ichika tucked a damp strand of hair behind her ear, now mostly dry from earlier. “But we’re counting on you, Hazuki.”

Those words

>we’re counting on you<

They stuck with him longer than they should have.

It wasn’t pressure.

It wasn’t weight.

It was… trust.

And somehow, that was heavier.

Miku walked to the center of the classroom—still the School Sekai—and twirled once, arms outstretched as if feeling the room breathe again.

“This place will hold,” she said with certainty. “As long as your feelings are strong enough… it’ll be here waiting.”

Yuu looked down at his own hands. The slight tremble had stopped.

“…Okay,” he finally said. “I’ll help. We’ll save her.”

Ichika nodded once, her eyes steady. “Let’s do it together.”

And for the first time in this strange, scripted world…

Yuu Hazuki didn’t feel like he was just surviving it.

He felt like he had a role to play.

And maybe, just maybe, it wasn’t such a bad thing to be the protagonist after all.

Welcome to the Beat

The School Sekai faded away like a dream slipping beneath the surface—quiet, seamless, almost gentle.

And just like that, they were back.

Yuu's bedroom greeted them with its usual clutter: a half-open drawer, headphone cables coiled like snakes on the desk, posters slightly crooked from age. The space felt smaller somehow. Warmer. Like reality was reminding them where they belonged.

He moved to the window and pulled the curtain aside.

"…The rain stopped."

The street outside shimmered under faint streetlamps. Pavement still wet, puddles reflecting halos of soft golden light. A breeze danced through the quiet neighborhood, crisp and clean—like the sky had finally exhaled.

Ichika stepped beside him, fingers absently brushing the damp edges of her sleeves.

"Well… that's my cue to head home," she said softly.

"Yeah."

Yuu followed her out of the room without thinking, his footsteps in sync with hers. She reached for the doorknob

and almost bumped into someone.

"Ah—!"

Yuu's mother stood just outside, blinking in surprise. For the second time that day, she caught the two of them side by side.

"Oh? You're already done with… whatever mysterious thing you two were doing?" she asked, her voice playful.

Ichika bowed with practiced grace, her tone polite. "Yes. I was just about to leave. Thank you for having me."

"Nonsense," Yuu's mom said, waving a hand. "At least stay for a warm meal. You'll catch a cold going home in that thin uniform."

"I-I really shouldn't trouble you…"

"I insist," she said, already walking toward the kitchen.

Yuu gave Ichika a helpless look, but she only offered a small shrug, lips twitching in amusement.

A few minutes later, they sat at the low dining table, bowls of rice and miso soup steaming between them. The quiet clink of chopsticks and the rustle of steam were the only sounds at first.

Ichika ate with slow, deliberate grace, offering quiet thanks after each refill.

Yuu kept his eyes on his food, wishing the warmth from the soup would drown out his embarrassment.

“So,” his mother began casually, “Ichika-chan, what school do you go to?”

“Miyamasuzaka Girls Academy.”

“Oh? A good school! But… how did you and Yuu meet?”

Ichika paused, her chopsticks hovering mid-air.

She glanced sideways at Yuu.

He blinked, caught off guard with rice still in his mouth.

The silence held, like a note waiting to resolve.

Then Ichika smiled.

“It’s a long story,” she said softly. “But… we met through music.”

“Music, huh?” Yuu’s mom chuckled. “That’s funny. Yuu doesn’t look it, but I’ve caught him humming more than once when he thinks no one’s listening.”

“M-Mother..."

“He’s better than he lets on,” Ichika added, gently hiding her smile behind a sip of soup.

“Don’t encourage her…” Yuu muttered, ears burning.

His mother only laughed. “Music brings people together. It’s a beautiful thing. And so is friendship.”

Ichika nodded. “It really is.”

By the time the meal ended, the sky outside had darkened to a soft indigo.

Streetlights flickered to life, casting shadows that moved slowly across the walls.

Yuu grabbed his jacket without a word, slinging it over one shoulder.

“I’ll walk her back,” he said, already halfway to the door.

His mom beamed, leaning out of the kitchen. “That’s my boy! Be gentlemanly, okay? Ichika-chan’s a keeper!”

“Don’t say weird stuff like that!” Yuu nearly tripped as he jammed his feet into his shoes.

Ichika waited patiently at the entrance, her umbrella open and ready. She smiled faintly, scarf pulled up to her chin.

They stepped outside.

The world had changed again, this time quietly.

The air was clean, scented with rain and asphalt.

Puddles sparkled like little stars on the sidewalk. The city had gone to sleep, leaving behind a dreamlike calm.

For a while, they walked in silence.

No tension.

Just the gentle rhythm of footsteps and distant traffic.

Then, softly:

“I’m glad I visited.”

Yuu glanced at her. “Yeah?”

Ichika nodded. “You’re not as closed off as you pretend to be.”

He let out a quiet scoff, turning his face away. “I don’t pretend.”

“You do,” she said, not accusing but stating.

“But it’s okay.”

They kept walking.

Past shuttered shops and glowing convenience stores. Past vending machines humming in their corners. The kind of walk that didn’t need a destination.

“I’ll be fine around here.”

Ichika’s voice was soft, calm, but certain. The wind tugged gently at her scarf, shifting it like a slow-moving ribbon beneath the pale amber glow of the streetlamp.

They had stopped at the edge of an intersection.

One road led deeper into the quiet maze of houses and apartments, while the other curved gently back toward the train station, disappearing behind rows of trees slick with rain.

Yuu slowed his steps, standing a pace behind her.

“Are you sure?” he asked.

She nodded. “I’ve walked this way a lot. It’s not far.”

Water still glistened across the pavement, catching reflections like scattered pieces of a broken sky. A lone drop slipped from the edge of her umbrella, tapping the ground between them.

The sound was small, but it echoed like a clock striking the hour.

Ichika turned to face him.

Her eyes met his—steady, unreadable for a beat. Then they softened.

“Thanks for walking with me, Hazuki.”

He rubbed the back of his neck, eyes trailing off for a moment. “Well… yeah. It’s not like I’d just let you go after dinner and a—uh, you know—casual dimensional shift.”

That earned a small laugh from her.

Brief.

Genuine.

She stepped back, the swing of her schoolbag subtle at her side.

“I’ll contact you again,” she said. “We still have work to do.”

“Right… the glitching Miku.”

“And the Sekai.”

She offered him a gentle wave. “Goodnight

“…Yeah. Goodnight.”

Yuu stood there for a moment after she left.

Watching her figure grow smaller under the distant lights.

Her silhouette finally vanished around the bend, swallowed by shadows and silence.

He exhaled quietly.

“Right… I’ve got other things to do.”

Turning on his heel, he made his way back home.

The streets hummed in their usual rhythm, quiet vending machines, soft traffic in the distance, a faint glow from shop windows preparing to close.

By the time he got home, the quiet had settled again, comforting in its regularity.

He slipped through the front door, exchanged brief words with his mom, and returned to the solitude of his room.

Almost.

The hologram interface shimmered into view.

The lights dimmed to his usual setting.

Familiar.

He sat on his chair and waved a hand toward the holographic interface. With a soft chime, the Project Sekai display flickered to life.

The notification blinked in the corner of his vision:

[New Feature Unlocked: Sekai Access]

A button shimmered faintly.

You have unlocked the School Sekai.

“Huh…”

He leaned closer, eyes scanning the menu.

Only one Sekai was available.

The others—Street, Wonderland, Empty, and Stage Sekai—remained grayed out.

“Figures… I haven’t even stumbled into the rest yet.”

He sighed, resting his cheek against one hand as the interface danced with familiar music and soft colors.

Still, something inside stirred.

"Ahh… right, I have to go with Vivid BAD SQUAD tomorrow."

Yuu leaned back into his chair, letting the familiar digital interface fade into nothing as the hologram dimmed with a soft hum.

The glow from his monitor flickered out.

He stood up, stretched lazily, and crossed the room to flick off the lights.

Darkness settled in, calm and quiet.

Yuu slipped under his sheets, pulling them up to his chin. He stared at the ceiling for a long moment, eyes adjusting to the dark.

“You are the protagonist beyond the stage.”

Miku’s words echoed softly in his mind, like a lyric that wouldn’t let go.

He let out a sigh.

“…Protagonist, huh?”

“I really hope this doesn’t get out of hand…”

With that last thought, his eyes drifted shut.

Sleep took him in seconds.

[SATURDAY]

By the time Yuu’s alarm buzzed softly and insistently from his desk, the sky was already bright.

Morning sunlight filtered through the blinds in narrow, golden beams, striping across the wooden floor like a gentle spotlight.

Yuu lay still, face half-buried in his pillow.

“…It’s Saturday,” he mumbled, voice rough with sleep.

He sat up slowly, hair a tangled mess, eyes only half open.

His limbs moved on instinct, stretching with quiet groans as he peeled himself out of bed.

Today was the day.

Vivid BAD SQUAD.

Another sigh escaped his lips as he began moving through his morning routine—washing up, brushing his teeth, checking his phone for unread messages.

His hand hovered over his contacts.

Should I text Aoyagi?

He hesitated.

Eventually, he pocketed the phone and padded softly into the kitchen.

“Good morning,” he muttered, voice still low from sleep.

His mother, already preparing breakfast, turned with a smile. “Oh? You’re up early. Something special today?”

Yuu blinked, then gave a half-hearted shrug. “…Sort of.”

She arched a brow but didn’t press. “Well, eat up. I made tamagoyaki.”

“Thanks…”

It wasn’t much longer before he returned to his room, the last remnants of sleep finally gone from his eyes.

He opened the wardrobe with a small breath, fingers brushing over the hangers.

“What should I even wear to something like this...?”

Eventually, he settled on a simple outfit: a beige linen shirt, worn open over a crisp fitted tank. Paired with slim black chinos, it struck a balance between casual and put-together.

He studied himself in the mirror.

"…Is this fine?"

It looked fine.

Normal.

Maybe even cool?

He turned a little to the side, tugged the shirt hem, then stepped back.

"I'm not weird… am I?"

The mirror, of course, offered no answer.

Yuu grabbed his wallet and phone from the desk, slipping both into his pocket with a quiet sense of finality.

A quick glance in the mirror confirmed he looked presentable—ordinary enough to blend in, but neat enough to not feel out of place.

At the door, he stepped into his rubber-soled shoes, tugging at the laces to make sure they were snug.

"I'm heading out," he called over his shoulder.

"Take care!" came his mother's cheerful voice from the kitchen.

With a soft click, the door closed behind him.

The sunlight had climbed higher now, spreading golden warmth across the streets.

The air, once heavy with rain, was crisp and clean, carrying the gentle scent of damp pavement and distant blossoms.

Weekend Garage.

That was where he was headed.

If I remember right… Shiraishi Ken.

An's father.

A former musician whose name once echoed through the underground with the raw force of RAD WEEKEND—the legendary street music event that shook an entire scene awake.

RADder had sparked something back then.

It was that same spark he passed on to Akito and An.

And now… I'm walking toward that same fire.

Yuu blinked at his reflection in a passing shop window.

A small smile had crept onto his lips without him realizing it.

"…Guess I'm kinda excited," he murmured.

He quickened his pace.

A few more turns.

Just a few more steps.

And soon—

The entrance to WEEKEND GARAGE would come into view.

The door to WEEKEND GARAGE creaked open with a soft chime, and Yuu stepped inside.

The scent hit him first—coffee, aged wood, and the faint trace of dust from old amplifiers. The place had a lived-in feel. Like music had soaked into the walls over the years and refused to leave.

Behind the counter, a man was wiping down a row of glasses with casual precision. He looked up at the sound of the door.

"A new face?" the man said with a low, easy voice. "Welcome."

"Hello," Yuu replied, offering a slight nod as he stepped in further.

That's him.
An's father—Shiraishi Ken.

Up close, he looked like someone pulled straight out of an old band poster.

Late 30s, maybe early 40s. Broad shoulders beneath a loose-fitting work shirt, sleeves rolled up.

His dark brown hair was medium-length and just messy enough to seem effortless, swept back, wavy, with that artfully unkempt "I don't care" rocker charm.

There was something grounded in his presence.

Not loud, not flashy, just real. Like someone who had seen the stage lights… and the silence that comes after.

Yuu's footsteps echoed lightly across the wooden floor as he approached the counter. He slipped onto a tall stool and glanced around the quiet café.

"Shiraishi isn't here yet, huh…" he murmured under his breath.

Ken didn't comment. Just kept drying the glass in his hand, a faint smirk playing at the corner of his lips, as if he'd heard, but didn't mind the silence that followed.

Ken set the glass down with a soft clink, then leaned forward on his elbows, his posture relaxed but his gaze sharp.

“So?” he asked, voice low and even. “What do you want?”

Yuu blinked, caught off guard by the sudden directness. He shifted on the stool, his fingers curling slightly around the seat’s edge.

“I… I’m here to meet with Aoyagi. And maybe the others,” he said carefully.

Ken raised a brow. “Vivid BAD SQUAD?”

“Y-Yeah.”

The older man leaned back, folding his arms loosely across his chest. His tone didn’t change, but there was a flicker of something in his eyes now—curiosity, maybe. Or caution.

“You a fan?”

Yuu hesitated. “Uh… more like… a classmate.”

Ken’s eyes narrowed slightly, studying him. “You don’t look like one of their usual crew. Quiet. Polite. Nervous.”

He tilted his head. “Most people who walk through that door already know they belong.”

Yuu glanced down, his hands tightening where they rested on his lap.

“…I don’t know if I belong,” he admitted. “But I want to see what they’re about.”

For a moment, silence hung between them, broken only by the low hum of jazz from the speakers overhead.

Ken let out a thoughtful hum. “Fair enough.”

He leaned off the counter with a small shrug.

“If you’re waiting for them, you can hang out here as long as you want.”

Yuu started to relax—until Ken added, with a deadpan look:

“But when I asked ‘What do you want?’ I was asking for your order.”

Yuu froze.

“Oh,” he said, voice small. “Right. Sorry.”

A slow grin tugged at the corner of Ken’s mouth as he reached for a notepad.

“It’s a café, not a confession booth."

“I’ll… just have an iced coffee.”

“You got it.”

As Ken moved to prepare the drink, Yuu exhaled and sank a little lower into his stool, covering his face briefly with one hand.

Great start, Hazuki.

Real smooth.

The bell above the entrance chimed with a soft jingle, bright and cheerful.

Yuu turned his head instinctively, too slow to pretend he hadn't noticed.

Three familiar figures stepped inside, framed for a fleeting moment by the golden light from outside.

At the front was An. She spotted him first, her brows lifting slightly in surprise. "Huh? Hazuki…? You're early. I didn't know you'd already been here. I was going to ask Toya to message you."

Yuu froze mid-sip, the straw of his iced coffee hovering near his lips. He held it there for a second longer than necessary.

Crap.

His mind scrambled for an answer, anything that didn't sound like a cheap line of dialogue.

"I, uh… kinda wandered in," he said, letting out an awkward laugh as he scratched the back of his neck. "Thought I'd check it out."

"Wandered here?" Akito repeated, amused. He raised an eyebrow as he approached. "You make it sound like you tripped into a jazz lounge by accident."

Yuu shrugged, feigning nonchalance. "Heard of the place. Just never got around to visiting."

Beside him, Kohane smiled, tilting her head gently. "That's a pretty incredible coincidence."

Yuu gave a small nod, though the word coincidence still rang hollow in his ears.

Akito slid onto the stool beside him without hesitation, resting both arms casually on the counter. "Toya said he'd be a bit late," he commented, glancing toward the door. "We can chill for a bit."

An took a seat beside Kohane, her gaze briefly lingering on Yuu before she turned to the man behind the counter. "Papa, iced tea, please."

Ken, already halfway through pouring another glass, gave a slight nod. "Coming right up."

The café returned to its usual rhythm: the soft hum of lo-fi jazz, gentle clinks of glass and cutlery, the warmth of afternoon sunlight sliding through the wide windows.

"Should we tell Toya that Hazuki's already here?" Kohane asked softly, looking between the others.

"I'll text him," An replied, already pulling out her phone.

A few quiet minutes passed, and then—

The bell jingled again, softer this time. Subtle, but enough to draw their eyes toward the entrance.

Yuu didn’t even have to look.

He already knew.

Toya Aoyagi stepped inside with his usual calm presence, pushing back a strand of hair from his face. His gaze scanned the café's booths, counter, and customers until it settled on Yuu.

Without hesitation, he walked over and took the empty stool beside Akito.

“You’re early,” Toya said, setting his bag down neatly as he sat.

“Yeah.”

“You could’ve let us know,” Toya continued, adjusting the strap of his bag. “I said I’d be late. You didn’t say you were coming at all.”

Yuu gave a helpless shrug. “Didn’t think it mattered.”

Akito leaned back, smirking. “You two sound like bandmates already.”

Toya turned to him briefly, then looked at Yuu. “We’re not. Yet.”

Yuu blinked. “Wait—yet?”

Toya didn’t elaborate.

He simply turned to Ken behind the counter. “Coffee. Black.”

Ken gave a nod and reached for the carafe.

Kohane stifled a laugh behind her drink. “I think Hazuki-kun fits in just fine.”

Yuu sighed, finally taking a proper sip of his now half-warm coffee.

The sunlight spilled across the counter like honey, casting soft reflections in the glasses.

“By the way,” Kohane began, looking toward Toya, “do we practice here? Or at the usual place?”

“We’ll head there,” An said, lowering her drink. “I want to introduce Hazuki to someone before we start.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Toya added, sipping his black coffee with quiet approval.

Yuu glanced between them, voice quieter than before but edged with intent.

“Do you guys… want me in Vivid BAD SQUAD?”

The question lingered in the air, hanging just above the soft hum of conversation and the clinking of glassware behind the counter.

An tilted her head slightly, thoughtful. “Hmm. I don’t think we’re really looking to add new members right now…” She paused, then smiled. “But it wouldn’t hurt to ask Miku.”

Akito leaned forward, resting his chin on one hand. “Besides, adding a member isn’t exactly a problem,” he said casually. The usual laid-back smirk played at his lips—Mr. Nice Guy, still wearing the mask like a second skin.

Yuu didn’t reply immediately. Instead, he looked at Akito.

For just a moment, their eyes met.

And in that moment, Yuu saw it—buried beneath the grin, behind the smooth tone and effortless charm.

Caution.

Distance.

Akito still wasn’t comfortable around him.

That’s alright.

Yuu looked away with a small shrug, his voice calm.

“I was just curious.”

“Anyway,” An said, setting her empty glass down with a gentle clink, “shall we head there once we’re done with our drinks?”

The others nodded, a quiet murmur of agreement shared between them. For a brief moment, the café held its breath—warm afternoon light filtering through the tall windows, soft lo-fi beats humming in the background, the rich aroma of roasted coffee lingering in the air like a memory.

Then, one by one, they stood.

Chairs slid back. The scrape of soles brushed softly against the wooden floor.

An’s smile lingered, confident and easy. “Let’s go,” she said, turning toward the door.

Yuu followed, rising with the group.

And just like that—

Each member of Vivid BAD SQUAD reached into their pockets and tapped their phones in perfect sync.

Yuu hesitated—but then his own phone buzzed with a faint pulse of light. A holographic interface flickered into view before him.

[Teleporting...]

The text shimmered against the air.

Before he could fully register what was happening, the world began to dissolve.

Not violently.

Gracefully—like curtains of light pulling away from a stage.

The café blurred into mist.

The counters and walls folded in on themselves like pages turning.

Then the lighting changed—sharper, alive with color.

Sound came next: the distant thrum of bass, layered with a low ripple of electronic rhythm, pulsing from the ground like a second heartbeat.

A chime echoed gently in Yuu's ear:

[You have unlocked the Street Sekai.]

He drew in a quiet breath.

Neon graffiti crawled up the walls, words scrawled in fury and freedom. Colors clashed like cymbals. Murals of singers and dancers stretched across the concrete like they were mid-motion, immortalized in rebellion.

Posters hung crooked on the walls, layered over each other like sediment, advertisements for underground live shows, freestyle rap battles, beat cyphers, and pop-up performances in places where the rules didn't matter.

The air wasn't just thick with atmosphere—it vibrated.

It buzzed with something alive.

Yuu turned, slowly.

And standing in the middle of it all, An turned back to him.

Her hands were behind her back, eyes gleaming with pride and excitement.

"Hazuki," she said, voice warm and certain, "welcome to our Sekai… the Street Sekai."

Yuu stared at her for a moment, the corners of his mouth twitching upward in disbelief.

He exhaled slowly.

A laugh, half-shocked, half-amazed, slipped out of him.

He didn't say anything else.

He didn't need to.

The Sekai said it for him.

Deuce and Flames!

"Yo! You spacing out already?" Akito's voice cut through the electric hum of the city. He waved a hand in front of Yuu's face, smirking.

Yuu blinked, pulled from his daze. "Sorry. Just… taking it in."

An laughed, arms confidently crossed as she walked ahead. "You'll get used to it. Street Sekai doesn't wait for you to catch up."

The thumping rhythm of distant speakers echoed through the narrow alley, bouncing off walls decorated with graffiti that looked almost alive

Every turn felt like it could be the start of a live show.

The very air carried energy, restless, vibrant, untamed.

"Where are we headed first?" Yuu asked, still glancing around, eyes wide at the colors and sounds crashing together in beautiful disorder.

"To meet someone," Toya said, falling into step beside him. "Someone important to this place."

The four of them made their way down a winding side street until the familiar neon signage came into view.

Crase Café.

This is it, he thought. The place where An and Kohane reunited. The heart of Vivid BAD SQUAD.

As the door opened with a chime, warm light spilled onto the sidewalk, and a familiar figure looked up from behind the counter.

"Ah! Hello, everyone!" came a cheerful voice.

"MEIKO!" An called, her face lighting up as she dashed forward.

Without hesitation, she flung her arms around the older woman.

MEIKO laughed warmly, catching her in a hug. "It's good to see you, too, An. You always bring the noise with you."

Yuu stood at the entrance, watching the scene unfold with a strange feeling blooming in his chest, like stepping into a memory that wasn't his but still meant something.

MEIKO's eyes shifted to him as the others followed in.

"And you must be Hazuki-kun," she said kindly.

Yuu blinked, startled. "Y-Yeah."

"I've heard a bit about you," MEIKO said, her smile deepening. "Welcome to Street Sekai."

Something about the way she said it made Yuu feel… seen.

Not just present, but welcome.

An clapped a hand on his back. “You’ll get to know MEIKO well. She’s been watching over this Sekai longer than any of us.”

“And you’ll be needing her help if you want to understand it,” Toya added, settling into a nearby booth.

Yuu followed them inside as MEIKO prepared drinks with practiced ease, her presence calm but unmistakably strong.

“Are you guys here for practice?” MEIKO asked, wiping her hands on a clean towel behind the counter.

“Yeah!” Kohane beamed, her smile bright and unwavering. “We invited Hazuki-kun too.”

Yuu gave a small nod, unsure of what to say with MEIKO’s attention now focused on him.

Her gaze was sharp but kind, like someone who’d seen hundreds of hopefuls walk through the door, yet still believed in each one. And yet, there was something more behind her eyes. Something knowing.

“Miku told me a lot about you,” MEIKO said, folding her arms with a casual air.

Yuu blinked. “Miku… did?”

“She said you’re an unusual case,” she murmured, leaning forward just slightly. “One who wasn’t meant to be here—but stayed anyway. And despite that, you’ve started moving hearts.”

The words hit deeper than he expected. He wasn’t sure how to respond. His mouth opened, then closed again.

Is that really how she sees me…?

“I don’t know about moving hearts,” he said at last, voice low. “I’m just… trying to figure things out.”

MEIKO smiled.

“That’s exactly how it starts.”

Before he could say anything more, An leaned over the counter with a playful pout. “Ahh! What are you two whispering about?”

“Nothing~” MEIKO replied with a singsong tone, stepping back with a wink.

Then, more quietly—just for him—she added, “She also said you’ll help save the non-existent Miku. That’s no small thing, Hazuki-kun.”

Yuu felt a quiet weight settle in his chest.

Not pressure.

Not fear.

But gravity.

It wasn’t praise.

It was recognition.

And somehow, that made it scarier.

MEIKO straightened. “Anyway, if you're here to practice, the studio’s open. Don’t hold back.”

An grinned. “We weren’t planning to.”

Akito cracked his knuckles, lips curling into a half-smile. “Time to see if Hazuki can keep up.”

Toya, ever composed, simply glanced Yuu’s way. “Let’s find out.”

Kohane offered a soft smile.

Yuu gave a breathy laugh, somewhere between nervous and grateful. “Thanks… I think.”

The studio door opened with a soft hiss, revealing a corridor lined with dim LED strips and the faint sound of beats echoing from within.

As they stepped inside, a holographic panel shimmered to life in front of Yuu.

[Stage Entry: Street Sekai - Practice Room]

Song: Traffic Jam
Select Difficulty: [Easy] [Normal] [Hard] [Expert] [Master]

Yuu’s breath caught. His fingers hovered mid-air.

The music had already begun to build—fast percussion, sharp bass lines, a relentless rhythm that didn’t stop for beginners.

The others were already moving to their places, chatting lightly, stretching.

He raised his voice just enough to be heard.

“…I know this is unusual, but—can I join?”

An turned, surprised. “You serious?”

Yuu nodded. “I want to try.”

Akito raised an eyebrow. “You’ve never trained with us.”

“I know.” His voice was calm now, steady. “But I’ve danced before. I can handle it.”

There was a brief pause.

A shift in the air.

Toya didn't answer, just studied him, his eyes unreadable. But something in his posture relaxed.

Kohane smiled, tilting her head. "If you're sure… We'll adjust."

"No need."

Yuu tapped the screen.

[Selected: Master]

A low whistle escaped Akito. "Alright then, Mr. Classmate."

An grinned widely. "Let's see if you can match our flow."

MEIKO's voice chimed in from the booth overhead, arms crossed as she watched. "If he breaks something, I've got towels. But I doubt he'll mess up."

Yuu glanced at her, then back at the others.

She knows. MEIKO… knows about me, too.

The lights shifted overhead.

The Sekai responded.

The studio transformed—walls sliding out, lights adjusting, neon borders pulsing to the rhythm. The floor beneath them flickered with color, echoing the tempo. This wasn't just rehearsal space.

This was a performance arena.

Each member took their place—An stretching beside Kohane, Akito cracking his neck, Toya calmly watching the countdown display.

Yuu found his position.

The projection flared in front of him.

3...
2...
1…

The beat dropped.

Fast.

Sharp.

Alive.

The first note came like a strike of lightning.

Yuu moved.

Step.

Slide.

Tap.

Flick.

His body responded before his thoughts could catch up, rhythm pouring through his limbs like second nature.

The others fell into motion beside him.

Akito’s footwork was razor clean.

Kohane’s hands glided with practiced grace.

An danced like she was throwing fire.

Toya’s movements were quiet, exact, like a thread holding the entire stage together.

And Yuu—

—matched them.

Maybe he didn’t belong here.

Maybe he was just an outsider.

But he was here. Right now. With them.

Feet pounding. Notes flashing. Voices rising.

Together.

In this Sekai.

In this moment.

He was dancing.

“Deuce, Deuce, Deuce!
'Til you die, 'til I die,
We won't call off the fight due to injury!”

Their voices rang out like lightning in unison, syncopated perfectly with the thunderous rhythm vibrating through the studio floor.

Each syllable hit with force.

Each motion, sharp and alive.

The choreography surged forward, no space to breathe between footwork that demanded everything: quick pivots, sharp angles, flawless transitions, coordinated flares.

The kind of routine that didn’t forgive hesitation.

And yet—

Yuu kept up.

No.

He matched them.

Beat for beat.

Move for move.

Like he belonged there all along.

He wasn’t watching the others anymore.

He wasn’t mimicking.

He wasn’t thinking.

He was feeling.

Every glowing step marker, every beat in the bassline, every subtle cue in the air—he followed them instinctively, as though the stage had opened a path just for him.

It was as if the rhythm lived in his chest, guiding his limbs like a current flowing straight from the music itself.

And then—

The final chorus hit.

A surge of movement.

A snap of rapid-fire lyrics.

A wild crescendo of motion.

Each of them spun into their finishing steps.

An’s hair flicked upward in a perfect arc.

Toya’s stance struck clean and firm.

Kohane’s hands spread like wings in perfect timing.

Akito's heel slid across the neon-lit floor in a full-body sweep.

And Yuu—

Yuu landed with them.

Pose struck. Heart racing. Hands clenched at his side, chest heaving—but his balance never wavered.

For a second, the only sound was their breathing.

Then—

Clap. Clap. Clap.

MEIKO's voice rang warmly over the speaker system above.
"That was fantastic!"

She sounded genuinely impressed.

But down on the practice floor, no one moved.

There was a long pause.

Akito turned his head slowly.
Stared.
Then blinked.

"…What the hell was that?!"

Before Yuu could even speak, Akito rushed over and grabbed him by the shoulders, shaking him gently but urgently—as if trying to verify that he was, in fact, human.

"Are you—are you an actual genius?!"

"W-Wait, Shinonome, you're too close!" Yuu stammered, his arms awkwardly frozen midair, overwhelmed by the sudden attention.

"You just mirrored our whole routine! First try! First try!" Akito exclaimed, his voice half-accusation, half-awe.

"I-I don't know, I just… moved with it," Yuu replied, flustered.

Toya, still composed, let out a low breath and crossed his arms.

"Honestly," he said, "that was impressive."

Kohane nodded rapidly, her face lit with wonder. "You even did the arm flare during the second chorus. We never taught you that."

Yuu blinked. "The what?"

An walked up last, one brow arched and hands on her hips, but a grin played at her lips. "I don't know where you picked that up from… but that was legit."

Yuu let out a laugh, half nervous, half disbelieving.

"I just… didn't want to fall behind."

Akito finally let go of him, stepping back with an exaggerated sigh.

“Well, too late. You might’ve lapped us.”

The group shared a laugh, the tension melting into warm, easy energy.

MEIKO’s voice chimed in again from above, this time teasing, “So, should I start preparing a fifth spotlight?”

Just as the laughter began to settle and the glow of the studio dimmed into its idle rhythm, the door creaked open with a soft whine.

A pair of light, hurried footsteps echoed across the floor.

“Sorry! Am I late?!”

The voice was bright, breathless, cheerful, and full of life.

All heads turned.

Yuu blinked.

Standing at the entrance was a girl with twin buns and high pigtails that flowed like waves down her back. Her hair was unmistakably teal, but lighter—sun-washed and wild.

She wore a black hoodie with hot pink streaks and a bold blue inner lining, casually layered over a cropped top. Her shorts were paired with mismatched leggings—one solid black, the other patterned like shattered glass—and her sneakers pulsed with faint electric-blue lights that matched the urban spark in her presence.

Hatsune Miku.

But this wasn’t the Miku from the School Sekai.

This one moved differently.
She radiated rhythm.

Streetlight energy.
Graffiti soul.
Vivid BAD SQUAD’s Miku.

An crossed her arms, smirking. “Took you long enough.”

“I had to finish something in the Stage Sekai,” Miku replied with a playful puff of her cheeks. She stepped fully into the studio, her stride loose and bouncy, like the beat of a silent track followed her wherever she walked.

Kohane lit up instantly. “Miku! I’m so glad you came.”

Miku’s grin widened. “I wouldn’t miss a session with you guys.”

Then her eyes fell on Yuu.

And something in her expression softened, just a little.

“So… you’re the one.”

Yuu stiffened. “Me?”

She nodded, tilting her head with interest.

“I’ve heard about you. From… her.”

Her voice dipped slightly, warmer now. A hint of something shared.

Yuu’s chest tightened at the memory—the classroom bathed in sunset light, the stage blooming into color, the other Miku’s voice in harmony with his own.

“Right,” he said quietly.

“I caught the end of your performance,” she added, stepping closer. “You danced like it mattered to you. Like the rhythm was yours.”

Yuu hesitated, then gave a small nod.

“I think… it was.”

Miku’s smile deepened, her eyes gleaming.

“That’s all that matters in this Sekai.”

She turned toward the others. “So? What do you think?”

An tapped her chin, pretending to deliberate. “He’s a little rough around the edges.”

Akito leaned to one side, arms folded with a crooked grin. “But freakishly talented.”

Kohane giggled softly. “And kind.”

Toya didn’t miss a beat. “He keeps up.”

Miku looked back at Yuu and extended a hand, steady, confident, welcoming.

Her teal-painted nails glinted under the studio lights.

“Then welcome to our rhythm, Hazuki Yuu.”

He stared at her hand for a second.

Then looked at the group, at the easy confidence in An’s eyes, the spark in Akito’s grin, the quiet encouragement in Kohane’s smile, and the cool steadiness of Toya’s gaze.

A slow breath escaped his chest.

And he reached out.

Their hands met—palm to palm, a quiet pact between beats.

“…Wait, so I’m in?”

Miku tilted her head again. “Well… only if you want to be.”

Yuu was quiet for a beat.

Then he nodded, a faint, crooked smile on his lips. “I don’t like being in the center. Just… let me dance in the back.”

Miku laughed.

“So long as you keep dancing,” she said, “you’re already part of the team.”

And just like that…

I became a member of Vivid BAD SQUAD.

After the practice session, we found ourselves back at Crase Café—surrounded by warm light and the mellow hum of machines, the scent of roasted beans drifting in lazy spirals.

We laughed, teased, leaned back into the kind of comfort only music and sweat could earn.

It came from all of them.

From An, who was still bouncing on the balls of her feet, her voice loud and honest, slinging playful jabs between sips of lemon soda.

From Kohane, who cradled her mug with both hands like it held her thoughts together—nodding, listening, always sincere.

From Toya, who didn’t speak much, but whose presence was grounding. Every rare smile or quiet glance felt deliberate, earned.

And from Akito… who still wore that well-rehearsed smile.

His “Mr. Nice Guy” persona never faltered.

But I saw it.

The way his compliments came was too fast, too polished.

The brief moments when his expression flickered—his eyes just a beat too slow to follow his words.

I’ve seen the real Akito.

The one in the game.

The one with sharp fire in his eyes and something fragile beneath it.

And I wished, quietly, selfishly, that he’d show even a flicker of that to me.

But how could I ask for that?

I wasn’t his rival.

Not his closest friend.

Just a stranger suddenly sharing a stage.

Still, the thought lingered like a note not quite resolved.

Eventually, the Sekai faded.

Colors dulled.
Graffiti melted into stillness.
The rhythm dispersed.

And just like that—

We were back.

WEEKEND GARAGE greeted us again, dim and familiar, all wooden edges and soft jazz playing low in the background. The smell of coffee clung to the air like an old memory.

Toya and Kohane had already said their goodbyes.

Only An, Akito, and I remained, sprawled across the café stools, drained but content.

Then Akito stood, brushing his palms together.

“I’m heading out,” he said casually.

“Me too,” I added, sliding off my seat.

An waved us off. “Alright, take care! Text me when you get home!”

And just like that, it was just Akito and me.

Walking.

Side by side.

No music.

No stage.

Just the sound of our footsteps echoing gently against the pavement, while the sun dipped behind the buildings, painting the street in golden orange.

I wanted to say something, anything.

But the words wouldn’t come.

My thoughts stumbled over themselves.

Then, Akito stopped.

I blinked.

His body stiffened, tense, frozen like a caught wire.

“Wait! Wait up!”

A breathless voice echoed behind us.

I turned, just in time to see a puppy bolting toward us, its leash trailing behind like a ribbon in the wind.

“Arf! Arf!”

Its ears flopped with each bounce as it made a beeline toward us.

Instinct took over.

I stepped forward and caught it mid-run, cradling the small, wriggling thing in my arms. It kicked twice, then stilled—panting softly.

“Thank you!” the owner said, jogging up with red cheeks and a relieved smile.

“No worries,” I replied, handing the puppy over with a small nod.

They walked away moments later, the leash now held tight, the puppy looking over its shoulder once with a soft yip before disappearing around the corner.

“That was close, huh, Shinonome—?”

I paused.

Akito hadn’t moved.

He stood there, pale.

Still as stone.

His fingers were clenched into fists at his sides. His eyes were wide, not in surprise, but in fear.

Right…

I’d forgotten.

Akito’s afraid of dogs.

All dogs.

No matter the size.

It wasn’t just fear, it was trauma.

Something about the bark, the rush, the snapping leash had frozen him.

“A…Akito,” I said gently, taking a cautious step closer.

His shoulders jerked, like he’d only just realized he was still standing in the middle of the street.

He exhaled sharply, forcing a hand through his hair. “Tch… damn it.”

“…Sorry,” I murmured. “I didn’t think.”

He shook his head. “It’s fine. Just—caught me off guard.”

His voice was quieter than usual. Shaky at the edges.

We stood there for a moment longer, silence folding around us like a blanket no one knew how to lift.

Then, he sighed.

“You… won’t tell the others, right?”

His voice was low. Almost pleading. Not the kind of tone you’d expect from someone like Shinonome Akito.

I offered a smirk anyway, tipping my head slightly. “Of course not.”

Akito’s eyes narrowed. His jaw twitched.

“Tsk… damn it…”

I watched him for a second. Really watched him.

The way he clenched his fists at his sides. The way his shoulders still hadn’t fully relaxed. The way he wouldn’t meet my eyes.

He looked… raw.

Not like the Akito I’d seen grinning behind polite words and forced banter.

This was someone else.

“Man…” I said, letting the smirk stay on my lips. “So, Shinonome’s scared of dogs, huh?”

That did it.

He turned to me, full-on glare now.

His usual smooth voice was gone—replaced by something rougher. Unfiltered.

“Oi. Don’t push it.”

There it was.

The real Akito.

The edge in his tone.

The way he stood—tense, no longer hiding behind casual lines or easy smiles.

I raised both hands in mock surrender, still grinning. “Okay, okay. Just saying. You didn’t flinch—you froze. Like a statue.”

Akito growled under his breath. “I said don’t push it.”

The mask was fully off now.

He clicked his tongue, jamming his hands into his pockets as he looked away.

“Seriously annoying…” he muttered. “First I get chased by a mutt, and now I’m getting teased by you…”

I chuckled, but there was something a little warmer beneath it now. Less teasing. More… familiar.

He was showing me a side no one else had seen.

A side I’d only read about in fragmented character bios and seen glimpses of in the game.

Akito glanced sideways at me, noticing I wasn’t saying anything.

“What?” he snapped.

“Nothing,” I said simply. “Just glad I got to see the real you.”

His scowl deepened, but he didn’t argue.

Didn’t deny it.

“…Tch.”

He looked forward again and started walking.

And this time, I followed, not as a classmate.

Not as a player in someone else’s story.

But as someone who was finally, slowly being let into his.

Soon, we parted ways.

Akito shoved his hands deeper into his pockets, muttering something under his breath as he turned down the opposite street. I watched his back for a moment, the fading sunlight casting long shadows behind him.

No wave.

No smile.

Just the rhythm of his footsteps slowly fading into the quiet.

I exhaled.

The sky above had turned a soft amber, dusk bleeding into evening. City lights flickered on one by one, and the cool breeze carried the scent of distant food stalls and rain-dampened asphalt.

I turned the other way, heading home.

Untitled Childhood Friends

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

[SUNDAY]

The sunlight that spilled into Yuu's room that morning felt… different.

It wasn't the golden kind that warmed the skin and begged for a few more lazy minutes under the covers. No, this light was quieter. Gentle. Like it had crept in on tiptoe, afraid to wake the silence that had settled in the room.

Yuu sat on the edge of his bed, elbows on his knees, phone in one hand. The screen glowed faintly —an empty inbox waiting to be filled.

No messages from An.

Nothing from Kohane or Toya.

And Akito? Yeah… definitely not after yesterday's teasing.

But he didn't mind.

Today wasn't about them.

Just stillness.

His gaze wandered to the window, where a soft breeze stirred the curtains.

Outside, a group of kids zipped past on bicycles, their laughter trailing behind like a ribbon unraveling in the wind.

A familiar tug pulled at his chest, faint, but unmistakable.

A memory.

A name.

Someone he hadn't thought of in a while.

He exhaled slowly and reached into the air, fingers swiping instinctively as if peeling back reality itself.

With a flick, the holographic UI of Project Sekai blinked into view.

He scrolled past the familiar tabs, eyes lingering for a second on the icons of each world. Then, without much thought, he tapped the glowing panel marked:

[School Sekai]

A soft chime answered his decision.

And just like that, the world began to shift again.

Yuu opened his eyes to a familiar ceiling bathed in morning light—but it wasn't his bedroom.

The School Sekai.

The air was calm, brushed with the scent of chalk and spring. Warm sun streamed in through the tall classroom windows, casting a gentle glow across the polished floors.

A voice called out, soft and bright.

"Oh? Hazuki, you're up early."

He turned.

Miku stood by the window, sunlight catching on the edge of her blue ribbon.

Beside her, Ichika gave a small wave.

"Miku. Ichika," Yuu greeted, his voice still touched by sleep. "Good morning."

Before he could take a step, another voice chimed in—lighter, curious.

"Oh? Who's this?"

Yuu turned toward the voice.

She was elegant and poised.

Her long pink hair fell freely down her back, with a single, iconic strand curling near her shoulder. Her blue eyes sparkled with a quiet calm.

Miku stepped forward with a small smile. "This is Yuu Hazuki, a friend."

The pink-haired girl offered a graceful nod. "Hello! I'm Megurine Luka."

Yuu blinked, quickly straightening. "Hello."

His gaze moved instinctively—taking in her appearance.

Like the others, Luka wore the School Sekai's signature uniform: a black godet skirt, crisp white button-up shirt, and a tailored blazer trimmed with white. But somehow, on her, it carried a more refined air—like she belonged on a stage, not just in a classroom.

Huh… I didn't meet her last time.

"So?" Ichika asked, gently tugging him back from his thoughts. "What brings you here today, Hazuki?"

"I'm just… checking up on this Sekai," he said simply, hands in his pockets.

“Oh! I heard from the other Miku that you visited the Street Sekai,” the Miku beside the window said, tilting her head curiously. “How was it?”

Yuu hesitated for a moment, searching for the words.

“Well… it was different,” he said, glancing at the desks, the chalkboard, the quiet hum of familiarity in the air. “Really different from the School Sekai.”

He paused, then added with a small smile, “…But in a good way.”

“Are you guys here as usual?” Yuu asked, slipping his hands into his pockets as he looked around the classroom-turned-stage.

“Yeah,” Miku replied with a bright nod. “We’re going to practice today.”

“Leo/need practice, huh…” Yuu murmured. “I’m curious, but—”

Before he could finish, a gentle chime shimmered through the air, followed by two new presences appearing in the room, as if stepping out of thin air.

“Good morning,” said a calm voice.

The first to emerge was a girl with short, tousled gray hair and sharp green eyes, her face expressionless like a locked diary.

Just behind her was a much more colorful figure—long blonde hair tipped with soft pink, styled into puffy twin tails, and eyes that sparkled a gentle pink.

The moment they saw Yuu, they stopped.

“Who are you?!” the gray-haired girl snapped, quickly stepping in front of Miku and Ichika with the stance of someone used to shielding others.

Yuu stiffened slightly under her gaze.

Uwah… as expected of a cold person.

He bowed politely, keeping his voice steady. “Hello. I’m Yuu Hazuki.”

The girl with the fluffy twin tails lit up, tilting her head with bright curiosity. “Wow! I didn’t expect a new face in this Sekai!”

“Saki! Come here—we don’t know this guy!” the stern girl hissed, grabbing the blonde’s wrist and pulling her back to her side protectively.

Miku stepped forward before things could escalate. “Calm down, everyone. I know him.”

“What?” The gray-haired girl—Shiho, Yuu guessed—stared at Ichika with open disbelief. “You know him? How? Also—how did he even get in here?”

Ichika simply gave a small nod. “Because he’s different.”

“Different?” Shiho and the blonde said in unison, blinking.

Miku clasped her hands in front of her chest. “He’s not like others. He can enter different Sekai. And… he’s already helped us once.”

There was a pause.

Tension hung for a moment, like a held breath.

Then Ichika stepped in, her voice gentle. “F-For now… let’s do introductions.”

She gestured between the two girls. “Hazuki, this is Tenma Saki,” she said, pointing to the blonde, who gave a small, excited wave. “And she’s Hinomori Shiho.”

“Nice to meet you,” Yuu said with a slight bow.

Shiho didn’t reply immediately—her eyes narrowed with skepticism. But she nodded after a beat, slow and deliberate.

Saki beamed. “Well, if Miku and Ichika trust you, then I guess it’s okay!”

Shiho muttered something under her breath, arms still crossed—but she didn’t protest further.

Yuu allowed himself a small breath of relief.

Looks like I’m getting better at surviving first impressions.

Just as the air started to settle from Shiho’s cold defense and Saki’s curiosity, the familiar ripple of light shimmered across the Sekai—

And another figure materialized right in the middle of the schoolyard.

“Sorry, I’m late!” the girl called, slightly out of breath.

Yuu turned toward the voice just as the girl straightened her posture, brushing back a few strands of light dusty rose hair tied up in a side ponytail with a blue scrunchie. Her blue eyes were wide with energy, and the smile she wore looked almost apologetic—but warm, undeniably so.

She blinked when she saw him.

“Huh? Wh–Who are you?”

Yuu raised a hand halfway, awkwardly.

“Erm… Do we need to introduce again?” he asked, glancing sideways at Miku and Ichika for help.

Ichika let out a soft breath and offered a gentle smile. “It’s alright, Honami. This is Hazuki Yuu. He’s… a bit of a special case.”

“A friend,” Miku added with a wink.

"Eh?! Really?"

Honami’s eyes widened as she took a step closer, scanning Yuu with growing curiosity. “That’s possible?”

“...He just showed up,” Shiho muttered from behind her crossed arms, still eyeing Yuu like a suspicious transfer student.

Yuu scratched the back of his neck, offering Honami a small, polite smile. “Nice to meet you. I didn’t mean to intrude or anything.”

“Oh! No, not at all!” Honami quickly waved her hands in front of her, flustered. “Sorry for reacting like that—just didn’t expect someone new in our Sekai. I’m Mochizuki Honami.”

“She’s kind of like the team’s emotional support,” Saki teased, giggling.

“Saki…” Honami sighed, embarrassed but smiling all the same.

And just like that, the tension loosened—just a little.

The Leo/need girls stood around Yuu now, each with their own posture, expression, and questions hiding behind their eyes.

Yuu glanced around at them, Ichika’s quiet patience, Saki’s glowing cheer, Shiho’s guarded stare, and Honami’s warm confusion.

This really was a tightly-knit group.

A group with history.

And now, he was standing right in the middle of it.

Luka clapped her hands together with a graceful smile. “Now then, everyone! Since introductions are out of the way, let’s focus on practice.”

The warm sunlight streamed through the classroom windows of the School Sekai as the four girls began moving to their usual spots—picking up instruments, checking cords, tuning strings.

A familiar quiet rhythm of routine settled in.

But not for Shiho.

Her sharp green eyes locked onto Yuu, brows furrowing.

“…Why is he still here?”

Yuu flinched slightly under the sudden pressure, the weight of her glare sharper than any guitar string.

“Oh! I forgot to mention,” Ichika chimed in, sliding her guitar strap over her shoulder, “he’s here to watch us practice.”

“H-Huh?!” Shiho spun toward her. “This is the first time I’m hearing about that! And why didn’t you tell us beforehand?”

“I, um… thought it would be fine,” Ichika said softly, looking a little sheepish but not backing down. “He’s already seen Vivid BAD SQUAD practice.”

“That’s not the point.” Shiho groaned, pinching the bridge of her nose. “This is our private practice session. Not a stage show.”

“I’m okay with it!” Saki said cheerfully, adjusting the height of her keyboard. “It might be fun to have an audience!”

“I-I mean…” Honami looked between everyone nervously. “If he’s just watching quietly, it should be alright, right?”

Shiho’s eyes narrowed. “Tch… whatever. Just don’t get in the way.”

Yuu raised both hands in surrender. “I’ll just be over here, not moving a muscle.”

Shiho huffed and turned away, picking up her bass with sharp, practiced movements.

“Jeez,” Saki whispered playfully to Yuu as she passed by. “She’s always like this with new people. Don’t take it personally.”

“I won’t,” Yuu muttered.

But still… Shiho’s glare had real power behind it.

As the four settled into position and Luka took her place at the side, clipboard in hand, Yuu quietly stepped back against the wall, observing.

This is Leo/need’s space…

Guess I’ll have to earn their trust one step at a time.

Just as the gentle hum of tuning instruments filled the School Sekai’s music room, a faint chime echoed in front of Yuu.

A holographic UI blinked to life before his eyes—soft light dancing in the air, clear and familiar.

Yuu sighed quietly.

“So it wants me to perform with them… huh. Am I gonna get dragged into this every time someone starts playing?”

Still, he wasn’t annoyed.

If anything, a part of him welcomed the challenge.

Raising his hand a little hesitantly, he spoke up. “Uhm… if it’s okay—can I join you for this one?”

The room paused.

“What?” Shiho said flatly, brows narrowing again.

But before she could follow up, Miku suddenly gasped and rushed over to him, eyes sparkling.

“Perform? Really?!” she beamed, taking his hands with a burst of enthusiasm. “That’s amazing!”

“Y-Yeah,” Yuu replied, slightly flustered but smiling.

I might as well get used to this.

“I think it’s a great idea!” Miku said, spinning lightly with excitement. “Let’s show him off, everyone!”

“I—I wouldn’t call it a talent,” Yuu muttered, scratching the back of his neck.

“That’s not for you to decide,” Saki chimed in cheerfully, eyes already sparkling with interest. “I wanna see this!”

Meanwhile, Shiho shot Ichika a pointed glance. “We’re talking after practice.”

Ichika gave a calm nod. “I know.”

Turning back to the hologram screen, Yuu read the song title slowly under his breath.

[Stella]

Difficulty levels danced underneath.

[Easy] [Normal] [Hard] [Expert] [Master]

He cracked his knuckles and rolled his shoulders.

Still in his pajamas, he gave a light breath and tapped [Master].

In an instant, his clothes shimmered, pixels and particles weaving around his form.

When the light faded, he now wore the signature Leo/need outfit.

Black and gray tones, sleek lines, layered textures. A performance-ready design that matched the tone of the band.

“Huh?!” Saki nearly dropped her keytar. “He even got our unit attire?! That’s so cool!”

Yuu looked down at himself, flexing one arm. “Oh. Right. I forgot the Sekai does this…”

“You wear it well,” Honami said with a soft smile.

Even Shiho glanced sideways, briefly, but noticeably.

Ichika gave him a small, encouraging nod. “Ready?”

Yuu inhaled, then stepped forward to join them.

But this, Yuu didn’t expect.

Just as the loading screen faded and the music stage shimmered into place, something heavy pressed against his side—smooth, familiar, and completely unexpected.

He looked down.

A guitar.

Strapped diagonally across his torso, the matte-black body gleamed under the soft Sekai lights, accented with faint blue lines pulsing to the rhythm of the still-loading track.

His fingers rested naturally near the fretboard, callouses tingling as if they remembered something he didn't.

"Wait—what…?"

Yuu blinked, eyes wide.

He wasn't standing at the front to dance like in Street Sekai. This time, he was positioned slightly to the left, shoulder-to-shoulder with Ichika, and a few steps ahead of Honami's keyboard.

"You didn't think Leo/need was all vocals and movement, did you?" Miku grinned, already adjusting the mic stand nearby. "Here, the music speaks first."

Saki giggled. "Guess the Sekai thinks you're the guitar type!"

"I… don't even play guitar that much," Yuu muttered under his breath, but his fingers betrayed him, already testing the strings, strumming a chord that resonated a bit too perfectly.

Shiho gave him a passing glance. "Then you better start."

The countdown echoed across the stage.

3.
2.
1.

Yuu took a breath.

His grip tightened on the guitar.

One thing Yuu quickly learned—
something he would never forget:

In this world, in the Sekai…

Not every performance means dancing.

Sometimes, the rhythm pulled him into song

Other times, his fingers would move across strings or keys,

And in some Sekai, he'd find himself at a DJ deck, remixing tracks on instinct alone.

Every stage demanded something new.

Every performance revealed a different side of him.

There was no comfort zone here.

Only growth, disguised as chaos.

And Yuu?

He would learn to expect it.

To adapt.

To trust that no matter what the Sekai asked of him—

He'd be ready.

And just like that, the practice came to an end—

Quiet, unremarkable… but not meaningless.

Yuu let the final note trail into silence, the echo of the guitar fading gently into the air.

His fingers tingled with strain, not pain.

His breathing was calm, but his heart?

Still racing.

Not perfect.

Not even great.

But real.

He exhaled, rubbing the back of his neck awkwardly as he turned to the others, a sheepish smile tugging at his lips.

"…Yeah, that could've gone better."

Saki clapped anyway, her enthusiasm undimmed. "That was amazing for your first try! You kept up with us!"

Honami offered a soft, encouraging nod. "You didn't give up. That's what matters."

Ichika smiled faintly, eyes warm. "Everyone stumbles. But you didn't stop. That's the kind of strength we need."

And then—

Shiho folded her arms, gaze fixed squarely on Yuu.

Her voice came cool and blunt, but beneath it was something almost like approval.

"…You'll improve. If you're serious."

That made everyone pause.

Ichika blinked in surprise. "Wait, that's it? No scolding?"

"I was expecting her to tear him apart," Saki whispered loudly, her eyes wide with mock betrayal.

“Well,” Honami added with a small laugh, “he did better than I did during my first time too.”

The air was light with laughter, but then—

Luka, who had been watching silently, turned to Miku with a rare seriousness in her expression.

“Miku,” she said, her voice low but firm, “do you think it’s possible to have Hazuki Yuu as Leo/need’s backup?”

Miku tilted her head thoughtfully, then nodded without hesitation. “It’s possible.”

She turned to Yuu, her eyes gleaming.

“Hazuki, if you want to keep learning guitar—if you want to keep moving forward—would you join Leo/need as our backup?”

The question hung in the air like a final chord.

Yuu hesitated, eyes flickering between Ichika and Miku.

He thought of the School Sekai.

Of the non-existence of Sekai

Of the non-existent Miku—her quiet plea in a place no one else could hear.

If he wanted to save that Sekai…

If he wanted to reach that Miku…

Then he’d have to grow stronger.

His performances had to become more than good.

They had to be perfect.

He straightened slowly, meeting their eyes.

“I accept.”

Saki beamed. Honami gave a pleased hum. Even Shiho looked mildly satisfied.

Ichika stepped forward with a soft smile and held out her hand.

“Then—welcome to Leo/need, Yuu.”

Yuu looked down at her hand for a moment, then reached out and clasped it.

Warm. Steady.
Real.

“Glad to be here,” he said quietly.

And just like that, their practice came to a quiet close.

With warm goodbyes and lingering smiles, each member slowly faded from the [School Sekai], their bodies dissolving into gentle motes of light—scattered sparks returning to their own world, their own morning routines.

The classroom stilled.

The music faded.

And the moment passed.

[POV: Leo/need Group Chat]

Back in reality, the four girls settled into the familiar comfort of their rooms, the quiet hum of their devices grounding them after the immersive rhythm of the Sekai. It didn't take long before Ichika started the group video call.

The screen lit up with Ichika's face first.

The lighting was soft, her room as modest and neat as always.

She brushed a loose strand of hair from her cheek and leaned toward the screen.

"Good morning," she said, voice gentle, a faint smile on her lips.

"Good mooorning~!" Saki chirped in next, her background bursting with color, posters, plushies, bright walls full of life.

"Morning," Honami greeted quietly, sipping tea from a mug, sunlight casting golden lines across her desk.

Shiho was the last to appear. Arms crossed, her face unreadable as usual, with her camera pointed toward a shelf of books and worn record sleeves. "Hello."

Ichika's eyes scanned each of them. After a small pause, she leaned forward.

"So… what do you think about Hazuki-kun?"

Saki immediately lit up, bouncing in place as if she couldn't hold it in. "He was amazing! Like, he just picked up the guitar and played! And don't even get me started on that outfit change, seriously, where did that come from?! He looked so cool!"

Honami nodded, thoughtful. "He was nervous… but he didn't stop. He kept up, even on a difficult song. That says a lot."

Ichika smiled faintly, the corners of her eyes softening. "He didn't have to join. But he wanted to. I think he's trying really hard."

But the moment lingered just a second too long.

Shiho's expression darkened slightly.

“…Ichika,” she said, her tone quiet but direct. “Why didn’t you tell us about him before today?”

The question hung in the air.

Unspoken, but heavy.

She wasn’t wrong. Leo/need wasn’t just a band.

It was their band, a bond forged through years of childhood memories, shared pain, and healing through music.

Letting someone into that space, especially without a word, was no small thing.

Ichika lowered her gaze.

“I’m sorry,” she said quietly. “I should’ve told you.”

Shiho shifted, eyes flickering off-camera for a moment. “I mean… You should’ve. But I’m not angry. Just caught off guard.”

Honami glanced at her with concern. “Shiho…”

Shiho waved her off before she could speak further. “It’s fine. I’m not saying we kick him out or anything. Just… next time, let us know first. Especially if you’re inviting someone into our Sekai.”

Ichika nodded. “You’re right. I promise I will.”

There was a beat of silence, brief but meaningful.

Then Saki, as always, broke it with a bright smile. “Well, what’s done is done! And honestly, I think Hazuki-kun fits right in. I’m already excited for the next session!”

Ichika’s smile returned, this time a little more sure.

“Yeah,” she said. “Me too.”

“Hm?” Honami murmured, her brows drawing together thoughtfully. “Now that I think about it… Ichika, Hazuki isn’t a Virtual Singer, is he?”

Ichika shook her head gently. “He’s not.”

“Ehh?!” Saki’s face lit up in surprise. “Wait—you’ve met him?! Like, in real life?!”

Ichika nodded, calm as ever. “Yeah. I have.”

“That’s surprising…” Saki leaned closer to her camera, eyes sparkling with curiosity. “He kind of looks like KAITO, but with black hair, doesn’t he?”

Shiho, who had been quietly listening until now, narrowed her eyes. “How did you meet him, Ichika?”

Ichika hesitated for a moment, then glanced off to the side as if replaying the memory. The soft glow of her room framed her face, lending a weight to her words.

"Well..."

Ichika tried to make up a reason.

Ichika's gaze drifted to the side, her fingers fidgeting just out of frame. A soft breath escaped her lips before she looked back at the screen, trying to hold her composure.

"Well…" she began, choosing her words carefully, "we bumped into each other outside of school a few weeks ago."

There was a pause.

"Outside of school?" Honami repeated, her voice tinted with polite confusion. "Like… randomly?"

Ichika nodded, trying not to let her hesitation show. "Yeah. He was… kind of lost, I think. I helped him out, and we started talking. That's when I learned he could enter the Sekai."

Saki blinked, mouth open slightly. "Wait, wait—you mean he wasn't even invited by Miku? He just… showed up?!"

"I thought only those with strong feelings could create or enter a Sekai," Honami said slowly, her expression pensive.

Shiho didn't speak right away. But her eyes stayed fixed on Ichika. Unmoving. Sharp.

"That's not the full story," she said flatly.

Ichika's lips parted, then closed again. Her eyes dropped. "…It's not."

Silence filled the call.

For a moment, it was just the soft buzz of connection holding them all together.

Ichika finally looked up again, her voice quieter.

"I'm sorry. I don't have all the answers either. I just… I felt like I had to help him. Like he's meant to be here—even if the how doesn't make sense yet."

Honami's brows furrowed, but her voice remained kind. "You trust him."

"I do," Ichika said simply.

Saki leaned back in her seat, arms crossed thoughtfully. "Well… I don't get it, but I trust you, Ichika. And Hazuki was fun! So I'll give him a chance!"

Shiho sighed, rubbing her temple. "You all are too trusting…"

But after a pause, she added, "Still. I'll keep an eye on him. Especially if he's going to be involved with Leo/need."

Ichika smiled gently. "That's all I ask."

And with that, the tension eased—if only slightly.

Whatever secrets lingered behind Ichika's careful words, they would have to wait.

[Yuu Hazuki – POV]

"Hmm…"

Yuu stood in the middle of his room, fingertips brushing the collar of his shirt as he tapped his phone screen, switching from his Sekai outfit back to his casual clothes. The transition always left a faint tingle across his skin—like shaking off the last echo of a dream.

He ran a hand through his hair and headed downstairs.

"Good morning," he greeted, his voice still carrying a trace of sleep.

His mother looked up from the kitchen, already plating up toast. "Morning!"

"Hey… do you know where I put my guitar?"

She paused, blinking. "Hmm? The acoustic one? I think it's still in your room, isn't it? Leaned against the wall near the bookshelf?"

Yuu frowned lightly, glancing over his shoulder as if he could see it from the staircase. "Really? I must've missed it. Thanks."

His mother narrowed her eyes at him playfully, a grin tugging at the corners of her mouth. "Why the sudden interest in that old thing? I thought you gave up on the guitar ages ago."

Yuu shrugged, leaning against the doorframe. "Well… something changed."

"Ohhh?" Her voice took on a teasing lilt. "Was it… Ichika-chan?"

Yuu groaned softly, pressing a hand to his forehead. "Mother, joking this early in the morning is a terrible habit."

She just laughed, her eyes twinkling. "I'm just saying that smile of yours when you came down… it wasn't just about music."

"I literally just want to get better at guitar," Yuu muttered under his breath as he turned to head back upstairs.

Just as Yuu stepped back into his room, he paused at the threshold, letting his gaze sweep across the space with new purpose.

The morning sunlight had shifted since earlier, now casting long slants of gold across the wooden floor, giving everything a strangely nostalgic glow.

He took a breath and began his search.

First, he crouched down, checking beneath the bed—just dust bunnies and a crumpled hoodie he swore he'd washed.

Then behind the door—still nothing. His eyes moved to the bookshelf.

A small, uneven gap between the bottom row of books. One of the spines was pushed just a little too far back.

"…Wait a sec."

He stepped forward and slid aside a thick astronomy textbook, its cover faded and corners dog-eared. There was a soft thunk as something shifted behind it.

Yuu blinked.

Wedged awkwardly between the bookshelf and the wall, almost like it had been hidden on purpose, was his old acoustic guitar.

"Seriously?" he muttered under his breath, pulling it free with care. "I stuffed it there?"

The guitar emerged with a faint creak, dust clinging to its body like it hadn't been touched in years.

The polished wood had dulled with time, but the shape, familiar curve of the neck, the subtle scratches on the surface, was unmistakably his.

He sank onto the edge of his bed, cradling the instrument in his arms like something fragile and old.

The guitar felt heavier than he remembered.

One string was missing entirely, the rest loose and dull.

He ran a thumb across the fretboard, a faint, uneven buzz humming through the stillness of the room. It wasn't music—just a ghost of it.

He exhaled slowly.

"…Should I just buy a new one?"

Maybe he should.

But as he stared at the worn wood, at the places where his fingers had once fumbled through chords and melodies, he hesitated.

I should.

Yuu gently placed the old guitar on the bed, letting it rest atop the tangled sheets like a fragile relic.

His fingers lingered on the wood for a second longer before he turned away, reaching for his phone on the desk.

With a quick tap, he brought up his contacts and pressed the call button.

It rang only once before a familiar voice answered.

"Hello?"

"Good morning," Yuu said, his tone casual but steady. "Are you free later today?"

A brief pause followed on the other end, then a reply.

"…Yeah. I can be."

"Alright. I'll see you then."

He ended the call and set the phone back down on the desk.

His eyes flicked to the clock, then to the guitar again.

Well then... time to prepare.

Without another word, Yuu crossed to the closet and began picking out clothes—simple, clean, something easy to move in.

He laid each piece of clothing on the chair.

Meanwhile…

In a sunlit room just across the city, a phone was gently placed back on a desk.

"I didn't expect that…" An murmured, her lips curling into a quiet smile.

She stood up, brushing back her hair as she moved toward her closet.

With a hum under her breath, she started flipping through clothes—her expression light, almost giddy, though she tried to hide it even from herself.

Just then, a voice called from beyond the door.

"An… breakfast is ready."

The door cracked open, revealing her father, still dressed in his apron, eyebrows raised.

He blinked at the sight of his daughter already halfway dressed and moving with unusual energy.

"What are you doing?"

"Oh?" An turned with a sheepish grin. "I'm going out somewhere."

"With someone?"

"Yeah," she replied simply, not elaborating further.

He studied her for a second, then nodded. "I see… Should I put your food in the fridge for later?"

"No, no," she waved her hand. "I'll eat it now."

Her father smiled softly. "Alright then."

He stepped away, leaving the door slightly ajar behind him.

Alone again, An held up a jacket to the mirror, inspecting it with a glint in her eye.

Today felt… different.

And for some reason, she didn’t mind that at all.

Chapter End Notes

Hello everyone! ExitCue here... All I'm saying is thank you for reading this fic, so far no one's criticizing my work yet, and I'm hoping that someone will give me some advice or suggestions. Thank you for the kudos, and I hope you all have a great day! – ExitCue

Looking For The Right Partner

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

As soon as I finished preparing, shirt neatly ironed, jacket draped over one arm, and hair brushed into something that didn't scream "just rolled out of bed" I gave myself a quick glance in the mirror.

Not out of vanity.

Just to make sure I looked… right.

Presentable.

And strangely enough, it made me more nervous than performing a Master-difficulty routine

I picked up my phone from the desk, checked the time, and slipped it into my pocket with a quiet exhale.

"All right," I muttered to myself. "Let's go."

Just as I passed through the living room, I heard my mother's voice.

"Heading out?"

"Yeah," I replied, adjusting the strap of my bag as I made for the door.

She gave me a look over, casual, but sharp in the way only mothers can manage.

Her eyes narrowed ever so slightly.

"You've been going out a lot lately…" she said, tapping a finger against her mug. "Is it a date?"

I paused, crouching to slip on my shoes near the genkan.

(Author Note: What is genkan? Genkan (玄関) is a traditional Japanese entryway area found at the entrance of homes (and some buildings). It's where people remove their shoes before stepping onto the raised floor of the house. The genkan typically has:
A lower step or recessed floor area where shoes are taken off, A shoe rack or shelf (getabako) nearby, A clear transition between "outside" and "inside." In short, it's the place where: You take off your shoes, You step up onto the clean floor inside. After all in Japanese culture, it's considered rude to step into the house without removing your shoes first.)

The corner of my mouth lifted.

"…I guess you could call it that."

A knowing sigh escaped her lips. "Ah, so? Well, have fun."

"Mm," I nodded, and with that, I stepped outside into the quiet hum of the late morning sun.

The city air carried the weight of early afternoon—not stifling, but warm enough to cling faintly to the skin. A lazy breeze threaded through the streets, rustling trees and lifting the corners of loose flyers.

Yuu walked with a steady rhythm, hands tucked into the pockets of his jacket. His earbuds were in, but no music played—just a silent comfort, a barrier between him and the low hum of traffic, distant conversations, the world continuing around him.

His thoughts, however, were elsewhere.

He wasn't sure why he felt so tense.
Maybe because this wasn't like the others.

There was no performance ahead.
No melody to follow, no rhythm to lean on, no lyrics to fill the silence.

Just… a meeting.

When he reached the small park near the station, he spotted her almost instantly.

The place was modest—a couple of benches, a stone path winding past flowering trees, and a fountain that caught the sunlight like fractured glass.

There, standing beneath the dappled shade of a tall tree, was An Shiraishi.

She wasn't in her usual school uniform.

A pale blouse, neatly tucked into a navy skirt, gave her an effortlessly clean look, and a light cardigan hung loosely from her shoulders.

Her bag was slung across one side, and one foot tapped idly against the cobblestone as she scrolled through her phone.

Yuu slowed his pace, taking her in quietly.

She looked… different.

More casual.

More real.

And when she glanced up and saw him, her expression shifted—just slightly—but enough. The curve of her lips softened. Her eyes met his with something familiar.

"You're early," she said, slipping her phone into her bag.

Yuu offered a faint smile. "You're earlier."

A small chuckle escaped her lips, light and easy. "Touché."

"T-Tou what?" Yuu asked, brows knitting together.

An blinked, then suddenly burst into laughter. “Pfft—aha! Oh my god.” She clutched her side with one hand and covered her mouth with the other, her laughter light but unrestrained. “You seriously don’t know what touché means?”

A light flush crept up Yuu’s neck as he scratched awkwardly at the back of his head. “Well… I kinda guessed? Is it French or something?”

“It is French,” An said, still chuckling as she wiped a corner of her eye. “It just means ‘fair point.’ You said I was earlier, so I said touché.”

Yuu blinked. “Huh. That’s fancy.”

With a smirk, An nudged his arm playfully. “You should really pick up foreign words sometime.”

“I listen,” he muttered, half-defensive. “Just… not that into them.”

Her smirk widened, eyes gleaming with teasing warmth. “Well then, guess I’ll start teaching you. One word per hangout. By the end of the year, you’ll sound like a cultured prince.”

Yuu sighed and jammed his hands deeper into his jacket pockets. “I’d settle for just not sounding like an idiot.”

“You don’t sound like an idiot,” she replied casually, then added with a grin over her shoulder, “You just have moments.”

He groaned. “Gee, thanks.”

An only laughed—softer now, more relaxed. Her steps were light as they continued down the tree-lined path, the gravel crunching gently beneath their shoes. The sun filtered between the branches, dappled light painting soft patterns at their feet.

Despite the teasing, Yuu could feel it—something easier in the air between them.

It was just her.

Just them.

And that was enough.

“So,” An said after a quiet beat, glancing at him from the corner of her eye, “you hungry?”

Yuu blinked. “We’re getting food?”

“Obviously.” She jerked a thumb toward the road ahead, where the edges of the shopping district were just starting to appear. “There’s a crepe stand a few blocks down. I’ve been craving something sweet.”

He raised an eyebrow, mock suspicion in his tone. “Sweet, huh… Didn’t expect that from you.”

She shot him a mock glare, placing a hand on her hip. “Hey! I’m not all cool-girl and drop-the-beat, you know. I have cravings too.”

Yuu chuckled. “Right, right. Lead the way, Miss Sweet Tooth.”

An stuck her tongue out at him before turning and walking ahead, her shoulders relaxed, her voice drifting back with a familiar playfulness. “Come on, before I change my mind and buy all the crepes myself.”

And so, the two of them ordered crepes—one strawberry and cream, the other banana chocolate—and made their way to a quiet bench tucked beneath the shade of a leafy tree.

The soft hum of the shopping district lingered nearby, but here, it felt peaceful. Slower.

An took a bite of her crepe, then glanced at Yuu from the corner of her eye.

“So?” she asked, her voice light but curious. “You said on the phone you were looking for a guitar. Acoustic?”

Yuu leaned back slightly, crepe in hand. “I want something new. Something that fits me better.”

An tilted her head, a thoughtful look crossing her face. “Hmm~ well, you called the right person.”

“That’s why I called you.”

She grinned, a little smug. “Flattery’ll get you far, Hazuki.”

He chuckled under his breath, eyes soft. “It wasn’t flattery. Just facts.”

An rolled her eyes playfully and took another bite, clearly pleased all the same.

“Alright then,” she said after a moment, brushing a crumb from her lap. “Once we’re done here, let’s hit the music store. I know a couple that have solid selections—decent price, too.”

Yuu nodded.

A breeze drifted past, rustling the leaves above them.

Neither said anything for a few seconds, just quietly enjoying the sweetness of their crepes and the quiet between them.

As the minutes drifted by, the two talked about nothing in particular, and yet everything that mattered.

An shared a few stories from Vivid BAD SQUAD’s early days.

Yuu listened, genuinely interested, occasionally offering a few stories of his own—about school, about the quiet struggles of stepping into something bigger than himself.

There was laughter.

Little teases.

Moments of thoughtful silence.

And before they knew it, the crepes were gone, only thin wrappers left in their hands, slightly sticky from the melted cream.

An stood up, brushing off the back of her skirt. “Alright,” she said, stretching her arms above her head. “Time to find your new guitar.”

Yuu rose with her, slipping his hands back into his jacket pockets. “Lead the way, guide.”

With a grin, she nodded toward the main street. “The mall’s not far. Let’s go.”

And together, beneath the soft afternoon sun, they started walking side by side, the city buzzing gently around them.

As the glass doors slid open with a soft hiss, a cool gust of air spilled out, washing over them like a breath of relief. The transition from the sunlit streets to the air-conditioned corridors of the mall was instant—An’s cardigan fluttered lightly, her hair swaying with the shift.

The atmosphere inside was its own kind of chaos.

The mingling scents of coffee beans, fried snacks, and synthetic perfume hung in the air like an unseen fog. People moved in every direction—children tugging their parents along, teens crowding bubble tea stands, couples pausing to admire shop displays. Bits of pop music drifted in from open stores, clashing awkwardly with each other in a messy symphony of sound.

Yuu slowed for a moment, eyes flicking around.

It was overstimulating.

Bright, noisy, alive.

“Still not used to crowds?” An asked over her shoulder, just as she sidestepped a mall clerk trying to hand her a promo flyer. Her tone was light, teasing, but not unkind.

“I’m fine,” Yuu replied, falling into step beside her. “I just forgot malls were this loud.”

An grinned, weaving past a slow-moving couple like water slipping through cracks. “Then you’re lucky I’m leading. Music stores in this place are hidden like easter eggs—usually between a cat café and a claw machine hell.”

He followed her quietly, trying not to bump into anyone. The polished tiles reflected the overhead lights in cold glimmers, and the distant ring of arcade machines buzzed faintly through the air.

Then, finally, they rounded a corner.

There it was.

Set behind a wide glass front was a store that practically breathed music. Guitars hung like artwork along every wall, sleek electrics with bold colors, weathered acoustics with golden hues, hybrids that gleamed beneath spotlights.

Racks of cables, amps, effects pedals, and keyboards filled the center aisles, while shelves of records and sheet music framed the sides like a shrine for sound.

An slowed, coming to a stop just before the entrance. She turned to him with a playful glint in her eye.

“Welcome to the rabbit hole.”

Yuu took a step forward, the scent of polished wood and string oil already drifting toward him.

“Thanks,” he murmured.

And stepped inside.

Yuu paused near a display stand of mid-range electric guitars, their lacquered finishes catching the ceiling lights in soft glints.

His gaze drifted across the lineup—sleek, angular bodies, a few bursting with color, others more understated.

He hovered a hand over one—a matte black body with gold hardware—but didn’t touch it.

Not yet.

“You see something you like?” An’s voice came from beside him, light and easy. She leaned slightly to one side, her hands folded behind her back as she peered at the guitars with casual interest.

“…Still looking,” Yuu murmured. “They all look good.”

“They are good,” she said, shrugging. “But not all of them are you.”

He glanced at her.

She met his look with a smug grin. “What? Don’t look at me like that. Guitars aren’t just instruments—they’ve got personality. Vibe. You don’t pick the flashiest one, you pick the one that feels like it already knows how you play.”

“…Sounds like something a guitar would say.”

An smirked. “And if you pick the wrong one, I’m totally making you play on a hot pink lightning-bolt model in front of the café.”

Yuu groaned softly. “You’re enjoying this way too much.”

“Absolutely.”

He chuckled under his breath, the tension in his shoulders easing a little. Then his hand drifted toward a different guitar—an acoustic, nestled quietly to the side. Its dark cedar finish had no excessive shine, no fancy design—just clean lines and a quiet warmth.

His fingers brushed the smooth body.

Simlpe.

Balanced.

Honest.

“…This one feels right,” he said, almost to himself.

An leaned in slightly, examining it. “Solid top. Dreadnought cut. That’s a good build—strong resonance and decent projection. Nice choice.”

Yuu raised a brow. “You sure you’re not secretly a music store employee?”

She puffed out her chest proudly. “Hey, I’m in a music group, remember? And my dad used to be a musician. Guitars were part of the décor growing up. I knew how to restring a bass before I could ride a bike.”

Yuu let out a quiet laugh as he lifted the guitar gently off the stand and rested it on his thigh.

e strummed a few tentative chords. The strings buzzed slightly—his muscle memory still shaky—but beneath it was a tone that resonated deep and warm.

Unpolished, but full of potential.

He strummed again, slower, more deliberate.

“I think I’ll take it.”

An tilted her head, watching his expression. “You sure?”

“Yeah,” he said, nodding once. “This one’s it.”

Together, they made their way to the register, Yuu carrying the guitar with a strange sense of déjà vu—like something he’d once lost had found its way back to him.

As the cashier rang it up, An leaned casually against the counter beside him, tapping her fingers rhythmically along the wood.

“So,” she said, her voice playful, “how about we test it out right after this?”

Yuu glanced at her. “Test it out?”

She grinned. “Let’s perform outside. I’ll sing, you play. A little street gig. Nothing big.”

“…That’s sudden.”

“Spontaneity is the soul of music,” she replied, matter-of-factly. “Besides, you’ve been dancing and playing in a Sekai, but have you played where it counts?”

He paused, then gave a half-smile. “What, the sidewalk?”

“The people."

Yuu looked down at the guitar, fingers resting over the strings.

“…Alright,” he said. “Let’s do it.”

An beamed. “That’s what I’m talking about.”

As soon as Yuu stepped away from the counter, receipt in one hand, the brand-new guitar case slung neatly over his shoulder, he took a moment to adjust the strap.

The weight felt unfamiliar, but not unwelcome. Like something he was ready to carry.

He turned toward An, who gave him a quick once-over, eyes glinting with approval.

“Hmm~” she mused, a grin spreading across her face. “You look cooler with that.”

Yuu raised a brow, amused. “Cooler, huh?”

“Yeah,” she said, arms crossing with a casual air. “Like someone with a story.”

“Story, huh…” he echoed, his gaze drifting briefly toward the polished floor.

He couldn't exactly deny it. Not when his existence straddled reality and something far stranger.

A digital world.

A mission.

A Miku that needed saving.

A half-smile tugged at his lips.

“…Guess that makes me the quiet type in a band drama.”

An snorted. “Pfft. More like the brooding lead guitarist who secretly writes poetry.”

Yuu rolled his eyes, chuckling. “Right.”

She stepped forward, already heading for the exit. “Come on. Didn’t we say we’d perform?”

“Yeah, yeah…”

As they moved past the automatic doors, the warm air of the city greeted them again, less harsh now, mellow with the fading afternoon sun.

Crowds still bustled, voices and footsteps blending into an urban rhythm.

Yuu followed a few steps behind, hand resting on the strap of his guitar.

I almost forgot… he thought, the lightness from earlier slowly grounding into something heavier. My goals.

Why I'm here.

That was close… I nearly lost myself just enjoying the moment.

“Hazuki!” An called from ahead, already at the sidewalk with one hand on her hip. “Hurry up, slowpoke!”

He blinked, then smiled again.

“…Coming, coming.”

And with that, he jogged forward, chasing both the girl in front of him

But maybe…

It wasn't so bad to let go.

Just for a little while.

The sun had begun its slow descent, casting a warm amber glow across the pavement as the two of them settled near the edge of the park. The sidewalk stretched out beside them, not too crowded—just the occasional passerby, the hum of distant conversation, the breeze carrying traces of a Sunday well spent.

It was quiet enough to feel personal. Open enough for music to breathe.

Yuu knelt beside the planter and unzipped the guitar case with careful fingers, almost reverent. The brand-new instrument caught the soft light and gleamed faintly—still unfamiliar, but already beginning to feel like his.

He sat on the low ledge, resting the guitar on his knee. A soft strum passed through the strings, tentative and clean. He paused, turned the tuning pegs gently, testing each note with a careful ear.

Then he looked up.

"What song?" he asked.

An was already standing in front of him, arms folded loosely. She tapped a finger against her chin in mock contemplation, lips curling into a sly smile as the breeze teased at her cardigan.

"How about LIFE?" she said. "From MILGRAM."

Yuu blinked, then gave a small nod. "I think I can manage that. I've heard it a few times."

"Good," she said with a soft grin, brushing a strand of hair behind her ear. "It suits this mood."

He ran a hand along the strings again, slower this time. His gaze dropped to the fretboard.

"…Yeah," he murmured. "It does."

Then, without another word, he began to play.

The notes rose slowly—gentle, deliberate, and full of something unspoken.

Not practiced perfection, but raw presence. The music floated out into the amber-lit air, weaving between footsteps and fading conversations.

A few heads turned.

A pair of children paused near the park gate.

An stood beside him, her expression calm, and as the rhythm took hold, she began to sing.

They weren't on a stage.

There were no spotlights.

Just pavement, warm evening light, and two people filling the silence with something real.

And for Yuu, for the first time in a while, that was enough.

Soon the park surrounded us, with An's voice and with my guitar.
Soon, the park began to shift.

Drawn by the sound, soft but steady, unfiltered and true, people slowed their steps.

A few stopped entirely. Phones were raised, camera lights blinking on like tiny stars at twilight.

But neither of them paid it much mind.

An’s voice, cool and expressive, flowed with practiced ease.

Yuu matched her rhythm with growing confidence, his fingers easing into the fretboard, letting the strings speak with him.

It wasn’t rehearsed.

It wasn’t polished.

And yet, something about it felt complete.

Children sat cross-legged a short distance away, their eyes wide with curiosity.

Yuu didn't notice the clicks of phone cameras or the quiet murmurs of admiration.

He was too focused on the sound. On An’s voice brushing against the chords.

On the wind.

On the warmth of the sun clinging to its last stand of light.

When the final note rang out and the melody faded, there was a hush.

Not silence, but something reverent.

And then—soft clapping.

Someone whistled.

Another called out, “Encore!”

Yuu looked up, startled.

An laughed, brushing sweat from her brow, her smile radiant beneath the dimming sky.

They soon bolted from the growing crowd.

Laughter still clung to An’s lips as she grabbed Yuu’s wrist, tugging him along without hesitation.

“Come on! before someone makes us livestream the next song!” she said through breathless giggles.

Yuu, still blinking from the sudden shift, slung his guitar back into its case in record time, the adrenaline of performance now replaced with the rush of escape.

He barely had time to zip it shut before An's momentum yanked him forward.

They darted between curious onlookers and murmuring fans, weaving through benches and trees, past the flickering streetlamps that had just begun to wake.

"Was that supposed to happen?" Yuu called, half-laughing, half-panicked.

"Nope!" An grinned over her shoulder. "But it was fun, wasn't it?!"

Yuu didn't answer right away.

His breath came fast as they rounded a quiet corner of the park, their footsteps slowing only once the crowd was out of sight.

Finally, they stopped, tucked away behind a cluster of tall hedges, the city muffled, the amber sky now slipping into violet.

An tilted her head, a small laugh still lingering at the edge of her lips.

"Right?" she said, her voice softer now, almost hushed by the twilight around them. "It's different when it's not a stage."

Yuu nodded, gaze drifting toward the dusky horizon. "Felt more real."

An pushed off the tree with a light stretch, then took a step closer, her expression gentler than before.

"You looked alive out there," she said. "Not like 'I'm in a performance' kind of alive—but like... like you were just being you."

Yuu blinked, unsure how to respond at first. "I didn't really think about it. I just played."

"That's the best kind," she said with a small smile, tucking her hands into her pockets. "Music without expectations."

He looked at her again, taking in the way her eyes softened when she spoke like that, earnest, without a hint of irony.

"I guess," he murmured. "You helped."

An smirked. "Obviously. I carried that performance."

Yuu rolled his eyes. "Sure you did."

She laughed, not denying it.

The two of them stood there for a moment more, the city humming quietly around them, the last light of day bleeding into a velvet sky.

And though no song played, and no crowd watched, Yuu felt something stir again in his chest.

Something quiet.

Something warm.

“…Thanks, An,” he said.

“For what?”

He met her eyes. “For today.”

She blinked, caught off-guard for just a second, then smiled, a little more tender this time.

“Anytime, Hazuki.”

And just like that, their little… date came to an end.

Neither of them had called it that, of course. The word never once passed their lips.
But the way their steps had fallen into rhythm, the soft ease in their laughter, the gentle quiet that came with their goodbye—it didn’t need to be said.

Yuu had walked An home first, like a proper companion, their conversation winding down with the soft glow of streetlights around them. They lingered at her gate, just long enough for it to feel like there was something else left to say. But instead of dragging it out, they exchanged a simple, familiar farewell.

“See you later.”

No drama.

No hand-holding.

No obvious blush.

And now…

“Good evening, Mom,” Yuu called as he stepped through the front door, his voice lighter than it had been in days.

From the living room, his mother glanced up from her book, cup of tea steaming gently in her hands. She raised an eyebrow, then smiled knowingly.

“Welcome back. Had fun?”

“…Yeah.”

He left it at that.

And she didn’t press.

In his room, Yuu placed the guitar case down gently by the side of his bed.

He sat at the edge of the mattress, eyes wandering for a moment before he lifted a hand.

With a swift motion, the glowing UI of Project SEKAI shimmered to life in front of him, illuminating his tired features with soft blue light.

But something was different.

A new tab blinked faintly in the corner, outlined in gentle pulses of color.

[You have unlocked: Skill Tree]

"…Skill tree?"

He tapped it.

Immediately, the screen unfolded—an intricate web of glowing nodes and branching paths, each pulsing softly like stars in a digital night sky. Icons of instruments, rhythm, vocals, performance, and even expression twinkled like hidden potentials waiting to be drawn out.

Some were locked.

Some were dim.

But others… responded to his gaze.

Yuu stared at it for a moment.

The idea of growth—visualized so cleanly, so simply.

"So… I can just cheat my way into talent now," he murmured dryly.

And yet, there was no resentment in his voice.

Just exhaustion.

Quiet acceptance.

He closed the interface with a swipe of his hand and flopped back onto the mattress, arms splayed across the covers.

"I'm too tired to think about that."

Minutes later, after brushing his teeth and pulling on his usual sleepwear, he collapsed under the sheets.

Just as he was about to close his eyes, his phone buzzed.

Shiraishi An: I had fun today! Let's invite everyone next time.

Yuu stared at the message, a quiet grin spreading across his lips.

He typed back, simply:

Sure.

And set the phone aside.

The light from the screen dimmed.

And the room, like the world outside, slipped into peace.

Chapter End Notes

Hello everyone! This was honestly one of the hardest chapters I've ever written, but also one of the most fulfilling.

Having to make sure An gives off the cool vibe is kinda hard since emotions are too powerful, but hey, I hope you guys liked it!

Between Shelves and Silence

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

[MONDAY]

Morning arrived with the shrill cry of an alarm clock.

Yuu’s hand shot out from beneath the blanket, fumbling blindly before slapping it quiet.

A breath escaped him as he sat up, the lingering haze of sleep clinging to his thoughts.

No time to lie around.

He swung his legs over the side of the bed and stood, stretching lightly.

The sunlight filtering through his curtains was soft and pale, too gentle for how loud his thoughts already felt.

Today felt... different. Subtle, maybe. But he could sense it.

A quiet tension hangs just beneath the surface.

He brushed a hand through his hair and muttered, “Alright. Let’s get this day started.”

"But before that..."

Still standing in the middle of his room, Yuu reached out and swiped the air in front of him.

With a soft shimmer, the Project Sekai hologram interface blinked to life, clean, glowing panels hovering before his eyes like a digital dream.

"I was too tired yesterday to bother checking it," he muttered, scrolling through the menus. "But I unlocked a skill tree, didn’t I?"

He tapped the small (i) icon beside the [Skill Tree] tab.

Instantly, a message window popped up.

[Skill Tree Info]
There are branches of skills that can be used to enhance performance.
Use Skill Points (SP) to unlock abilities that increase rhythm, emotional delivery, coordination, and more.
Each skill node may unlock additional functions in Sekai or during live performances.

"Hmm... So I have 10 skill points…" he muttered, eyeing the shimmering SP counter in the corner.

He flicked his finger, and the tree expanded like constellations unfolding across the sky—branch after branch of strange and intriguing names, organized by color and shape.

[Beginner Path – Performer's Spark]

Timing Support (1 SP): Slightly widens the perfect input window.

Stage Presence I (2 SP): Boosts charisma during performances. Small increase in crowd response.

Memory of Music (3 SP): Unlocks fragments of musical intuition. Slightly improves the learning curve for new instruments.

Genius of Acting (4 SP): Enhances emotional expression during performances. Slightly increases immersion rate when portraying lyrics or story-driven songs. Ideal for dramatic solos or ensemble scenes.

Yuu stared at the last one.

Genius of Acting:
"Enhances emotional expression during performances... Slightly increases immersion rate... Ideal for dramatic solos..."

He rubbed the back of his neck.

"…Well, I guess if it helps, it helps."

The glowing nodes pulsed gently, waiting.

He scrolled down further.

[Locked Branches: Unlock at Performer Level 5]

Echo Soul, One Mind Ensemble, Dual Flow Coordination, Virtual Synchronization, Emotion Overdrive…

"So many skill names…" he muttered, narrowing his eyes. "What is this? An RPG or a music sim?"

Still, part of him couldn't deny it—he was curious. Deep down, it all felt a little too perfectly tailored.

Like this system wanted him to grow.

And it wasn't going to stop here.

"Well… let's try unlocking the beginner skills first," Yuu muttered, eyes sweeping over the intricate web of glowing nodes before him.

He raised a hand and tapped the nearest icon.

[Genius of Acting I]. A soft chime resonated through the air, almost musical in its tone.

The node lit up brilliantly for a moment before settling into a soft, steady blue glow.

One down.

Without hesitation, he tapped the next: [Stage Presence I]. Again, the same soothing sound played, and the icon shimmered before locking into place, now active.

Finally, his finger hovered over [Memory of Music I].

“Since I’m serious about learning the guitar again…” he whispered, and with a small nod, tapped the final node.

As the skill was activated, he felt it

A quiet spark lit within him, spreading outward like a soft, echoing memory.

It wasn’t knowledge, not yet, but familiarity.

The way fingers are supposed to move.

The feel of the strings.

A vague impression of sound and touch waiting to be recalled.

[Genius of Acting I] – Active
[Stage Presence I] – Active
[Memory of Music I] – Active
Skill Points Remaining: 1 SP

“I’ll keep one skill point… just in case,” Yuu said under his breath, casting a final glance at the deeper, locked sections of the tree.

Dark silhouettes of skills with names like Echo Soul and Virtual Synchronization seemed to shimmer faintly in his periphery.

just out of reach for now.

With a simple swipe of his hand, the interface shimmered and faded, disappearing into a shower of glowing particles that dissolved into the morning light.

Yuu exhaled.

“All right… Time to get moving.”

He turned on his heel and walked out of the bedroom.

First stop: the kitchen. A quick breakfast.

Toast, egg, and a bit of fruit.

Then a hot shower to clear the haze of sleep from his mind.

The school uniform followed, neatly pressed, sleeves rolled just slightly above the wrists, and a faint scent of clean linen clinging to the fabric.

He stood by the door for a moment, adjusting his collar.

Then, with a final glance outside the window from his room, then turned to his mirror.

"Mm..."

[Later — Kamiyama High, Class 1-B]

The low hum of conversation drifted through the classroom like background static. Chairs scraped against the floor, pages flipped lazily, and the soft clatter of pencils tapping desks added to the quiet, restless symphony of a Monday morning.

A crisp breeze slipped through the cracked windows, carrying in the faint scent of sun-warmed pavement and distant student chatter from the courtyard below.

Yuu sat at his desk near the back, chin propped on one hand as he scrolled absently through his phone.

Not really reading anything, just passing time.

The weekend still lingered in his thoughts.

An’s voice.

The guitar’s weight in his hands.

That shared song under the falling sun.

“Good morning,” came a familiar, flat-toned voice.

Yuu glanced up.

Toya Aoyagi walked past with quiet steps, his face unreadable as ever.

He slipped into the seat beside Yuu and placed his bag on the hook with a practiced motion.

“Yeah,” Yuu replied, offering a faint smile. “Morning.”

Toya didn’t return the smile.

He rarely did.

Instead, he rested both arms on his desk, gaze sliding sideways in a way that almost felt calculating, like he was observing more than speaking.

“I heard,” he said slowly, “that you and An went out yesterday.”

Yuu blinked. “...Yeah. We went to the music store. She helped me pick out a guitar.”

Toya’s brow lifted slightly, barely enough to be called an expression.

“Hmm,” he murmured. “That’s interesting.”

Yuu tilted his head, unsure how to take that. “Is it?”

“It is,” Toya replied, deadpan. “You don’t seem like the type to play an instrument publicly.”

Yuu raised an eyebrow. “That obvious, huh?”

Toya nodded, unfazed. “A little.”

There was no malice in his tone—just blunt honesty, the kind that Toya was known for.

It didn’t bother Yuu, not really.

If anything, it was refreshing.

“But,” Toya added after a moment, adjusting the cuff of his uniform, “if it’s with An, I’m not surprised.”

Yuu blinked again. “...Why’s that?”

“She doesn’t push people unless she thinks they’re worth the effort.”

It wasn’t a compliment, not directly.

But it made Yuu pause.

He leaned back slightly in his chair, letting the words sit with him, and for once, Toya didn’t immediately return to his notes or books. He simply stared ahead, calm and unmoving, as if the conversation had run its course.

In Toya’s world, that probably meant he liked him.

Yuu couldn’t help but smile a little to himself.

“Thanks, I guess.”

Toya gave no reply.

But Yuu didn’t need one.

The day passed in a blur of shifting periods and half-focused lectures.

Morning gave way to lunch.

Lunch faded into the dull rhythm of the afternoon.

And just as the classroom began to quiet with the steady scratch of pencils and the low murmur of a sleepy class—

“Hazuki-kun?”

Yuu blinked, pulled from his thoughts.

He turned his head toward the front of the room.

“Yes, Sensei?” he replied.

His homeroom teacher, a middle-aged woman with tired eyes but a kind smile, held up a slim cardboard box.

“If you don’t mind,” she said, “could you deliver this to the library for me?”

Yuu tilted his head. “What is that?”

“Some reference materials they ordered—books for the reading section, I believe. I was going to take them myself, but… I’ve got a meeting next period.”

She offered him the box with a hopeful look.

Yuu stood, brushing off the front of his uniform. “I don’t mind.”

“Thank you. Be sure to bring the receipt back—they’ll have you sign.”

With a quiet nod, Yuu stepped into the quiet hallway, the box tucked neatly under one arm.

The sounds of the school continued beyond the windows, birds outside, the occasional student chatter echoing faintly from the far end.

The walk to the library was quiet. Too quiet.

As Yuu stepped past the sliding doors, he paused.

The place was deserted.

No librarian.

No murmuring students tucked into corners.

Not even the sound of shuffling pages.

He blinked, looking around the rows of tall, dust-scented shelves.

“Hm? Strange...” he muttered under his breath.

He took a few careful steps forward, glancing around the nearest shelves.

The entire library felt... suspended.

Peaceful, but oddly hollow.

Just as he was about to call out—

A quiet rustle.

Then the softest of sighs.

He turned his head toward the back corner of the library, near the reading lounge.

There, partially hidden behind a row of tall bookshelves, sat a girl.

She had long, grayish-green hair, the front strands tied off with delicate pink elastics.

A pair of large purple eyes peeked up from behind a book she had half-lowered, blinking slowly as if startled to be seen.

She didn’t speak immediately.

Instead, she stared at him, cautious, unsure.

Yuu blinked, just as unsure. “…Uh. Hello?”

The girl blinked again, then slowly closed her book.

“...You’re not the usual delivery person,” she said quietly. Her voice was soft, light, but carried an honest sharpness.

Yuu scratched the back of his neck. “Ah! yeah. I’m just doing a favor for my teacher. Said to drop these off and bring back the receipt.”

She stood, carefully placing the book on the table before stepping into better view.

Now that he could see her fully, there was something gentle about her posture, shoulders slightly tense, fingers fidgeting with her sleeve.

“I’ll sign the receipt,” she offered after a pause, her voice still low. “You’re… Hazuki-kun, right?”

"You know my name?"

"You're my classmate after all... plus I saw you on the net."

“Ah. That spread fast, huh.”

A small pause, then—“You played well,” Nene added, not quite meeting his eyes. “Your timing was a bit off at the second chorus, though.”

“…Right,” he said, blinking.

Was that a compliment or…?

Then she tilted her head slightly.

“But it was nice. You made people stop and listen.”

Yuu found himself smiling.

“Thanks,” he said, more earnestly now. “You’re Nene Kusanagi, right?”

She hesitated, then nodded.

“Yeah.”

Hmm… maybe I should test one of those skills…

Yuu’s fingers flexed lightly around the box in his arms.

[Passive Skill: Genius of Acting] is currently active, the faint message still echoed in the corner of his vision like a whisper no one else could hear.

It wasn’t lying—not quite.

Just… blending.

He tilted his head slightly, his gaze softening as he regarded the girl before him. “Kusanagi-san,” he said casually, “do you sing?”

Nene blinked.

There was no flinch, no gasp.

Just a subtle pause in her posture, like a quiet breath caught between ribs.

Her hand rose slowly to tuck a strand of hair behind her ear, fingers lingering there for just a second too long.

“…A little,” she said at last, her voice barely above a whisper.

“A little?” Yuu echoed, a faint smile curving at the edge of his lips. “You seemed pretty confident critiquing me earlier.”

“I wasn’t critiquing,” she said quickly, her tone sharper than before—but not unfriendly.

Just defensive.

“Just… observing. That’s different.”

He chuckled softly—not teasing, but gentle, amused by her honesty.

"So you do sing."

Nene hesitated, then gave a small nod. “I’m part of a group. With friends. We do performances. Mostly stage plays.”

She hesitated again. “Theater… really.”

Yuu’s brows rose, curiosity dancing in his expression. “So you act, too?”

Her eyes met his briefly, then shifted away again, her arms folding loosely in front of her. “Only when I have to,” she said. “Singing’s easier. People expect less eye contact.”

"I get that."

The silence that followed didn’t stretch uncomfortably this time.

It settled instead.

Then Yuu spoke again, his voice quieter now.

Sincere.

“You know… you’ve got the kind of voice that makes people want to listen.”

That stilled her.

Nene didn’t respond immediately.

She stood there, her fingers tightening just slightly at the hem of her sleeve, her expression unreadable beneath the curtain of her hair.

Then—

"…Maybe," she whispered, almost too low to catch.

A heartbeat later—

"…Someday."

Yuu smiled at that.

After signing the delivery receipt with practiced care, Nene quietly placed it into a folder by the librarian's desk.

he moved with silent efficiency, as though trying not to disturb even the stillness in the air.

Yuu watched for a moment, then wordlessly stepped forward, shifting the box of books onto the table.

"I'll help," he said.

Nene blinked. "You don't have to."

"I know," he replied simply. "But I want to."

There was a pause, a flicker of hesitation in her eyes, but then she gave a small nod and reached for a stack.

Together, they began sorting the books onto nearby carts, the soft thud of covers meeting metal shelves filling the quiet room.

Yuu glanced at her from the corner of his eye.

She hadn't said much since that last exchange.

Her movements were careful, focused, but not unfriendly.

Just… guarded.

I can't believe the skill worked, Yuu thought.

There was no jarring sensation when it activated, no glowing aura or visual flourish.

Just a subtle change in his tone, his expressions, like he instinctively knew how to reach the right words at the right time.

Genius of Acting, huh?

"Your group," he repeated, voice easy, inviting. "You said you perform. Theater and singing, right?"

There was a pause. Then, so soft it might've been missed if he wasn't listening:

“Wonderlands x Showtime.”

“…That sounds chaotic.”

For a moment, her expression didn’t change.

Then, just barely, the corner of her lips lifted.

“It is.”

“Fitting, though... Where can I watch it?"

She hesitated—not in refusal, but as though unsure how to word the answer.

"Theme park..."

“…I see. Now I get it.”

After sorting the books, Yuu gave the last shelf a once-over, brushing the edge of one spine with his fingers before stepping back.

“That should be all,” he said, straightening up and dusting his hands lightly against his pants.

Nene was nearby, quietly adjusting a stack on a return cart.

. She moved with practiced care, like someone used to working in silence.

He watched her for a moment—how naturally she moved in this quiet space, like she belonged here.

“…Thanks for the help,” she said at last, voice soft.

Yuu shook his head. “You did more than I did. I was just the delivery guy.”

A quiet beat passed between them before Nene spoke again, almost like an afterthought.

“You weren’t what I expected.”

He raised an eyebrow.

“In a good way, or…?”

She didn’t answer at first, but her lips twitched ever so slightly.

“…Still deciding.”

He let out a quiet chuckle. “Fair.”

The atmosphere had shifted, still quiet, but not heavy anymore.

Lighter.

Like a thread had been tied between them.

Yuu glanced toward the window. “Guess I should head back to class.”

Nene gave a small nod.

“Mm. Lunch period’s almost over.”

As he turned to leave, she suddenly said, not too loud, but not shy either:

“Hazuki-kun.”

He paused in the doorway.

“If you ever want to… talk about music,” she said, eyes flicking to the side, “or performing, or… anything, I’m usually here.”

Yuu blinked.

A small smile touched his lips.

“I’ll remember that.”

Then, with a quiet wave, he stepped out of the library, the soft hum of school life slowly returning to his ears.

Behind him, Nene picked up her book again.

But the page she’d left open remained untouched for a while, her eyes lingering on the spot where he’d stood.

Chapter End Notes

If you guys have any suggestions or questions, don't forget to let me know in the comments! Also, tell me... Did I nailed Nene's personality in this chapter?

Just Another Day Ends with the Same Routine

[Monday – Afternoon | Kamiyama High, Class 1-B]

The sun filtered lazily through the tall windows, casting golden stripes across the desks.

Afternoon light made everything glow a little softer, the blackboard, the papers, the faces of students slumped in post-lunch drowsiness.

The air felt thick, like even time had slowed to a crawl.

The door slid open with a soft click.

Yuu stepped back inside, adjusting the strap of his school bag over one shoulder.

The conversation in the room barely stirred, but from the corner by the window, a pair of eyes followed him.

Toya Aoyagi glanced up from his open textbook, his tone even as ever.

“Took you long enough at the library.”

Yuu scratched the back of his neck as he walked to his desk. “Ran into someone.”

“Another girl?”

Yuu shot him a flat look, unimpressed.

“Why is that your first guess?”

Toya gave a noncommittal shrug, turning a page. “You’re not exactly subtle when it comes to these things.”

With a sigh, Yuu slumped into his seat, the chair creaking under him. “It was Kusanagi-san. From our class.”

“The quiet one?”

“Yeah,” Yuu nodded. “She was helping out at the library. Turns out she’s part of a performance group too.”

“Interesting…” Toya mused. “I saw her watching a musical during lunch once. Real focused.”

Yuu rested his chin on one hand, still half-thinking about the encounter. “She said she’s part of something called Wonderlands x Showtime.”

Toya blinked. “The theme park troupe?”

Yuu’s eyes widened slightly. “Wait, you know them?”

“We’ve crossed paths. They perform a lot there... usually the two of us would hold fighting game tournaments."

“Wait,” Yuu leaned in slightly, intrigued. “You do arcade tournaments, too?”

"Kusanagi and I."

"Huh... This school really is full of interesting people."

“Only if you pay attention,” Toya said, returning his gaze to his textbook. “Most don’t.”

Yuu didn’t respond immediately. His fingers lightly tapped his desk, mind already drifting.

By the time the afternoon period rolled around, the steady rhythm of school life resumed its hold.

Teachers filtered in and out, their voices layered over lessons—equations etched on the board, dates called out like anchors to distant wars, and writing prompts scribbled down as if they meant everything.

Pens dragged slowly across paper.

The sun, once high and harsh, had mellowed, its golden rays slipping softly through the windows and crawling across the tile floor in slow procession.

Yuu sat at his desk, body present but mind elsewhere.

He caught fragments of the lecture, sure—but his eyes wandered more to the sky beyond the window than the words on the board.

His thoughts were still lodged somewhere between the quiet corners of the library and the strange, whimsical name still echoing in his head:

Wonderlands x Showtime.

And before he realized it.

Riiing!

The final bell.

Chairs scraped back.

Bags rustled.

Voices rose like birds let out of cages.

School was over.

Yuu blinked and looked down at his notebook.

Mostly blank.

“…Huh.”

Beside him, Toya stood and stretched, his motions unhurried as always. “Spacing out again?”

“Something like that,” Yuu muttered, rising to gather his things.

As they stepped out into the hallway, the hum of departing students washed over them.

And then—

“Yo!” A familiar voice cut through.

Akito Shinonome stood a few steps ahead, arms folded, a smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth. An stood beside him, one hand on her hip, the other casually tossing a packet of gum up and down.

“Finally,” An said with a grin. “Thought we’d have to drag you out.”

Yuu gave a half-smile. “Didn’t know we were forming a search party.”

“Don’t flatter yourself,” Akito replied, rolling his eyes. “Toya was the one who said you’d probably be daydreaming again.”

Toya gave a small shrug. “Was I wrong?”

Yuu chuckled under his breath.

Surprisingly, Akito had stopped using his usual Mr. Nice Guy routine around him. There was no forced charm or stiff politeness.

Just banter.

It was oddly… assuring.

Comfortable.

“Well,” An said, turning slightly as she led the way, “since we’re all here, we might as well hang out. Kohane’s waiting at the mall.”

Yuu blinked. “Kohane-chan too?”

“Yup,” Akito confirmed. “Said she wanted to check out some new headphones.”

“And you didn’t want to go alone with her,” An added with a teasing smile.

Akito scoffed. “I could’ve. I’m just generous enough to let you all tag along.”

“Right,” Yuu said, tone dry. “Such a team player.”

And just like that, the four of them slipped into step—Toya calm, An lively, Akito pretending not to care, and Yuu falling into rhythm among them.

It wasn’t anything special.

No grand event.

Just another ordinary after-school moment.

Just as the group rounded the corner toward the school gates, a voice rang out—sharp, familiar, and laced with unmistakable irritation.

“Akito!”

All four of them turned instinctively at the call.

Yuu’s eyes settled on the girl striding toward them with purpose, her brows furrowed, lips pressed into a thin line of displeasure.

Short brown hair swayed with each brisk step, the tips brushing just past her chin. Her bangs framed her eyes, deep brown fading into soft pink, with a hint of warmth that belied the scowl on her face.

Despite the visible frustration, her voice—when she spoke again—carried a strange lightness.

Airy but precise.

“You could at least text back,” she said, crossing her arms tightly.

Akito groaned, dragging a hand down his face. “Ugh… Ena…”

Beside Yuu, An chuckled under her breath, clearly entertained. “You two sure have a dynamic.”

Yuu didn’t reply, just watched as Ena came to a stop in front of them.

Her expression was sharp, but not cruel.

Focused.

Intense.

She stared at Akito like she was sizing him up for a final blow.

“I messaged you about the sketches,” she said firmly. “Twice. Do you not check your phone, or are you just deliberately ignoring me?”

“I was going to reply!” Akito shot back, exasperated. “But unlike some people, I actually have a schedule!”

“Oh? And unlike some people, I have a deadline,” Ena snapped. “Or do you want our next MV to look like a half-finished group project?”

Toya sighed from beside them, murmuring, “Here we go again.”

But Yuu didn’t laugh.

Not because it wasn’t funny, there was something absurdly routine about their argument, but because he noticed something else.

Ena’s fingers.

The way they fidgeted at her sleeves, clenching and relaxing in tiny, nervous movements.

Her voice was fierce, but her eyes looked… tired.

Like she wasn't just mad.

She was overwhelmed.

Ena Shinonome.

He'd heard the name before.

She is the illustrator for the online music circle 25-ji, Nightcord de., going by the alias "Enanan."

To be able to meet her... This is unexpected... She's 2nd year right now, if I'm correct.

Her voice in recordings was captivating, layered, and emotional.

Her art, unforgettable.

But here in front of him?

She was fire.

All sharp edges, sarcasm, and simmering pride.

And yet—

"Fine," Akito muttered, rubbing the back of his neck. "I'll look at it tonight, alright? Can you chill now?"

"Hmph. You better," Ena replied, though her tone had softened a degree. She looked away, hugging her arms tighter. "I didn't redraw those lineworks three times just to be ignored."

"You redrew it?" An blinked. "Didn't you revise it last week?"

Ena scoffed faintly. "It wasn't good enough."

Yuu caught it.

The quiet dip in her voice.

The slight flush to her cheeks.

The way she wouldn't quite meet anyone's eyes.

Not good enough.

He found himself speaking before he could stop the words from leaving.

"…I think your work's amazing."

Silence.

Ena's head jerked slightly in surprise, eyes narrowing. "Huh?"

“I mean it,” Yuu added, scratching at his cheek in mild panic. “You’ve got a style that makes people… feel things. That’s rare. That matters.”

The pause that followed was weighty.

Akito raised an eyebrow.

An blinked, mouth twitching at the corners.

Even Toya tilted his head slightly, confused but interested.

Yuu, realizing what he’d just said—out loud, in front of everyone—fought the urge to groan.

Crap.

I really just blurted that out loud.

Quick. Cover it up—

[Passive Skill: Genius of Acting – Active]

He straightened subtly, smoothing his tone into something more aloof.

Just enough.

“Wait… Who even are you?” Ena asked, her brows drawing together in open confusion. “How do you know my art?”

Yuu blinked, then gave a calm shrug—playing it off with practiced ease, his passive skill weaving expression and cadence like a second skin.

“My name is Yuu Hazuki, I’ve seen your posts around,” he said. “Didn’t know it was you until just now. Guess I just put the pieces together. You're Enanan right?"

A half-lie.

A believable one.

Ena blinked, clearly still caught off guard.

She looked like she wanted to say something else, but instead, she folded her arms again and turned away with a low grumble.

Yuu watched her carefully, the way she pulled back, retreating not with distance, but with silence. A puff of air escaped her lips, more huff than sigh, as if words were backing up behind her clenched jaw.

“Whatever,” Ena muttered at last. “Just don’t say things like that so casually.”

Yuu tilted his head. “Things like what?”

Her shoulders stiffened.

“You know what.”

There it was again.

Not defiance.

Not sarcasm.

But vulnerability, sharp and fleeting, hidden beneath the folds of pride and bite.

She was embarrassed.

An opened her mouth to say something, probably a teasing jab, but stopped when she noticed Yuu's gaze still resting on Ena.

Toya, ever perceptive in his quiet way, glanced between them before lifting his phone and quietly excusing himself from the conversation. "I'll let Kohane know we're heading over."

Akito leaned back slightly, stuffing his hands in his pockets, watching his sister with a faint smirk. "Tch… well, at least someone appreciates your 'half-finished group project.'"

Ena glared at him.

Yuu stepped forward slightly. "It wasn't casual, by the way."

Her eyes flicked up to his again, guarded.

"I meant it."

He didn't press further.

"Anyway," Ena said, already turning on her heel, "I'm heading home. Make sure you don't wander around too late."

Akito rolled his eyes with a groan. "Yeah, yeah. You're not my mom."

She didn't respond—just tossed a glance over her shoulder, a flicker of something between irritation and concern in her eyes, before walking off in the opposite direction.

Yuu watched her go in silence, then turned back as the group began moving again.

The conversation shifted easily back into safer, familiar territory.

Vivid BAD SQUAD's practice schedule. Upcoming remixes. The feel of different guitar strings and how Akito still refused to use a capo because he "liked the challenge."

Yuu chuckled under his breath.

But then—

"By the way, Hazuki."

He looked up. Akito was walking beside him now, hands in his pockets, gaze turned lazily his way.

Yuu glanced over. "Hm?"

Akito's gaze was sharp, if not openly suspicious. "How'd you know about Ena?"

Yuu blinked.

[Passive Skill: Genius of Acting – Active]

A moment passed, just long enough for him to calibrate his answer.

The expression on his face didn't shift.

Calm.

Honest.

Just a little sheepish.

"Well… when I heard her name, Ena, I remembered seeing it online somewhere. It clicked," he said smoothly. "Didn't expect your sister to be the Enanan. I actually follow her art account."

He rubbed the back of his neck, offering a modest smile. "I've always liked her style. Thought it was cool."

Akito narrowed his eyes for a beat, like he was weighing the answer, but whatever he was looking for, he didn't find a reason to press.

"Hmph. Guess you've got taste, then," he muttered.

Yuu exhaled inwardly, his steps never faltering.

An, who'd been listening with mild amusement, grinned and threw her arms behind her head. "Careful, Akito. He's winning your sister over faster than you did."

"Shut up," Akito groaned.

Yuu exhaled quietly through his nose.

Crisis dodged.

For now.

Eventually, they reached the mall entrance—its wide glass panels glinting with the deepening twilight, reflecting faint hues of orange and indigo.

Just outside, near one of the benches, a familiar figure sat waiting. Her legs swung gently off the edge, not quite touching the ground, a quiet rhythm to pass the time.

"Kohane!" An called out, lifting a hand.

The girl looked up immediately, soft brown eyes brightening the moment she spotted them.

She stood in a small rush, brushing off invisible dust from her skirt and adjusting the strap of her bag across her shoulder.

"Oh—hey," she said with a smile, delicate but warm.

The kind that didn't need to stretch wide to leave an impression.

Her gaze briefly moved over the group—An, Toya, Akito—before finally settling on Yuu.

"You're all here," she said, her voice gentle.

"Sorry if we kept you waiting," Yuu offered as they stopped in front of her.

"Oh! No, not at all," Kohane replied quickly, waving both hands with a slight shake of her head. "I just got here."

There was a soft honesty in her voice, the kind that settled the group into a shared ease.

With everyone gathered, the evening took on a natural, mellow rhythm.

They strolled through the lit pathways outside the mall, the glow of neon signs and flickering lamps casting a golden shimmer across the pavement.

The occasional breeze caught snatches of their laughter, carrying it softly into the surrounding air.

An took the lead, weaving the conversation with her usual energy—half teasing, half commentary.

Akito responded with grumbles and rolled eyes, but the smirk tugging at the edge of his mouth betrayed how much he was enjoying it.

Kohane spoke more softly, offering stories of her week—small mishaps during performances, unexpected compliments from strangers, a moment she'd felt proud of her own voice.

Yuu mostly listened, nodding and laughing when it felt right. Occasionally, Toya chimed in with a dry remark, while Yuu answered with a brief quip or just a shared look. It was calm. Comfortable. Real.

Eventually, the night wound down.

The clock struck nine, and one by one, the group began to part ways.

"See you guys soon," An called as they waved goodbye near the station.

"Let's plan next time too," Kohane added, her voice soft under the streetlight glow.

Yuu offered a quiet smile, giving a final wave before turning away.

By the time he reached home, the street was quiet, save for the distant hum of passing cars and cicadas humming low in the trees.

He stepped through the door into the darkened house.

No lights.

No voices.

"Mom's probably working overtime again," he murmured to himself, slipping off his shoes.

He didn't dwell on it.

Just made his way to his room, the silence accompanying him up the stairs. Once inside, he dropped his bag to the floor with a soft thud and flopped onto the bed, sighing into the quiet.

After a brief pause, he raised one hand and swiped at the air.

With a soft shimmer, the Project Sekai hologram UI unfolded in front of him, soft light pulsing in the dim room.

Yuu sat up slightly, the faint glow of the hologram casting soft lights across his walls. He was just about to close it for the night when something unusual flickered at the corner of the [Sekai GUI].

His brows furrowed.

"…Huh?"

Two icons shimmered softly—unfamiliar, yet unmistakable.

[You have unlocked: Empty Sekai]
[You have unlocked: Wonderland Sekai]

Yuu blinked. "But I haven't even entered these…"

He leaned closer, inspecting the interface with narrowed eyes.

His voice lowered into a thoughtful murmur, "…So meeting just one of the characters is enough?"

It made sense in a way, but also didn't.

The rules of the Sekai were always strange, bending more to emotions and resonance than logic.

Still, seeing them unlock without warning, it left him feeling like he had opened a door he hadn't realized existed.

His fingers hovered for a moment before he tapped the contact icon on the corner.

Miku.
The original one, not a specific version tied to a Sekai, but the baseline AI model that guided him.

If anyone could clarify this, it would be her.

The screen pulsed.

Then connected.

Her face appeared in the shimmering frame, a bright smile greeting him instantly.

"Good evening, Yuu!" Miku said, her voice as clear and melodic as ever. The background behind her was softly blurred—coded light rather than a real space.

He gave a small wave. "Yeah… good evening to you too."

"How's the search with the Sekai and that Miku?"

Miku's expression shifted—her usual cheer dimming to something softer, more serious.

She gave a small nod, the holographic light catching the edge of her teal pigtails as they swayed gently.

“The search is still ongoing,” she said quietly. “As usual, we weren’t able to find much... but—” she paused, her eyes narrowing thoughtfully, “—Len said he noticed something strange.”

Yuu leaned forward instinctively, his brow tightening. “Strange?”

Miku nodded. “There was a moment—just a flicker—when the glitching stabilized.”

His breath caught. “Stabilized?”

“Only for a second,” she clarified. “But it was long enough for Len to see a clearer shape… and hear something.”

“…Hear?”

Miku hesitated. Her next words came as a whisper.

“A melody.”

Yuu froze.

“It wasn’t any known track from the archives. No remix, no alternate version. It was something completely unfamiliar.”

She looked at him again, eyes deep with quiet concern.

“Len described it as… haunting. Gentle, but full of pain. And then it was gone.”

Yuu sat back slowly, gaze drifting to the ceiling. “So… the glitching Miku… she’s singing.”

“She’s trying to,” Miku confirmed. “We think it’s connected to her core memory. Something she can’t fully remember… or maybe something she wants someone to hear.”

He said nothing at first.

Just sat there, the quiet whir of the digital interface filling the air like a ticking clock.

“…A song lost in static,” he murmured.

“That’s why we’re counting on you,” Miku said softly, her voice wrapping around the silence like a thread of warmth. “To help her find her voice.”

Yuu turned back to her, eyes calm but heavy with thought. “Hey… I’m only an outsider. You guys are helping me just as much.”

Miku’s smile returned, faint but sincere. “Yeah! But that’s what makes it meaningful, doesn’t it? You’re not just here by accident anymore.”

She tilted her head, suddenly chipper again. “More importantly—have you unlocked the other Sekais yet? Met any of the other Virtual Singers?”

Yuu blinked, then nodded slowly. “Kind of. I’ve only met the Virtual Singers in Leo/need’s Sekai—[School Sekai]—and in Vivid BAD SQUAD’s [Street Sekai]. But today, something strange happened…”

He tapped through the interface and brought up the Sekai display again.

“I unlocked [Empty Sekai] and [Wonderland Sekai]… but I haven’t entered either of them. I’ve only spoken to Shinonome Ena and Kusanagi Nene.” He paused, glancing at Miku. “Do you have any idea why?”

Miku’s eyes widened slightly. Her brows furrowed as she looked off to the side, processing something only she could see.

“…Interesting,” she murmured. “It’s possible…”

“Possible?”

She looked back at him, her tone more curious than concerned now.

“Sekais are born from the hearts of people, right? Their true feelings, memories, dreams... even regrets. If you resonated with something—someone—on a deep enough level, it might’ve sparked that connection early.”

Yuu thought back.

To Ena’s frustration, veiled in pride.

To Nene’s guarded voice and her quiet someday.

“I didn’t do anything special,” he said.

Miku shook her head gently. “Sometimes, just understanding someone is enough.”

The idea sank in like a pebble in water, slow and rippling.

Yuu didn’t reply right away. He simply stared at the softly glowing names:

[Empty Sekai]

[Wonderland Sekai]

“Just by understanding, huh…” Yuu murmured, his eyes fixed on the soft glow of the Sekai interface.

The icons for [Empty Sekai] and [Wonderland Sekai] pulsed faintly, locked but alive—like doors half-aware of the visitor waiting just outside.

He stared at them for a long moment, as if they might speak first.

Then, with a quiet breath, he leaned back in his chair.

“…You know, Miku,” he began, voice low, steady. “I don’t think you realize just how strange this is for me.”

She listened, eyes calm, warm.

“I’m not just a transfer student,” he continued. “I’m not even from this place. I’m…” He hesitated. “I know everything. About you. About the others. About this entire world. I know how these stories are supposed to go.”

His voice dropped a notch.

“Even Ichika-san—she doesn’t know that I already understand her completely. Every tear she’s shed. Every note she’s ever sung. I knew it before I ever met her.”

He glanced at the screen again.

“And yet, the only one who knows that… is you.”

Miku didn’t flinch.

Her expression didn’t waver.

There was no surprise in her eyes, only understanding.

She smiled.

Bright.

Kind.

A little mischievous.

As if his confession hadn’t shaken her in the slightest.

“Now, now,” she said with a cheerful lilt. “Let’s not dwell on the heavy stuff, Yuu-kun. Think of it this way—you're uniquely qualified to help.”

Yuu stared at her. “You make it sound so simple.”

“Well~” She giggled lightly. “I am a Virtual Singer. Making things sound pretty is kind of what I do.”

He gave her a dry, unimpressed look. “That’s not helping.”

“Then let me try again,” Miku said, her tone softening like a gentle hum. “If you’re feeling lost… you don’t have to carry it all alone. You said it yourself—you’re an outsider. But being an outsider doesn’t mean you’re alone.”

He leaned forward, elbows resting on the desk now, tone quieter. “Okay. Then tell me… how are you going to help me?”

This time, her smile shifted subtly.

More companions. Still soft, but with a quiet edge of knowing.

“I can guide you,” she said. “Help track emotional resonance. Pinpoint the anomalies in the Sekais. And when needed… I can trigger certain sequences you can’t access alone.”

“…So you’re like my navigator now?”

“Think of me as your co-op partner,” Miku replied, winking playfully.

A small laugh escaped him, dry and tired. “This is starting to sound like a game again.”

His smile faded slightly.

Which… I guess it is since I’m inside one.

Yuu said in his head.

“To you, maybe. But for her… the one caught in the glitch…”

A pause.

“This is real.”

Yuu stared at the fading light of the Sekai interface, its glow softly painting the edge of his desk in bluish hues.

“…Alright,” he said after a moment, rubbing his eyes. “I’ll rest for now. I’ll call you again soon.”

“Rest well, Yuu,” Miku replied, her voice carrying that same weightless warmth, right before the hologram flickered into silence.

"Hahh… I should get to clearing the stage, then get some rest.”

Yuu exhaled as he sat up, the hologram still hovering before him.

His fingers moved with idle familiarity through the menus—[Daily Missions], [Stage Select], [Stamina Remaining: 99/????]

He didn't need to think too hard.

It was routine now.

Still, he cleared the stage in full combo.

He sighed again, more relaxed this time, and with a casual flick of his wrist, shut the hologram down. The glow vanished, leaving only the quiet hum of the city outside his window.

The house was still silent.

His mother wouldn’t be back until late.

Yuu lay down on his bed, eyes on the ceiling, the image of Miku’s smile still lingering in his mind.

“…Co-op partner, huh.”

The words drifted out in a quiet breath as his eyes slowly closed, the day’s weight finally catching up to him.

A moment later, sleep took him.

Today is Full of Magics

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

[TUESDAY]

The morning sun peeked through scattered clouds, casting long, dappled shadows along the streets of Kamiyama.

Dew clung to the edges of rustling leaves, the wind carrying the scent of fading spring as it brushed gently through the quiet residential lanes.

Yuu walked to school with his usual quiet pace, bag slung over one shoulder, earbuds in—but no music playing.

Just habit.

A sort of background silence he had grown used to.

Comfortable.

Familiar.

He let out a slow breath through his nose.

"…It's only Tuesday," he muttered to himself, the words dissipating into the air. "Why do I already feel tired?"

As he reached the school gates, the familiar murmur of morning life buzzed around him, friends chatting, bikes skidding to slow stops, shoes tapping against pavement in staggered rhythms. T

he usual crowd.

Everything looked normal.

Nothing strange.

And yet… There was a quiet tug in his chest.

When he arrived at Class 1-B, Toya was already seated, flipping through a book with his usual blank expression.

"Morning," Yuu said.

"Morning," Toya replied without looking up, voice calm, steady.

The hours passed in the usual slow rhythm of school life—lectures droning, pens scratching, clocks ticking too loudly for comfort.

And then, finally—lunch.

Yuu stood, slipping his phone into his pocket.

“I’m going to the library,” he said casually, slinging his bag strap over his shoulder.

Toya didn’t look up from his notes. “Okay. Don’t get lost.”

Yuu rolled his eyes, but a faint smile tugged at the corner of his mouth.

Outside the classroom, the hallway felt unusually quiet.

He didn’t mind.

In fact, it suited his purpose just fine.

His destination wasn’t just about books today.

He was looking for someone.

He entered the library.

The doors slid open with a soft whisper, letting him step into the familiar stillness.

Cool, quiet air greeted him, tinged with the scent of old pages and polished wood.

The noise of the hallway vanished behind him like a curtain being drawn.

Yuu’s eyes adjusted to the dim lighting, and he instinctively glanced toward the back corner.

Same spot as yesterday.

Sure enough, there she was.

Nene Kusanagi sat at the same table by the reading lounge, partially hidden behind the rows of shelves.

A book rested in her hands, her eyes flicking over the lines with quiet focus.

A lock of hair had fallen slightly out of place, brushing against her cheek.

For a moment, Yuu hesitated.

He didn’t want to intrude.

But he also couldn’t stop the small, involuntary smile that tugged at his lips.

But before all that, He activated his [Genius of Acting] then–

He walked forward with slow, steady steps, the soles of his shoes muffled by the soft flooring.

As he neared the table, she looked up.

Her purple eyes blinked, calm but faintly surprised.

“You came again,” she said softly, lowering her book slightly.

“Yeah,” Yuu replied, rubbing the back of his neck. “I figured it’d be quiet here. And… I guess I wanted to talk again. If that’s okay.”

Nene didn’t answer right away.

Then, she gave a tiny nod.

Barely perceptible.

“…It’s okay.”

He pulled out the chair across from her and sat down, dropping his bag gently to the floor.

“Are you reading something interesting?” he asked, gesturing to the book.

“It’s… a script,” she said, her voice a little smaller. “One Rui wrote. We’re practicing something new.”

“Rui?”

“Rui Kamishiro,” she said. “He’s… part of my group. Wonderland x Showtime.”

Yuu’s interest visibly sparked at the name.

“Oh,” he said. “So I guess… he’s nearby too?”

Nene’s eyes flicked behind him for just a second.

"There they are."

Yuu turned toward the entrance.

Two figures stood just past the threshold of the library.

The first was taller, thin, with sharp amber eyes framed by red eyeliner, and uneven, choppy purple hair streaked with cyan.

A single round stud glinted on his right ear, the other hidden behind his hair. His voice was calm, though it carried a strange, strained excitement when he spoke.

Rui Kamishiro.

He radiated unpredictability, each movement deliberate, almost theatrical, like he was always performing for an invisible stage.

Beside him stood a shorter boy, just as striking in presence, with fiery orange-yellow eyes and messy blond hair tipped in peach.

His signature wide grin lit up his face with a confidence that nearly glowed.

Tsukasa Tenma.

Bold.

Charismatic.

And loud, if the way he cleared his throat was anything to go by.

“There you are, Nene!” Tsukasa called with dramatic flair, completely disregarding the library’s hush. “See, Rui? I told you we’d find her here!”

“Indeed,” Rui replied, breezy as ever. His eyes shifted to Yuu with mild intrigue. “And it seems she’s not alone.”

Nene glanced up. “He’s from our class. Hazuki-kun.”

“Ah,” Rui’s lips curled into a charming, unreadable smile. “Nice to meet you. Rui Kamishiro. Performer, director, orchestrator of organized chaos—among other things.”

“And I am Tsukasa Tenma! Future star of Wonderlands x Showtime!"

Tsukasa declared, striking a theatrical pose.

A long, pointed shhh came from the far end of the room, and Tsukasa flinched slightly, lowering his voice. “Er… sorry.”

Yuu rose slightly, offering a small nod. “Hazuki Yuu. Nice to meet you both.”

Rui tilted his head, amusement dancing in his eyes. “So, Hazuki-kun, what brings you into Nene’s quiet little sanctuary? Don’t tell me you’re secretly a scriptwriter too.”

“Not quite,” Yuu said, a small smile tugging at his lips. “Just ran into her yesterday. We talked. I guess we got along.”

Tsukasa crossed his arms with a dramatic huff. “That’s impressive. It took me a whole month to get her to say more than three words to me!”

“Because you were loud,” Nene muttered flatly, still looking down at her book.

“Loud with passion!” Tsukasa replied without missing a beat.

Rui chuckled, stepping closer to peek at the script on the table. “So you’ve started reading my latest draft, huh? I was wondering when you’d get to it.”

“It’s better,” Nene said after a moment. “Less… convoluted.”

“I’ll take that as the highest praise,” Rui said with a mock bow, clearly pleased.

Yuu watched the three of them interact—chaotic, yes, but weirdly in sync.

Rui’s eccentric brilliance, Tsukasa’s flair for dramatics, and Nene’s quiet, cutting honesty.

He saw it in the way Rui leaned in when Nene spoke, genuinely listening.

In Tsukasa’s voice, no matter how loud, softened when she responded.

They were intense.

Odd.

Exhausting, maybe.

But also—real.

Honest.

“So,” Rui said suddenly, turning his full attention back to Yuu, his tone lighter now. “Hazuki-kun. Since you’ve met Nene… how about a visit to the theme park?”

Yuu blinked. “Theme park?”

Rui’s smile shifted—less enigmatic, more sincere. “Yeah, if you're curious."

A small pause.

Then Yuu nodded, the corner of his mouth lifting.

“…If you don’t mind?”

“Wonderful!” Rui chimed, his grin sharpening into something sly, eyes gleaming with theatrical mischief. “We’ll be expecting you, Hazuki-kun. Don’t keep Wonderland waiting.”

Just then, the bell chimed, cutting softly through the stillness of the library—the signal that lunch had come to an end.

“Oh?” Rui tilted his head, glancing toward the nearest clock. “Looks like it’s time for us to return to our classroom."

Tsukasa puffed out his chest. “Then we shall take our leave! Farewell, Hazuki-kun! Nene, we’ll see you later!"

With a small wave and a flash of exaggerated flair, the two departed, Rui’s steps light and deliberate, Tsukasa’s loud and proud even as he attempted to respect the library’s hush.

Their voices faded beyond the door, leaving Yuu and Nene once more in the gentle quiet.

“…Are you really going?” Nene asked after a pause, her voice soft, her eyes lowered slightly.

Yuu turned to her, catching the faint tension in her shoulders.

“Yeah,” he replied. “I kind of want to see how everything works. How you guys bring it all to life.”

Nene didn’t answer immediately.

Her fingers tugged at her sleeve again, a familiar, thoughtful fidget.

Yuu smiled, his tone easy but honest. “Don’t worry. I’m not just coming out of curiosity.”

He leaned forward just slightly, eyes meeting hers.

“I’m looking forward to your performance, Nene.”

Her eyes widened for a brief second, just a flicker.

Then she looked away, the tips of her ears pinkening.

"…You say weird things," she muttered under her breath.

But she didn't sound upset.

If anything, she sounded just a little bit… glad.

And just like that, Yuu and Nene returned to the classroom.

The hallways had already begun to quiet, only the occasional shuffle of shoes or hushed voices echoing off the walls as the last stragglers slipped into their rooms.

By the time they stepped into Class 1-B, the teacher was already at the front, arranging notes and adjusting the chalk with quiet efficiency.

Nene slipped into her seat without a word, her expression as neutral as ever—calm, unreadable.

Yuu followed a few steps behind and eased into his own chair beside Toya.

He spared him a brief glance—curious, but not surprised—then returned to jotting something into his notebook, his pen moving in measured strokes.

The rest of the afternoon passed in slow motion.

Lectures blurred together like fog on glass.

The sound of pens scratching on paper and the occasional creak of a desk filled the air with a rhythm too familiar to notice.

Sunlight crawled lazily across the floor tiles, stretching longer and thinner with every passing minute.

Just before the final bell rang, Yuu leaned over, his voice kept low.

"Aoyagi," he whispered. "I'm going somewhere after this."

Toya didn't look up right away.

"With An again?" he asked, voice casual.

"No," Yuu replied after a pause. "Somewhere else."

That earned him a longer glance this time.

Still unreadable, but quieter.

"…Be careful," Toya murmured.

Yuu gave a faint nod.

When the bell finally rang, he packed his things and slung his bag over one shoulder.

Without another word, he left the room.

Out through the corridors.

Past the front gate.

And toward the bus stop, where the evening breeze tugged softly at his sleeves.

He stood in place for a moment, looking around as if trying to place a memory on the present.

"…Huh," he murmured. "This feels familiar."

He sighed, letting the quiet weight of the day settle over his shoulders as he stood at the bus stop.

The breeze carried the distant hum of the city—faint traffic, the rustle of leaves, idle chatter from students walking home.

He slipped one hand into his pocket, the other holding the strap of his bag, eyes drifting toward the horizon.

Minutes passed.

And then—
The distant growl of an engine.

The bus rounded the corner, its headlights cutting through the dusky gold of the afternoon.

Yuu straightened slightly as it pulled up with a gentle hiss, the doors folding open with a mechanical whir.

He stepped inside, tapping his card, then made his way down the narrow aisle.

There weren't many passengers.

A few scattered office workers.

A mother and child.

Someone nodding off against the window.

Yuu took a window seat toward the middle and sat down, resting his bag on his lap.

Outside, the city rolled by—blurred buildings, flickering signs, and familiar streets he'd passed a hundred times before.

But today, it all felt a little different.

Maybe it was the tension in his chest.

Or the quiet hum of expectation building behind his eyes.

He stared out at the passing scenery.

Just then, as the cityscape drifted by in streaks of color and motion, a flicker of memory stirred.

A flash of light.

A child's voice.

"Mama! Papa! Look!"

Laughter.

Bright and full.

A child... no, him—grinning ear to ear as he ran ahead, arms stretched wide, pointing at a carousel ablaze with lights.

His mother's voice followed close behind, gentle and amused.

His father's laughter, hearty and warm, rumbled in reply.

The air was thick with sweetness—freshly popped caramel corn, the sugary fizz of soda, the distant chime of calliope music drifting from the stage show just beginning.

The theme park shimmered in his memory—vivid, colorful, alive.

A place of reward.

Of celebration.

Of love.

"…Ah," Yuu murmured to himself, eyes softening as he stared out the window. "Right… whenever I got a passing score, we'd go. That was our deal."

He leaned his head gently against the cool glass.

Back then, it wasn't about rollercoasters or prizes.

It was the feeling.

The warmth of two hands—one on each side—holding his.

The joy of making them proud.

Of sharing that moment together.

Now look at me.

He exhaled.

"…It's been a while since I remembered that."

The bus rumbled softly beneath him.

And as the theme park's gates finally came into view in the distance—tall, whimsical, and glowing faintly beneath the early evening light—
Yuu straightened in his seat, the memory still lingering like a melody he hadn't heard in years.

A smile tugged at the corner of his mouth. Small. Faint.

But real.

The doors of the bus hissed open, letting in a soft breeze tinged with the scent of popcorn and something sweet—maybe cotton candy.

Yuu stepped down onto the pavement, his shoes hitting the ground with a quiet thud.

He stood still for a moment.

Just watching.

Phoenix Wonderland.

The arching gates stood proudly ahead, decked in bold colors and whimsical patterns, just like he remembered from childhood—but now, somehow, they felt bigger.

Or maybe it was just a resemblance from his memory.

Flags waved gently atop turrets.

Lively music drifted faintly from within.

He tilted his head slightly.

Otori family's park…

Wonderlands x Showtime's home turf.

The Wonder Stage must be deeper inside.

"I guess this is it," Yuu murmured, tightening the strap on his shoulder bag as he stepped forward.

His pace was slow but steady, eyes scanning every detail, the clown-themed balloon stands, the painted animal rides, the colorful string lights starting to flicker to life as twilight settled in.

Without quite realizing it, Yuu had slipped into the rhythm of the park.

He'd spent the last half hour meandering between booths, munching on sweet, buttery popcorn, trying his hand at a ring toss game, where he'd actually won a small plush penguin, and losing himself in the cheerful, dizzying atmosphere.

It wasn't until the sky began to tint orange and the lamps flickered on overhead that he blinked and checked the time.

"Ah... I didn't realize how late it got," he muttered, adjusting the strap of his bag. "I should ask someone about the performance…"

Just as he turned, a flash of color caught his eye.

Standing beside him, close enough that he wondered how he hadn't noticed her earlier, was a girl with messy, bubblegum-pink hair cut into a short bob.

She turned her head at the sound of his voice.

Their eyes met.

Hers were wide, dazzling, almost unreal, sparkling with a brightness that seemed to shine even brighter under the lights.

They glinted like polished glass, full of boundless wonder.

“Wah! A new face!” she exclaimed, voice ringing with excitement. “Wonderhoy!☆”

Yuu blinked, visibly startled. “Uh…”

She leaned in slightly, hands clasped behind her back like a child with a secret, her grin big enough to light up the whole park. “You’re new here, right? You’ve got that ‘wow-this-place-is-crazy’ look all over your face!”

He rubbed the back of his neck, still trying to keep up with her energy. “I mean… yeah. I just got here. Was actually looking for the Wonder Stage?”

“Ehehe~ I knew it!” she laughed, spinning dramatically on one heel and pointing toward the heart of the park like a tour guide in a storybook. “You’re here to see our show, right? You’re just in time —it’s starting soooon!”

“…Really?” he muttered. “Didn’t feel that long…”

“C’mon!” she chirped, already stepping forward. “I’ll show you the way!”

Before he could say a word, she was skipping ahead, pink bob bouncing with each step.

Then she stopped, spinning on her heel once more and waving him over.

“Oh! I’m Emu Otori, by the way!” she said with a hand on her hip and a proud puff of her chest. “Star of the Wonder Stage and bringer of smiles!”

There was something so earnest about the way she said it, Yuu couldn’t help the small smile that tugged at the corner of his lips.

“…Hazuki Yuu,” he said, stepping after her. “Thanks, I guess.”

“No need to thank me, Hazuki-kun! This is what I do!” Emu replied, practically skipping again. “After all, the show can’t go on without happy hearts!”

He let out a quiet exhale of amusement.

Wonderhoy, huh?

It was ridiculous.

Loud.

Kind of absurd.

But it made him smile anyway.

As they wound deeper into the park, she pointed out every colorful ride and ridiculous attraction they passed: the Rainbow Teacup Ride of Doom, the Duck Pond of Unexpected Surprises, even something that looked like a stage shaped like a giant cat's mouth.

And Yuu just listened.

No need to speak.

"This is it! Wonder Stage!" Emu declared, spreading her arms wide like a magician revealing the grand finale of a trick.

Yuu stood beside her, taking in the view.

The stage loomed ahead like something out of a dream, part circus tent, part storybook theater, with vibrant curtains, spinning spotlights, and whimsical props scattered about.

Twinkling lights traced the outline of the archway, and soft music played in the background, growing steadily louder with each passing second.

It wasn't just a stage.

It felt like a different world altogether.

"Thank you… Otori-san," Yuu said, his voice quieter now.

Emu turned toward him, blinking once, then beaming brightly.

"Ehehe~ No need to thank me! Just call me Emu, okay?" she said, hands on her hips. "And remember—enjoy the show!"

With a playful twirl, she skipped toward the back entrance of the stage, vanishing behind the curtain like a performer ready for her cue.

Yuu remained where he stood for a moment longer, the lights reflecting in his eyes.

Then, slowly, he stepped forward, toward the edge of the audience space, heart beating just a little faster than before.

Something told him this performance was going to be more than just a show.

It was the start of something else.

Something wonderful.

A few minutes passed, and the space before the Wonder Stage steadily began to fill.

Children tugged at their parents' sleeves, eyes wide with unfiltered awe. Parents followed at a gentler pace, some holding soft-serve cones, others balancing balloon strings around their wrists. The air was buzzing with chatter, laughter, and the occasional squeal of excitement.

Near the back, a group of teens gathered, casual, but not without energy.

Several held glowsticks already pulsing with light, while others clutched hand towels printed with colorful characters.

Fans, no doubt.

Maybe regulars.

Yuu stood somewhere in the middle.

Hands in his pockets, shoulders relaxed, he let the ambient sounds wash over him. He wasn't quite smiling—but his eyes carried a kind of still curiosity, sharpened by the familiar yet distant sense of nostalgia curling around the corners of the moment.

The sun dipped lower on the horizon, casting golden light across the stage, painting the vibrant set in even warmer hues. The stage curtains rippled gently in the breeze. Somewhere in the distance, the carousel spun slow and steady.

Then—

The lights dimmed.

A hush spread across the crowd like a ripple through still water.

The curtain twitched once.

And then—

Music burst from the speakers with theatrical flair, lively and loud enough to send a small jolt through the audience.

Spotlights sprang to life, zigzagging wildly before locking into place at the center of the stage.

A familiar voice echoed through the sound system, bold and playful:

"Ladies and gentlemen! Boys and girls! And you too, Yuu-kun, if you're out there—!"

Yuu blinked. "Wait… was that—?"

"Prepare your hearts and ready your smiles!" the voice continued, leaning deeper into its own rhythm. "For the greatest, most wondrous show in the world is about to begin!"

With a dramatic flourish, the curtain whipped open.

A cloud of glitter and confetti exploded into the air, catching the dying sunlight like a cascade of tiny stars.

And there they were.

Wonderlands x Showtime.

Tsukasa stood front and center, arm extended skyward in a commanding pose, his grin as bright as the spotlights themselves. His voice boomed with practiced confidence, feet firmly planted like a performer made for this very moment.

Behind him, Rui stood with effortless poise, purple hair catching hints of gold under the light. His signature smile played on his lips—not wide, not forced—just enough to suggest he was watching everything… and everyone.

At his side, a familiar little robot bounced gently in place.

“NeneRobo,” Yuu murmured to himself.

To the left of the stage, Emu twirled into view in a pink whirlwind, ribbons trailing behind her like stardust. She landed with arms wide and a dazzling cry of:

“Wonderhoy!☆”

From the opposite wing, Nene stepped forward, calm and precise. Her expression remained composed as she activated the handheld controller in her palm, triggering a shimmering cascade of holographic stars that bloomed across the artificial sky.

The crowd erupted.

Children screamed with delight.

Teens waved their glowsticks like they were part of the act.

Even the more reserved parents let themselves smile, caught in the magic of the moment.

Yuu stayed still, watching it all, not with the awe of a child, but with something quieter.

As the final notes of the performance faded into the twilight, a final burst of confetti rained down like shimmering snow.

The lights dimmed, casting the stage in a gentle blue glow as the members of Wonderlands x Showtime gathered at the front.

Tsukasa stepped forward, raising both arms high.

“Thank you, thank you, everyone! We hope you had a truly wondrous time tonight!”

Cheers erupted like fireworks.

Beside him, Emu gave an energetic spin, nearly losing balance but catching herself with a laugh. “Let’s all smile again tomorrow too! Wonderhoy~!”

Rui offered a sweeping bow, his hand resting theatrically over his chest. “This world of joy is made brighter because of you. Until next time, friends.”

Even Nene, who’d mostly kept quiet during the show, gave a small wave from behind her stage controls.

The subtle smile on her lips was almost unnoticeable—unless you were looking.

Yuu was.

The crowd gradually dispersed with the buzz of contented chatter.

hildren were carried on shoulders, teens snapped photos, and the glowsticks began to dim as the night took over.

Yuu remained in place, unmoving.

He hadn't said a word since the curtains closed.

Not because he didn't know what to say.

But he was trying to understand why the knot in his chest had suddenly loosened.

It wasn't the flash or the color, though there'd been plenty of both.

It wasn't the comedy, though Tsukasa's over-the-top act had drawn more than a few laughs from the crowd.

It was them.

Their synergy.

The way Rui subtly supported the pace.

The way Tsukasa took control, but always left room for the others.

The way Emu pushed the energy up and over and the way Nene, even in her quietest moments, anchored it all.

It wasn't a perfect act.

But it was honest.

And that… was rare.

Eventually, he wandered backstage with the help of a staffer, clearly flagged earlier by Rui.

The dressing area behind the stage was smaller than he expected.

Lined with old costume racks and half-worn props, it was equal parts chaotic and cozy.

The first to greet him was Emu, still bouncing on the balls of her feet.

"Did you like it? Did we make you smile??" she beamed, leaning in eagerly.

"…You did," Yuu said, and found himself smiling too—just a little. "I didn't expect to enjoy it that much."

"Hooray!" Emu raised both hands triumphantly. "Another smile saved!"

Tsukasa appeared behind her, chest puffed with pride. "Of course he enjoyed it. I told you we would blow him away!"

Yuu looked over. "You were… kind of unbelievable up there."

"Kind of?" Tsukasa repeated, affronted.

Rui appeared next, arms casually folded. “That’s high praise coming from someone who didn’t even clap.”

“I was watching,” Yuu replied. “Too closely, I guess.”

Nene, seated by her tablet, glanced up. “You always stare like that?”

“I guess I just… get absorbed when something’s real,” he said, then paused. “I’ve seen a lot of shows. But that? That felt like it meant something.”

Tsukasa blinked.

Rui gave a small nod.

“That’s what we try for. Chaos and meaning, dancing together.”

“Isn’t that exhausting?” Yuu asked. “Trying to make it all work? Four people with such different energies?”

Nene answered, surprisingly. “Yeah. It is.”

Emu added, “But that’s what makes it fun!”

Rui smirked. “A little friction makes the spark. Don’t you agree?”

Yuu didn’t answer right away.

He looked at all of them—colorful, strange, genuine—and then said quietly,

“…You guys really believe in what you’re doing.”

Tsukasa gave a sharp nod. “That’s what being a star is all about!”

“And you?” Rui asked, one brow raised. “Why’d you come?”

Yuu thought for a moment. Then gave the most honest answer he could manage.

“I guess… I wanted to see if people could still make magic out of nothing.”

He paused.

“And I think you did.”

There was a silence that followed.

Not awkward—just full.

Then, Rui smiled faintly. “He’s interesting, this one.”

“I like him!” Emu said immediately.

Tsukasa folded his arms. “Hmm… if he keeps watching, he might learn a thing or two about stagecraft.”

“Or he might upstage you,” Rui murmured.

“W-what was that?!”

Yuu let their playful bickering fade into the background. He looked around the room one last time.

The lights, the sweat, the paint-stained tools and the tired, smiling performers.

It wasn’t perfect.

But it was alive.

And in this strange, ever-fracturing world, maybe that was enough.

Chapter End Notes

I LOVE EMU! IT REMINDS ME OF KOKORO FROM BANG DREAM!

Anyways, hope you guys enjoyed today's chapter! I'm open for questions or suggestions!

Question: Did I nail the Wonderland x Showtime's personalities today?

Not Yours to Whisper

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

[Wednesday]

The morning sun streamed lazily through the windows of Kamiyama High, painting long streaks of light across the wooden floors of Class 1-B.

A soft breeze filtered through a slightly cracked window, ruffling the edge of Yuu Hazuki's notebook as he absently scribbled over the margin.

He wasn't really focused on the lesson.

Not today.

Ever since Tuesday evening, something had shifted.

lightness, subtle but undeniable, lingered in his chest.

The echoes of Wonderlands x Showtime's performance still played at the edges of his memory—dazzling lights, whimsical costumes, spinning colors, and voices filled with joy.

But more than that, it was the passion that struck him.

The fire behind every line and step.

A kind of sincerity that reached beyond the stage.

He'd gone to bed humming their final number.

Now, even in the quiet rhythm of first period, the faintest smile tugged at his lips.

Across the aisle, Toya Aoyagi leaned over slightly.

"Hazuki," he muttered, glancing at him sideways. "You're grinning like someone who just got a love letter."

"I'm not," Yuu replied with a shrug, though he didn't bother trying to hide the smile.

"Then what?"

"...Just in a good mood."

Toya gave him a brief, assessing look before returning to his notebook.

He didn't press further.

Yuu's gaze drifted again, mind wandering back to the stage—the swirl of holographic stars, Emu's laughter echoing under the lights, Nene's steady hands at the control panel, Rui's knowing smile,

and Tsukasa's larger-than-life charisma.

It wasn't just a show.

It was a declaration.

Then the mood in the classroom shifted.

Not dramatically—but enough.

A hush, just beneath the usual hum of chatter.

Heads turned.

Eyes darted toward the hallway.

Whispers gathered in small, hushed clusters.

"Is that…?"

"I think that's Akiyama."

Yuu blinked, pulled from his thoughts.

He followed their gazes toward the door.

Standing just outside, their presence barely acknowledged but impossible to miss, was Mizuki Akiyama.

Light pink hair in a curled side ponytail.

Pale lashes.

A ribbon tied just so.

They carried themselves with a kind of casual elegance that made them stand out without ever seeming to try.

Yuu's eyes narrowed, not in malice, but in knowing.

He recognized the way people whispered.

Voices low.

Words vague enough to seem harmless but cutting all the same.

A kind of cruelty disguised as curiosity.

"Are they even a guy or a girl?"

"So weird, right?"

He exhaled slowly.

He could ignore it.

Pretend not to hear.

Be just another student pretending not to see.

But he didn't move.

He simply closed his eyes for a second, quieting his breath.

"Good thing," he murmured under his breath, "I unlocked a few skills this morning."

He opened his eyes again, and with a thought, two subtle pulses of energy shifted within him.

[Passive Skill: Presence Dissonance – Active]

A soft wave rippled through his aura, dulling it. Muting him. Making him disappear into the background noise, overlooked and unseen by wandering eyes. His existence blurred into the periphery.

But his voice—when it came—was carefully tuned.

"Gosh…" Yuu said softly, as if to no one in particular. "I'm in a good mood today…"

Toya glanced at him, puzzled. "What's wrong? Feeling sick?"

"Kinda."

"Do you need to go to the infirmary?"

"I'm good."

For now...

What should I do?

Yuu asked himself, eyes drifting toward the classroom window where sunlight spilled across the floor in warm, golden streaks.

The murmurs had quieted. Mizuki had already passed, seemingly unbothered, but Yuu knew better.

He'd seen that kind of silence before.

He leaned back in his seat, one hand brushing his chin in thought.

He'd spoken once—just enough to shift the mood.

Enough to interrupt the current without drawing attention to himself.

But the question now wasn't what he could do.

It was how far he should go.

>Should I stay quiet and keep protecting from the shadows?<

>Should I approach Mizuki directly?<

>Should I wait?<

His fingers tapped a slow rhythm against his desk.

Deliberate.

Measured.

He had the skills.

The knowledge.

But those weren't the only things that mattered.

He thought back to what Miku had said, not about being an outsider, but about connection.

About helping someone find their voice.

This world might be a stage.

But Mizuki Akiyama wasn't a character in a story.

They were someone real, in pain, hiding behind smiles.

Just like so many others.

"…Maybe," Yuu murmured under his breath, "it's not about what I should do."

His eyes turned toward the hallway where Mizuki had disappeared.

"Maybe it's about what I'm willing to."

And with that, the next thread began to pull itself into motion.

Quietly.

But surely.

The moment the bell rang, a soft chime signaling the end of the period, a wave of movement rippled through Class 1-B. Chairs scraped back.

Voices picked up.

The rustle of bags and footsteps filled the air as students began filing out for lunch.

[Presence Dissonance – Deactivated]

The subtle pressure in the air released, his presence no longer masked by skill-driven stillness. It was as if a layer of fog had lifted.

He stood, casual and calm, sliding his notebook into his bag without a word.

Beside him, Toya Aoyagi straightened in his seat, turning with a faint glance.

“Hey, Aoyagi,” Yuu said, slinging his bag over one shoulder. “You wanna go to the cafeteria with me?”

Toya blinked, then nodded, brushing a lock of hair from his forehead. “Sure… I heard there’s a new bread today.”

“Sweet. Let’s go.”

Together, they stepped into the hallway, blending with the usual hum of student life. But for Yuu, the gears were already turning again—quietly, deliberately.

Because even as he walked toward lunch, his mind hadn’t left the whispers from earlier.

Or the name Mizuki Akiyama.

Just then, fate—or perhaps mere coincidence—nudged the afternoon onto a different path.

As Yuu and Toya rounded the final corner toward the cafeteria, a familiar voice rang out, rising easily above the hum of lunchtime chatter.

“Oh! Hello, you two!”

It was An.

She stood just ahead, her usual grin lighting up her face, but it wasn’t just her presence that made Yuu pause mid-step.

It was who she was standing beside.

Mizuki Akiyama.

They leaned slightly to one side, their weight resting on one leg in a relaxed slouch.

Their hair—light pink and slightly curled—was tied in a ribboned side ponytail that bounced gently as they turned.

Their pink eyes shimmered under the hallway lights, catching Yuu’s attention more clearly than any whisper from earlier had.

Right…

I forgot Mizuki and An are in the same class.

“Ah! I was just thinking I forgot to introduce you two!” An said brightly, stepping back and gesturing between them. “This is Yuu Hazuki—he’s kind of a backup member of Vivid BAD SQUAD!”

Yuu gave a polite nod, posture calm. “Yuu Hazuki. Nice to meet you.”

Mizuki gave him a once-over, not rudely, but with curious calculation.

Then, they smiled.

“I’m Mizuki Akiyama,” they said, their tone playful but not insincere. “I’ve heard a lot about you from An~”

Their voice carried a strange kind of grace—light, teasing, yet with something deliberate tucked beneath the surface.

Like every word was chosen carefully, even if it didn’t sound that way.

Those eyes…

Not just striking.

Cute.

Mizuki tilted their head slightly, still smiling.

“…Nice to meet you, Hazuki-kun. Let’s get along well, yeah?”

“Likewise,” Yuu replied, his voice steady, but his thoughts still faintly tangled in the moment.

“So? Are you two here for the bread?” An asked, her eyes lighting up with curiosity.

“Too late,” Toya said calmly, holding up a paper bag,

“I already bought the remaining stock.”

“Wha—! That’s cheating!” An gasped, hands thrown up in mock outrage.

Toya didn’t flinch. “Don’t worry. I brought enough for the four of us.”

An blinked. “Wait… four?”

Mizuki chuckled softly, one brow rising as they looked between the three of them. “Oh? I see...

I didn’t realize I got dragged into a lunch group.”

“You didn’t,” Yuu said, a small smile forming. “But I’m not against it.”

An grinned, linking her arms behind her head. “Well, then it’s settled."

They all moved down the corridor together, something easy settling in the air between them.

As they made their way down the corridor, Yuu took the final bite of his cream-filled bread, only to realize, a beat too late, that the cream had smeared across the side of his mouth.

He slowed his pace, wiping at his cheek with the back of his hand, then gave up with a small sigh. “Guys, I’m heading to the bathroom real quick,” he said, gesturing vaguely to his face.

An burst out laughing. “Pfft—yeah, I noticed. You’ve got cream everywhere!”

Mizuki gave a quiet chuckle, hand covering their mouth. “It was kind of impressive, honestly.”

Toya, deadpan as always, gave a single nod. "Yeah."

Yuu gave a small wave and turned toward the boy's restroom.

As he stepped inside, the cool interior greeted him with a hush, the sound of running water from a distant tap echoing faintly.

He moved toward the sink, turning on the faucet and splashing cold water on his face, dabbing at the sticky residue with practiced ease.

Just as he reached for a paper towel, faint voices drifted in from just outside the door.

"…Did you see Akiyama just now?"

The tone was low and pointed.

"I swear, every time I look at them, I still can't tell if it's a boy or a girl."

"Right? It's like they're doing it on purpose or something. All that pink and those ribbons? C'mon."

Yuu paused.

He didn't move.

His hand, still holding the damp paper towel, rested lightly at his side.

The door creaked open slightly as the voices drew closer, the culprits unaware of his presence inside.

"…I bet they get off on the attention. Acting all mysterious and—"

"That's enough."

The words slipped into the air like a razor through silk.

The laughter cut off instantly.

Yuu turned around. There was no anger in his voice.

But the weight in his gaze pressed down like frost.

The three boys froze.

Student A was the first to react, jaw tensing as he tried to save face. "What, don't tell me you fell in love at first sight or something?"

Student C laughed. "Woah, wait—are you telling me Akiyama is actually a girl?"

Student B, who had stayed quiet until now, shifted uncomfortably. "…Guys. That's enough."

But Yuu wasn't looking at Student B.

His eyes stayed on the other two.

“If you’ve got time to run your mouths about things you don’t understand,” he said, voice cool and even, “maybe use it to understand instead.”

The air in the room grew still.

Student A glanced away first, muttering something under his breath.

Student C followed, his grin faltering as he shoved his hands into his pockets and pretended not to care.

Student B gave Yuu a quiet nod before hurrying after them.

He looked at his reflection.

“I really controlled myself there…” Yuu muttered under his breath, voice barely louder than the hum of the flickering fluorescent lights above.

He stared at his reflection.

Still and calm.

But the tension behind his eyes hadn’t left.

With a slow exhale, he shook the remaining water from his fingers, watching droplets scatter across the sink.

The sting of those voices still echoed in his ears.

Familiar.

Bitter.

He grabbed a fresh paper towel, dried his hands, and tossed it into the bin with a practiced flick.

One last glance at the mirror.

Neutral expression.

Shoulders square.

Nothing out of place.

He turned and stepped back into the hallway.

The afternoon light poured in through the windows now, painting warm streaks across the floor. As he neared the cafeteria, familiar voices drifted through the din.

“Geez, what took you so long?” An called, hands on her hips, though she grin with a confused expression.

But when she saw his face, something in her expression shifted—just a flicker.

Her eyes narrowed slightly, tone softening. “You okay?”

Yuu waved a hand, his voice smooth and casual. “I’m fine. Just got caught up washing cream off my face. Turns out sugar fights back.”

Mizuki chuckled, spinning one of their pastel pins with a light touch. “You did look like you lost a battle with a pastry.”

Toya didn’t say anything, but as they resumed walking, he gave Yuu a side glance—brief but sharp.

Yuu didn’t explain.

He didn’t need to.

The hallway noise picked back up, and the four of them melted into it, lunch winding down as students filtered back toward their classrooms.

Eventually, the bell rang again.

After saying their goodbyes, Yuu and Toya walked together down the corridor, the chatter fading behind them.

Then—

“Hazuki,” Toya said, voice low.

Yuu turned. “Yeah?”

“You finally did it, didn’t you?”

“…Did what?”

Toya gave him a dry look. “Don’t give me that. You shut them down. The three who were talking earlier.”

Yuu didn’t answer at first. Then, he smiled—just a little.

“Well,” he murmured, “I can’t just ignore it, right? Especially when it’s someone cute.”

Toya snorted, the corner of his mouth twitching upward in a rare smile.

“…Idiot.”

They walked on in silence after that.

But it was a different kind of silence.

An understanding one.

Chapter End Notes

ALSO SO SORRY IF I PUBLISHED THIS WITH 2k Words only! I'll make up for it! I PROMISE!

An Outside Visitor (Part 1)

The sky was dark.

Sheets of rain streaked across the windowpane, tracing crooked lines like a film of quiet tears. The steady rhythm of it filled the air, soft and unrelenting, muffled by glass and distance.

Yuu sat cross-legged on the floor of his room, a light blanket wrapped around his shoulders like a shawl.

The morning chill hadn't quite left, and the grey light leaking through the curtains cast everything in a dim, bluish hue.

"It sure is raining hard…" he murmured, eyes watching droplets race each other down the window.

Then—
A soft knock at the door.

"Yuu," came his mother's voice from the hallway. "Looks like you've got no school today."

He blinked. "Suspended?"

"Mhm," she confirmed. "Storm advisory. The whole city's on alert."

"Alright," he replied, voice even.

The hallway quieted again, leaving him alone with the rain and the flickering hum of his desk's interface light.

Yuu leaned back slightly, letting the blanket slip a little from his shoulders.

"…A whole day off, huh?"

Yuu let out a quiet sigh as he pushed himself up from the floor. The blanket slipped off his shoulders and pooled at his feet. He stretched slowly, joints popping faintly in the silence of his room.

The storm outside hadn't let up—if anything, the rain seemed heavier now, its steady rhythm pounding against the rooftop like a heartbeat.

He moved toward his desk, sitting down and tapping the glowing edge of his console.

The [Project Sekai] interface bloomed to life in the air before him, casting a pale blue light across his face.

First, he checked his skill tree. Rows of passive and active abilities blinked softly, some newly unlocked, others still shrouded in grey.

His eyes lingered on a few branches—skills related to emotional resonance, clarity of voice, even memory stability

He traced a finger along one of the unlocked nodes.

“Not bad,” he murmured.

Next, he switched over to his stage logs.

Every song was categorized by difficulty, and nearly all of them were marked FC—Full Combo. Five difficulties, countless hours of practice…

The list felt both like a badge and a reminder.

Still, he didn’t smile.

He simply tilted his head, "There's more to go."

Then, finally, he tapped into the [Sekai Access] window.

The familiar Sekai interfaces shimmered into view:

[School Sekai]

[Street Sekai]

But now…

Two new entries flickered to life:

[Wonderland Sekai]

[Empty Sekai]

For now... Let's start with Wonderland Sekai.

Yuu pressed the glowing icon for [Wonderland Sekai].

The moment his fingertip touched the screen, the world around him dissolved into white.

A soft, white light enveloped everything, blinding and silent, and for a split second, Yuu felt like he was floating, weightless in an in-between space.

Then—

Color.

Noise.

Movement.

His feet touched solid ground again, and the world came rushing in.

A soft gasp escaped his lips as he opened his eyes fully.

He was standing in the middle of a grand, fantastical theme park.

The entry plaza stretched out before him like something out of a dream, brightly colored paths winding through cotton-candy pink trees, animated balloon animals bobbing through the air, and off in the distance…

A Ferris wheel spun slowly under an aurora-painted sky.

A flying train zipped past overhead with a cheerful whistle, trailing rainbow sparks in its wake.

Below it, a floating merry-go-round twirled gently mid-air, each animal sculpted from porcelain-like gloss and suspended by silver threads.

Everywhere he looked, something moved, glowed, or smiled.

"…This is insane," Yuu muttered, eyes wide. "Even more vivid than the real park…"

And at the heart of it all stood the main circus tent.

Tall, striped in twilight blue and white, it pulsed with quiet warmth.

Rows of golden lights lined the edges of the canvas, and star-shaped lanterns dangled like constellations from above, swaying gently as though responding to his presence.

Inside that tent, he remembered, was where Kaito's troupe performed.

Kaito, the troupe leader. And Miku—his helper.
They put on shows here daily, for their audience of...

Yuu blinked, lowering his gaze.

"…Stuffed animals?"

Scattered throughout the plaza were plush toys, some bouncing along the paths, others giggling from shaded benches or whispering to each other with button-eyed curiosity.

One of them—a familiar bunny plushie—sat atop a candy-colored bench, watching the sky.

Yuu's eyes lingered on it.

"Right… the whole world reflects Tsukasa's emotions. Even the arguments the plushies have…"

He paused, "Saki really is lucky to have a brother like him."

Just then—

"Beep-beep! Piipii!"

Something small and mechanical zipped into his vision.

Yuu jumped. "Whoa—!"

It was NeneRobo.

He crouched down, voice softening. "Seeing you this close… you're even cuter than I imagined."

He reached out gently, rubbing the top of its metallic head. The robot blinked once, then gave a cheerful beep, the faint sound of gears whirring in what might've been delight.

"Hm? Oh? I didn't expect to see you here!"

The voice was smooth and bright, almost theatrical.

Yuu turned to find a tall man stepping out from behind a striped column, his navy-blue double-breasted coat fluttering lightly behind him.

Thick gold borders lined the edges, glinting in the soft glow of the SEKAI.

His blue hair framed a warm smile.

"KAITO..." Yuu murmured.

"You must be Yuu Hazuki," KAITO said, eyes sparkling with recognition.

"That's me."

"Wow~ Nice to meet you!" KAITO beamed, holding out a gloved hand with a flourish.

Yuu shook it, returning a small nod. "Likewise."

"So? What brings you to Wonderland Sekai?" KAITO asked, folding his arms behind his back with a relaxed sway. "The others will be here soon."

"If by 'others' you mean them…" Yuu tilted his head toward the distance, where shadows were starting to draw closer.

"Yep! 'Them'!" KAITO said cheerfully.

"Hm. That's fine. I'm just paying a visit," Yuu replied, his voice calm, eyes wandering across the ever-shifting landscape.

"Is that so?"

Before KAITO could continue, a sudden shout echoed through the plaza.

"KAITO! Bad news!"

Two figures rushed toward them—both small, blonde, and visibly alarmed. But when their eyes landed on Yuu, their expressions shifted in an instant.

"Oh?! No way! It's you!"

"I believe you guys know me, too?" Yuu asked, arching a brow slightly.

"Of course!" the girl said proudly, then placed her hands on her hips. "I'm Kagamine Rin!"

"And I'm Kagamine Len!" the boy chimed in, a matching grin on his face.

"Nice to meet you!" they said in unison, flashing peace signs.

Yuu chuckled softly. “Likewise.”

“But—right!” Rin’s face snapped back into urgency. “KAITO! The bad news!”

KAITO leaned in, concern now settling over his expression. “What happened?”

“One of the stuffed toys!” Rin said quickly. “It’s got a cut, and its stuffing is coming out!”

Len nodded, his voice laced with worry. “It’s one of the bunny ones—by the carousel. We think it might’ve gotten snagged on a fence!”

KAITO’s brow furrowed as he straightened. “That’s not good… poor thing. We have to fix it fast or the others might start panicking.”

Rin clutched her fists together. “We need someone to help comfort it! It looked like it was about to cry!”

KAITO turned to Yuu. “Would you mind coming with us, Yuu-kun? I think your presence might help.”

Yuu glanced from KAITO to the twins, then to the path ahead.

“…Sure,” he said, stepping forward. “Lead the way.”

As they hurried along the winding, pastel-colored path toward the carousel, the lanterns overhead swayed gently in the rain-washed breeze, casting soft, shifting shadows over the cobblestones.

The path felt like something out of a storybook—lined with tulip-shaped lamps and overgrown candy-colored bushes. Sentient stuffed animals peeked out from behind tents and oversized flowers, their button eyes blinking curiously at the group as they passed.

Rin and Len charged ahead with urgent footsteps, their voices overlapping as they called out to one another. KAITO and Yuu followed at a more measured pace.

Yuu’s gaze lifted, drawn to the surreal sights above: a floating merry-go-round turning silently in the sky, and a looping train gliding across a track woven from clouds.

The sky shimmered faintly with an aurora borealis that never seemed to fade.

“Everything in this place feels like a dream,” Yuu murmured, half to himself.

KAITO chuckled beside him, his breath fogging faintly in the cool air. “That’s the idea. Wonderland SEKAI reflects imagination—and feelings. The more alive the performers, the more vivid the world becomes.”

Yuu tilted his head slightly, eyes following the flicker of a light drifting across the tented skyline. “So… it reacts to emotions?”

“Exactly,” KAITO replied. He glanced sideways at Yuu, a thoughtful note creeping into his tone. “It responds deeply to people like you.”

Yuu didn’t answer right away.

His pace slowed for just a moment.

"…People like me?"

KAITO smiled gently, not pushing the question further. "You're observant. Quiet, but not detached. Careful with your words. I wouldn't be surprised if this SEKAI already feels a little different just because you stepped in."

"Is that… a good thing?"

KAITO gave a soft laugh, light and reassuring. "Depends on your heart. Wonderland is resilient, but it's also sensitive. If it ever feels too much, don't forget—you're not alone in here. There's always someone close by, ready to reach out."

As they rounded the final bend, the carousel came into view.

Its golden mirrors caught the glow of the aurora, spinning slowly with soft music that tinkled through the still air. Nearby, nestled against a tuft of cotton candy grass, sat a small bunny plushie. Its fabric trembled gently. One of its ears drooped lower than the other, and a small tear along its side exposed tufts of snowy white stuffing. A few strands had fallen onto the ground around it.

KAITO's expression turned calm and focused.

"Alright," he said, crouching down. "Everyone, get me the sewing kit—now."

"On it!" Rin and Len shouted in sync, dashing toward one of the nearby tents with practiced coordination.

Yuu stepped closer, crouching beside the plushie with quiet care. Its button eyes glanced at him, wide and uncertain.

"What can I do to help?" he asked.

KAITO looked up. "The stuffing—some of it's already fallen. We can't leave it behind. Gather what you can."

Yuu gave a firm nod, the blanket still wrapped loosely around his shoulders shifting as he moved to collect the loose tufts.

The cotton was impossibly light in his hands—soft, delicate, like holding the breath of a memory.

"KAITO! Here!"

The voices rang out together as Rin and Len came skidding to a stop, placing a small, pastel-colored sewing kit beside him.

The case was decorated with tiny star-shaped buttons and stitched constellations—quaint, but clearly well-loved.

"Here's the rest of the clean stuffing," Yuu said, gently depositing the soft tufts into KAITO's waiting hands. "The rest… kinda drifted off with the wind."

KAITO gave a warm smile, his gloved fingers already sorting through the material. “That’s alright, Yuu-kun. You did more than enough. Leave the rest to me.”

He turned back toward the trembling plushie, his hands moving with a gentle precision.

With the kind of touch usually reserved for something sacred, KAITO threaded the needle and began to mend the tear, murmuring soft reassurances under his breath.

The bunny plushie’s shaking slowed, its button eyes wide as it watched the stitches come together, loop by loop, sealing it back into wholeness.

Yuu sat back on his heels, watching in silence.

It wasn’t just the act of sewing—it was the kindness behind it.

KAITO didn’t rush.

Didn’t scold.

Didn’t treat the plush like something broken.

Only… something worth healing.

And for some reason, Yuu felt a familiar tightness in his chest.

Like he’d seen that kind of care before—but never received it himself.

KAITO hummed softly as he tied the final knot, then gave the bunny plush a tiny pat on the head.

“There we go. Good as new.”

The plushie blinked up at him, then leaned into his hand.

“As expected of KAITO—that’s amazing!” Rin cheered, her eyes sparkling with admiration.

“Yeah, yeah!” Len echoed, pumping a fist in the air.

KAITO chuckled, waving a hand modestly. “Now, now… It was nothing special.”

The bunny plushie blinked once, then slowly rose to its feet. It gave a tiny, polite bow—its patched ear flopping with the motion—before waddling off toward the cluster of other stuffed animals gathered beneath the carousel’s soft glow.

The other plushies shuffled closer, surrounding their friend in a quiet, joyful reunion, their stitched mouths curved into little smiles.

Yuu watched the scene unfold in silence.

“…You do this a lot?” Yuu asked quietly, turning to KAITO.

KAITO tilted his head, a soft smile on his face. “It happens now and then. Even in Wonderland, things break. But when something breaks, that only means it can be mended.”

He glanced toward the plushies with a wistful gleam in his eyes.

“And sometimes, being broken is how you remember that you were cared for at all.”

Yuu let out a quiet sigh and turned from the carousel, his footsteps slow but sure as he began to walk away from the soft light and singing wind.

“Hm? Where are you going?” KAITO called after him.

“Heading back to the real world,” Yuu replied without looking back. “Then I’ll visit the others.”

“Oh… right,” KAITO said softly.

The rustle of footsteps followed, and moments later, KAITO caught up to him.

He gently placed a hand on Yuu’s shoulder, the warmth in his voice carrying something deeper—hope, maybe. Or concern.

“Yuu-kun,” KAITO said, “whatever happens next… I hope you can save the non-existance Sekai and the Miku resides there."

Yuu paused at that, the words hanging in the pastel air like the last note of a song.

Then he turned, meeting KAITO’s gaze with a calm smile.

“I’m not alone, right?”

KAITO smiled back.

And with that, light overtook Yuu’s vision. The colors of Wonderland SEKAI melted away in a swirl of stardust and cotton-candy sky.

The next moment, he was back in his room.

The rain still tapped gently against the windowpane. His blanket lay where he left it. But something in the air felt different—like he’d brought a piece of that world back with him.

And now… it was time to visit the next one.

An Outside Visitor (Part 2)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

[THURSDAY]

After everything that had happened today, Yuu let out a quiet sigh, arms stretching over his head as the wooden chair beneath him creaked in protest.

His body ached with a familiar kind of stillness—not exhaustion, exactly, but the quiet residue of being elsewhere.

Outside, the storm had gentled into a drizzle. Rain slipped down the windowpane in thin, silvery threads, each drop tapping softly against the glass in a lullaby rhythm.

The sky remained heavy and gray, but no longer furious—just tired.

Yuu's eyes lingered on the glass, unfocused.

Wonderland x Showtime.

Even now, the colors from that world clung to the corners of his memory—brilliant banners, glittering lights, floating rides, and voices that reached out like open hands. A stage that seemed to sing with every heartbeat. It wasn't just the liveliest SEKAI he had visited.

It was the most alive.

Warmth bloomed somewhere behind his ribs.

He leaned back in his chair, lips tugging into a faint smile.

"A whole world from joy and performance," he murmured, one hand rubbing the back of his neck. "Guess I shouldn't be surprised it felt like a dream."

Then—
A quiet growl.
His stomach made its discontent known.

Yuu blinked. Then sighed.

"…Right. I should eat something."

He rose from his seat, the blanket wrapped around his shoulders sliding down and pooling at his feet like forgotten fog. Padding down the hallway, he reached the kitchen.

The light was off, but the scent of warm broth and something savory still lingered faintly in the air.

On the table sat a simple meal—rice, miso soup, and grilled fish—neatly covered in plastic wrap. A small note was placed beside it, penned in his mother's looping handwriting:

“If this turns cold, put it in the microwave. I’m heading to work now.”

Yuu stared at it for a moment. The room was quiet again, save for the rain and the soft hum of the refrigerator.

He picked up the note and read it once more.

“…Thanks, Mom,” he said softly, almost under his breath.

And so he did.

Yuu peeled back the plastic wrap and quietly heated the meal, the microwave humming softly as rain continued its gentle patter outside.

The scent of miso and grilled fish filled the small kitchen, comforting and familiar—like a memory that hadn't quite faded.

He sat alone at the table, the soft clink of chopsticks against ceramic the only sound accompanying him.

No words were spoken.

No thoughts interrupted.

Just warmth. Just food.

And for once, that was enough.

When he finished, he rinsed the dishes with practiced ease, the lukewarm water running over his fingers. The silence of the house wrapped around him again—gentle, but ever present.

Yuu returned to his room moments later, the floor creaking faintly beneath his steps. He closed the door behind him with a quiet click, the faint stormlight outside casting muted shadows across the walls.

As he settled back into his chair, he let out another breath.

Calmer now.

But far from finished.

His eyes drifted toward the UI, still faintly glowing on his screen.

“…Guess it’s time to visit the other one.”

His fingers hovered over the next destination.

[Empty SEKAI]

And slowly, he clicked.

His room dissolved into white.

Light consumed everything—his walls, his desk, the floor beneath his feet—and Yuu instinctively shut his eyes against the sudden brilliance.

There was no sound.

No wind.

No warmth.

Just emptiness.

When he finally opened them again, the light had receded.

But the silence remained.

Yuu stood alone.

A vast, barren world stretched around him endlessly.

The sky was a pale, washed-out gray, neither day nor night, and the ground beneath him was flat, featureless, and cold to the touch.

Thin, distant shafts of light pierced the haze above, like pale needles barely holding the world together.

“Empty…” he murmured, his voice swallowed almost instantly by the stillness.

This was unlike anything he’d felt before.

He crouched down, brushing his fingers along the dustless, lifeless terrain. It was solid, yet somehow insubstantial—like touching memory itself.

"For once," he muttered to himself, "I thought I’d need to ask Miku to give me the song Kuyamu to Kaite Mirai… After all…”

He exhaled softly, eyes narrowing as he let the realization settle.

“You have to listen to the song… to access this SEKAI.”

Then, without warning, a presence.

He looked up.

There—halfway between near and far—stood a figure.

A girl.

She wasn’t quite close enough to touch, but not so far that she felt unreachable.

She existed in that strange, surreal middle ground, like everything else in this place.

Her hair was long, unkempt, cascading down to her knees in uneven strands. It began a muted, warm gray at the crown, but darkened into a somber slate as it neared the tips.

Her bangs framed her face with jagged softness, and her eyes, two different colors, stared at him without expression.

Turquoise on the right and Pink on the left.

Her gaze wasn't harsh. Just… still. As if watching him through a fog.

Yuu didn't need to ask who she was.

"This SEKAI…" he whispered, "was created by Mafuyu."

And then—a sensation.

A pressure in his chest.

Tight.

Unfamiliar.

His breath caught as his vision swam for half a heartbeat.

His balance shifted.

"What is this…?" he muttered, pressing a hand against his heart. "No way… am I actually being affected by it?"

A voice answered—close.

Too close.

"You are."

Yuu flinched.

He hadn't seen her move, but suddenly, the Miku was right in front of him. Her presence was heavier now, more real. Like she was no longer part of the backdrop, but now fully aware of him.

Her voice was soft, calm, but tinged with quiet understanding.

"You must be Hazuki Yuu."

"Y-Yeah… That's me," he said, taking a cautious half-step back.

She didn't follow.

"I've heard about you. The one visiting the SEKAIs… and the one chasing the Glitching Miku."

He hesitated. "Then… may I ask something?"

Her head tilted slightly. "What is it?"

"You said I'm being affected, right? By this place?"

Miku nodded once. "Yes."

“I see.” He lowered his gaze.

The fog around his thoughts hadn’t lifted. If anything, it deepened.

But in that stillness, something clicked.

Yuu closed his eyes and raised a hand to his chin in thought.

It’s as if… in each SEKAI, I’m split.<
Like fragments of myself are living inside these worlds, each one mirroring a different piece of me.<
No wonder I felt so bright in Wonderland… It wasn’t just the world.
It was me. A version of me, pulled out and colored by joy.<
And now, here… the weight, the silence…
Another version of me is emerging.<
One I didn’t know I had.<

He opened his eyes slowly, the dim light of Empty SEKAI reflecting in their depths.

Just then, the Miku before him stirred, only slightly.

She turned, her boots barely making a sound on the featureless ground.

“...Mafuyu,” she called softly, her voice drifting like a ripple across still water. “You can come out now.”

Yuu’s breath hitched.

That name.

His heart skipped as he instinctively looked toward where her gaze had settled, a low, angular shape nestled among the shifting haze.

Almost like a small ruin or forgotten structure, the silhouette hadn’t even registered with him until now. But from its shadow, someone stepped forward.

A girl.

Quiet.

Graceful.

She emerged as if parting from the very stillness of the SEKAI itself.

Her long hair fell in straight, silken sheets past her shoulders, a deep, muted purple that grew darker at the ends—like a twilight that refused to fade.

Her bangs framed her face perfectly, strands brushing lightly over her brow, untouched by wind.

But it was her eyes that caught Yuu.

A mesmerizing gradient—dark violet at the edges, softening into a pale sky blue closer to the center. They seemed to carry no weight, no fire. Just quiet. Still. Empty in the way the air felt in

this place.

As if they were always watching but never searching.

She didn't speak at first.

She simply stood there, eyes meeting his, her face unreadable.

Mafuyu stepped out fully from behind the crumbling structure, her footsteps nearly silent against the barren terrain.

The pale light that filtered through the Empty SEKAI brushed against her features, casting her in an ethereal glow that somehow made her presence feel both grounded… and far away.

Then, she bowed.

"Hello," she said softly, her voice smooth, practiced, gentle in a way that almost felt too precise. "I'm sorry if I hid from you. It's my first time seeing someone here."

Yuu watched her closely.

That smile.

That perfect politeness.

So this is the mask she wears.

A "good girl" expression.

Measured.

Friendly.

Flawless.

But something behind her eyes didn't match.

It was too rehearsed.

Too still.

He closed his eyes briefly.

A breath in.

[Genius of Acting – Activate]

When his eyes opened again, there was a subtle shift in his demeanor, like someone stepping into a perfectly tailored role.

He softened his expression, letting just enough vulnerability show through.

"Sorry for startling you," Yuu said, his voice tinged with a slight nervousness that wasn't real, but believable. "It must've been weird, right? Seeing someone else here?"

Mafuyu blinked, her lips parting slightly in surprise before curving back into that soft smile.

“Y-Yeah… I didn’t expect someone new to be here…” she replied, brushing a strand of hair behind her ear. “May I ask your name?”

“Yuu Hazuki."

She nodded slowly, the smile never leaving her face.

“I’m Mafuyu Asahina,” she said, her voice light. “Nice to meet you.”

And yet, despite the polite greeting and the warmth in her tone…

Her eyes remained cold.

As if they were looking at him through frosted glass.

“Asahina-san,” Yuu said lightly, folding his hands behind his back as he kept his tone gentle, “what school do you go to?”

Mafuyu blinked once, the question catching her only slightly off-guard. “Hm? I go to Miyamasuzaka Girls’ Academy. And you?”

“Kamiyama High,” he answered with a small nod, the rhythm of the conversation flowing effortlessly on the surface.

Her eyes sparked faintly, a sliver of something resembling interest flickering behind the practiced smile. “Really? I have friends who go there.”

“Oh?” Yuu tilted his head, feigning curiosity with a well-timed pause. “Can I ask who?”

“Hmmm…” Mafuyu raised a finger to her chin, pretending to ponder. “Mizuki Akiyama and Ena Shinonome.”

Of course, she’d say that. Yuu knew that already.

But the role he wore kept him from reacting.

He wore the mask of innocence like a second skin.

“Huh? I know them!” he replied with cheerful surprise. “Akiyama-san and Shinonome-san.”

Mafuyu tilted her head, almost as if testing his response. “Really?”

“Well, I met Akiyama-san through An,” he said smoothly, “and I met Shinonome-san through Tsukasa-kun—her younger brother. Actually…” He offered a sheepish grin. “I’m a big fan of Shinonome-san’s art.”

“I-I see…” Mafuyu said softly, her voice faltering just a touch. “As a friend, I’m happy to hear that.”

But her smile didn’t reach her eyes.

She kept talking—lightly, cheerfully—about Mizuki and Ena.

Her words were carefully picked, her expression unwavering. On the surface, it was small talk.

But Yuu could feel the gap between the words.

The distance she maintained without ever moving away.

Miku stood quietly beside them, her expression unreadable as she listened, letting the exchange unfold.

Meanwhile, in Yuu's head, a quiet sigh echoed.

Uwah… This is exhausting…<

Even with [Genius of Acting] active, holding this conversation with Mafuyu's "sunny" persona felt like treading water with weights on his shoulders. Every line was a performance—on both sides. A play with no audience and no script.

Even pretending feels wrong. If only… I could change something.<

He glanced at Mafuyu again—still smiling, still talking.

Then Miku, who had been silent until now, finally spoke.

"Mafuyu," she said gently, her voice softer than the falling rain outside, "this is the first time I've seen you talk this much."

The smile on Mafuyu's face froze, just for half a second.

And in that fleeting moment of stillness…

Yuu saw something underneath.

A pause.

A fracture.

A breath held too long.

Then Mafuyu laughed—light and practiced. "Is that so? Maybe it's because Hazuki-kun is easy to talk to."

"Well," Yuu said, his smile light but his eyes quietly steady as he shifted his weight from one foot to the other, "if we're talking about friends… then of course it would be easy to talk with."

His voice carried the easy rhythm of small talk—but beneath it lay a gentle precision, like someone playing an instrument just slightly off-key on purpose, waiting to see who noticed.

Mafuyu's gaze lingered on him, just for a moment too long.

Then she blinked, the light in her eyes dimming by a shade before flickering back up, refined and unassuming. "You think so?"

"Yep!" he replied with a playful tilt of his head, letting the cheer in his voice settle like glitter over a quiet pond.

Miku, who had remained mostly silent, flicked her gaze between them. Her lips didn't move, but her posture shifted just enough to signal alertness. She wasn't intruding—but she was watching. Closely.

Mafuyu looked down, the hem of her school blouse rustling faintly as she folded her hands in front of her. The air around her seemed to cool, if only slightly.

"…You kind of resemble Mizuki," she said softly.

Yuu's expression didn't falter.

But inwardly, the words struck like a needle through paper.

Not because of what she said.

But because of why she said it.

He didn't answer right away.

Letting the moment breathe.

Letting her feel the silence.

"…That so?" he finally said, tone still warm—but now a touch gentler.

Mafuyu didn't answer. She kept her gaze lowered, fingers gently tightening around each other.

Behind her, the barren horizon of the Empty SEKAI stretched endlessly. No buildings. No wind. Just soft light and open, echoing silence.

Yuu studied her for a moment longer.

He was starting to see it—not just in her voice, or the words she chose, but in the spaces between them.

The silence lingered.

Not heavy—but stretched, like soft cloth caught between careful hands, too delicate to tear, too thin to ignore.

Then, from beside them, Miku's voice drifted in like a breeze slipping gently between curtains.

"…You're not wrong, Mafuyu," she said softly, her eyes lifting toward the pale, cloudless sky of the Empty SEKAI. "Yuu has something… similar."

Mafuyu's head tilted upward, eyes meeting Miku's with quiet curiosity.

Miku wasn't smiling.

But her expression held a warmth that needed no shape.

“It’s the kind of feeling people don’t always notice,” she continued, her voice low, her footsteps quiet as she stepped forward. Her long, grey-tipped twin tails swayed softly with the motion, her sleeves fluttering like ghosts in still air. “But when you’re here long enough, you start to hear it. A resonance.”

She glanced at Yuu, then at Mafuyu.

“Maybe that’s why you’re talking more. Maybe… It’s easier when someone understands without asking too much.”

Yuu blinked, caught off guard by the way her words settled so precisely into something he hadn’t named.

Mafuyu opened her mouth, then paused.

Closed it again.

But her fingers, which had been nervously twisting in her sleeves, stilled.

She exhaled slowly.

“…It doesn’t feel bad,” she murmured at last, almost too soft to reach the edges of the world around them. “That’s all.”

Yuu looked at her, gaze gentle, searching. Then he nodded. “That’s good.”

The windless stillness returned, but something about it had shifted.

Softer now.

Less hollow.

Until—

“I should head out now,” Yuu said, brushing invisible dust from his sleeve.

Mafuyu blinked. “Hm?”

“I want to explore more of this SEKAI, but it seems like… I’ll be pulled back soon.” He looked around at the endless terrain, at the somber light. “I’ll come again.”

Miku offered a small nod. “See you, then.”

But before the world could blur—

“Wait—” Mafuyu stepped forward, voice catching.

Yuu turned, eyes meeting hers once more.

She hesitated again, the same way she had countless times before—but this time, she didn’t retreat behind the mask.

“Talking to you…” she said, her voice gentle, unguarded, “…feels like talking to Kanade.”

She looked down, fingers curling at her side.

Then back up.

“So I’m going to ask something.”

Yuu tilted his head. “Hm?”

“Are we going to meet again?” Mafuyu asked.

For the first time, there was no practiced inflection, no borrowed cheer in her expression.

Just a flicker of something real.

Vulnerable.

Hopeful.

Yuu’s eyes widened slightly.

Then, he grinned, bright and sure.

“Yeah. Expect it.”

And slowly, light gathered around him like mist catching sunlight.

A pulse.

Then—

He vanished.

Leaving only a ripple in the still air, and Mafuyu watching the space where he had stood, one hand unconsciously brushing her sleeve.

“How was it? Meeting Yuu Hazuki?” Miku asked, her voice as soft as the windless air around them.

Mafuyu remained still for a moment, her gaze fixed on the spot where Yuu had vanished only minutes ago. The shadows clinging to her expression had lessened, though they hadn't entirely disappeared.

“…It was great,” she finally said, almost as if surprised by her own answer. “I was going to vent out something here, like always, but… I feel light now.”

Her fingers curled loosely at her sides—no longer clenched, no longer trembling.

“I’m glad you feel light,” Miku replied, and there was a smile in her voice, gentle and sincere.

For a moment, silence settled again between them, not empty, but calm.

[Meanwhile… from Yuu’s perspective]

With a faint shimmer of light, Yuu reappeared in his bedroom.

The familiar sounds of rain resumed, tapping gently against the glass panes.

The room was dim, the overcast sky casting long shadows across the wooden floor.

“Hahh…” he exhaled as he stepped forward, rolling his shoulders.

[Genius of Acting – Deactivated]

The moment the skill dropped, a subtle weight lifted from him, leaving behind a quiet ache—like tension finally unwound.

“I got hungry again…” he murmured, pressing a hand to his stomach. “I should get something.”

The blanket still lay pooled on the floor where he had left it.

He stepped over it, heading toward the kitchen once more.

Outside, the storm hadn’t faded.

The rain still fell in steady sheets, cloaking the world in gray.

But somehow, even as thunder rumbled softly in the distance, the day no longer felt quite as heavy.

Chapter End Notes

How is it? Did I nailed her personality? (Mafuyu I mean)

It's Just a Storm, What could go wrong?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

[Thursday – Afternoon]

The storm hadn't let up.

Outside, the sky was a seamless sheet of churning gray, the clouds low and heavy like they were pressing down on the city itself.

Rain continued to lash against the windows in frantic rhythm, a chorus of droplets dancing across the glass with wild energy.

In the distance, thunder rolled, soft, brooding, not close enough to startle, but near enough to linger like a distant warning.

Yuu descended the stairs in silence, the wooden floorboards groaning faintly beneath the weight of his steps.

His socks whispered against the smooth surface, carrying him into the dim quiet of the living room.

Curtains drawn, the room was cast in a cold, diffused light—subdued and blue-toned, the sort of pale wash that made everything feel softer, lonelier.

He dropped himself onto the couch with a low exhale, grabbing a blanket from the armrest and pulling it over his shoulders.

The fabric was warm, slightly worn, and the kind of comfort that required no thought.

Even so, his thoughts remained unsettled.

The stillness of the Empty SEKAI lingered in his chest, like mist clinging to clothes long after the rain. That silent, fragile world… it had felt distant and close all at once. Quiet didn't always mean peace.

His eyes slid to the coffee table.

The remote rested there.

"Hmmm..."

He reached for it without thinking, fingers curling around its cold surface, and pressed the power button.

Click.

The TV blinked to life, its dull glow painting the room in flickering light. After a brief moment of static, the clear voice of a news anchor filled the air, slicing through the quiet.

“—continuing coverage on the low-pressure area affecting Shibuya, Tokyo. The tropical storm is expected to linger until late Friday, with heavy rainfall and strong winds continuing throughout the night…”

Yuu leaned his head back against the couch, letting it tilt slightly toward the ceiling, eyes half-closed.

“Still storming, huh…” he muttered.

The anchor’s voice continued, faint against the crackle of rain.

“Meanwhile, local authorities have issued reminders for students to remain indoors. All school activities remain suspended until further notice…”

Yuu barely heard the words. His thoughts were already drifting again, fragments of Wonderland’s laughter and Empty SEKAI’s silence colliding like waves in his mind.

Then, he let out a dry chuckle.

“Hm… You know what? It's just a storm."

He sat up, tossing the blanket aside and pushing himself off the couch.

Moving with sluggish determination, he padded back upstairs to his room.

It didn’t take long to throw something together.

He slipped on a raincoat, an old one, slightly too tight around the shoulders now, the sleeves just shy of his wrists.

But it still clung to him with the familiarity of childhood, like muscle memory.

Phone.

Wallet.

Pocketed with practiced ease.

Back downstairs again.

He stopped by the genkan, his hand reaching for the umbrella leaning by the door. A click echoed faintly as he popped it open.

The metal groaned just a little from the years of use, but it held strong.

Yuu paused, hand resting on the doorknob.

Outside, the world was a swirling blur of wind and water.

Raindrops raced down the glass of the small window by the door, and the overgrown hydrangeas near the porch swayed under the weight of the storm.

The moment he opened it, the wind pressed in—cool, damp, smelling of earth and concrete and thunder.

His raincoat fluttered.

Umbrella in hand, Yuu stepped out into the wild gray.

He closed the door behind him with a soft click, the familiar sound swallowed quickly by the wind as he stepped onto the damp pavement.

The air was sharp and cool, brushing against his cheeks like wet silk. His umbrella wobbled in his grip, straining against the push of the storm as he tightened his hold around the handle.

The rain hadn't lightened.

If anything, it seemed to come down harder now, like the sky was trying to wring out every last cloud. Puddles lined the sidewalk, some shallow, some deep enough to splash up against his shins as he jogged. The hems of his pants clung to his legs, slowly drinking in the water despite the umbrella overhead.

Still, he didn't slow down.

His sneakers slapped rhythmically against the wet ground, his breath curling in front of him in little clouds.

The neon glow of the convenience store finally came into view, flickering through the rain like a distant lighthouse. The soft hum of fluorescent lights spilled out from the glass doors, warm and sterile and comfortingly mundane.

Yuu reached it with a final splash of steps, slowing as he approached the entrance. He folded the umbrella with one practiced shake, water flying off in messy arcs, then stepped inside.

A bell chimed overhead.

Warm air greeted him, laced with the scent of instant noodles, fresh bread, and vinyl flooring. Shelves stretched out in neat rows—colorful, packed, humming with fluorescent buzz.

For a brief second, Yuu just stood there.

Drenched.

Dripping.

Heart steadying.

The real world was dull in comparison to the Sekai. The walls didn't breathe emotion. The floor didn't shift with thought.

But in a way, that was comforting.

Predictable.

He exhaled quietly, shoulders relaxing as he started down the nearest aisle.

"…Let's see what snacks you've got for me today," he murmured, letting the ordinary buzz of refrigeration units guide him forward.

“Oh? Hazuki-kun, I didn’t expect to see you here.”

The voice cut softly through the low hum of the store, calm and unmistakable.

Yuu turned, blinking away the beads of rain still clinging to his lashes.

The harsh fluorescent lights above cast long shadows across the tiled floor, and standing just a few paces from the canned drinks aisle was a familiar figure.

“Ichika-san,” he said, surprised, but polite as ever. “What a coincidence…”

Hoshino Ichika stood beneath the flickering store lights with the kind of quiet composure she always carried.

Her hair was damp at the ends, sticking slightly to her raincoat, and beneath it, she wore a simple white hoodie and jeans—casual, clean, like someone who could blend in anywhere, yet somehow still stand out.

She offered a gentle nod, her expression unreadable but warm.

Before Yuu could say more, another presence slid into view beside her, cheerful and quick.

“Huh? Is that Yuu-kun?!”

A flash of pink.

“S-Saki-san…” Yuu blinked as Tenma Saki bounded up to him, her usual sparkle undiminished even under the sterile lighting of the convenience store.

Her shoulder-length hair was slightly frizzy from the rain, and her cheeks were flushed—either from the cold or her usual excitement, it was hard to tell.

Her hands clasped behind her back, she leaned forward with a grin that could have lit up the freezer aisle. “Just call me Saki! No need to be shy!”

“…Okay. Saki-san, then,” Yuu replied, not unkindly.

She gave a tiny pout at the persistent honorific, clearly hoping he’d drop it altogether, but decided to let it slide, for now.

Ichika took a slow step forward, tilting her head slightly. “By the way, what brings you here, Hazuki-kun?”

Yuu lifted the small plastic basket in his hand, half-filled with a bottle of green tea, a sweet bread wrapped in shiny cellophane, and a pack of gum. “Craving snacks.”

“Coincidence!” Saki chirped, clapping her hands together with a soft slap. “We were just saying the same thing! I told Ichika I needed something sweet after all that math homework!”

Ichika let out a small sigh, but the faint smile on her lips softened it. “More like you dragged me here before I could finish mine.”

Yuu gave a quiet chuckle, the corners of his lips lifting. “So you guys still have homework even with this storm going on?”

Ichika raised an eyebrow, folding her arms loosely over her chest. “Isn’t Kamiyama High strict too? Don’t tell me… You haven’t done a single assignment?”

Her tone was teasing, her smirk almost mischievous.

Yuu deadpanned in return. “Nope. I already finished it.”

That caught them both off guard.

Ichika blinked, clearly not expecting that answer, while Saki let out a surprised laugh. “Wait, seriously? And here I was feeling accomplished for just finishing two subjects!”

Yuu shrugged. “I guess I just didn’t want it hanging over me.”

>Yuu is a college student in real life.<

“Wow… diligent,” Ichika said, her eyes narrowing slightly in amusement. “You’re the type who does things quietly but gets them done before anyone notices, huh?”

Yuu gave no response at first—just a slight grin and a sideways glance. “I try.”

Eventually, their light conversation faded into the quiet rhythm of the convenience store—the rustle of plastic wrappers, the soft whir of refrigerators, and the low, steady hum of fluorescent lights casting a pale glow over their heads.

Yuu’s basket had grown noticeably heavier by now. Nestled among the contents were a chilled bottle of tea, a pack of melon bread, a couple of chocolate-covered biscuits, and two neatly wrapped onigiri—impulse picks, but he figured he’d thank himself later.

Across from him, Ichika stood near the refrigerated drinks, her movements calm and deliberate as she slipped a carton of milk tea into her modestly filled basket.

A small, healthy-looking salad lay beside it, still perfectly arranged.

Efficient.

Minimalist.

Entirely Ichika.

Then there was Saki.

Her basket, in contrast, looked like it had gone through a treasure hunt. Colorful sweet breads peeked out from the edges like little flags of victory, a pair of strawberry pudding cups nestled near the center, and, balancing precariously on top, an energy drink that swayed dangerously with each of her steps.

With great theatrical flair, she placed a final pastry atop the mountain and stepped back dramatically. “Balance!” she declared, holding up a finger as if she had just cast a spell.

Yuu raised an eyebrow, eyeing the confection tower. “Are you planning to eat all that tonight?”

“Of course not!

But if the storm traps us again tomorrow, I’ll be ready. Dessert and breakfast in one go!”

Ichika glanced sidelong at her, lips quirking into a mix of amusement and mild disapproval. “You treat the convenience store like a theme park.”

“Because it is one,” Saki shot back cheerfully, hugging her basket like it was a prized plushie. “It’s the theme park of snacks and sudden cravings!”

Yuu chuckled, the sound low and relaxed. “Well… at least you’re prepared for the apocalypse.”

Saki flashed him a peace sign. “You never know what tomorrow brings!”

As they made their way to the counter, their footsteps soft against the gleaming tile floor, the sound of rain outside seemed to dim, as though the weather, too, had decided to take a moment of calm.

Yuu stepped up to the register first, placing his modest collection of snacks on the counter.

The cashier gave a short nod and began scanning the items one by one, the beep of each barcode echoing through the otherwise quiet space.

Tea.
Melon bread.
Onigiri.
Biscuits.

His phone buzzed lightly in his pocket as he reached for his wallet, but he ignored it for now.

Once Yuu paid for his snacks, the soft rustle of plastic bags followed.

The cashier handed him the neatly packed items, warm onigiri pressing gently against the bottle of tea inside the bag.

He gave a quiet nod of thanks and stepped aside as Ichika took her turn, followed closely by Saki, who nearly dropped one of her pudding cups in her rush to balance the rest.

Outside, the sound of rain tapping on the awning had grown gentler, a steady whisper rather than a downpour.

Yuu adjusted the strap of his bag. “Looks like this is it.”

“Yeah,” Ichika agreed, her calm voice blending easily with the hush of the store.

“Good luck to you two,” he added, offering a small wave.

But Ichika turned, her tone just a touch more casual than before. “Hazuki-kun, if you don’t mind… do you want to practice later?”

Yuu blinked once before nodding. “I don’t mind. I’m free anyway, and…” He trailed off briefly, then smiled, “I want to practice my guitar skills.”

I can’t just rely on my cheat skills after all. <

That thought lingered in his mind like a quiet promise.

“Ohhh?” Saki leaned in dramatically, puffing out her cheeks. “What’s this? You two… are you secretly going out without me?”

Her pout was exaggerated, her voice playful, but her eyes twinkled with amusement.

Yuu raised both hands defensively, smiling. “It’s not like that.”

“I just thought it would be good practice,” Ichika added, though there was the faintest pink hue warming her cheeks.

“Hmmmm… I’ll let it slide this time,” Saki said with a giggle, falling back into step beside them. “But next time, invite me too!”

The three stepped out beneath the awning, where the cool scent of rain and earth met them like a gentle breeze. Umbrellas opened with soft clicks, and their silhouettes stretched faintly against the wet pavement as they parted ways.

And just like that, the storm continued, but the quiet company lingered.

With the soft thud of his footsteps against rain-slicked pavement, Yuu made his way home beneath the dim glow of streetlamps. The storm had calmed briefly—just enough to let him slip through the evening without getting soaked.

By the time he reached the front gate of his house, the wind had started to rise again, tugging at the hem of his coat. The sky above rumbled low, like a warning that the reprieve was over.

He stepped onto the genkan just as the first heavy droplets began to fall again. The moment he shut the door behind him, a gust of wind howled past outside, and the rain came pouring down in sheets.

“Ahh… I’m glad…” he whispered to himself, the quiet words melting into the sound of rain hammering the roof.

He loosened the raincoat, set the umbrella aside, and slipped out of his shoes with a tired but contented sigh.

Warm, dry, and home—just in time.

Just as Yuu set the plastic bag of snacks onto the coffee table, the lights above him flickered once… then died with a soft click.

Everything went dark.

The steady hum of the refrigerator cut out, and the faint buzz of the TV silenced in an instant. Only the rhythmic drumming of rain against the windows remained.

“…Really.”

Yuu stood still for a moment, blinking into the darkness.

A beat passed.

Then two.

He sighed quietly, letting the silence settle.

The storm must've finally gotten to the power lines.

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out his phone, the screen lighting up his face with a pale blue glow. The faint light cast shadows across the walls—long, stretched silhouettes of furniture and shelves.

"Well… at least I already bought snacks," he muttered, slumping down onto the couch as he tapped on the flashlight app and aimed the beam at the coffee table.

Melon bread, chocolate biscuits, and a bottle of tea.

Emergency rations for a stormy night.

"This is fine," he told himself, leaning back with the faintest smirk. "Just... atmospheric."

The house creaked faintly as the wind brushed past the windows again.

He took a bite of melon bread and sat in the dim glow of his phone, alone with the storm, the dark, and his thoughts.

Hmm? Since the power's out...

I wonder if Ichika-san is doing okay...

[Meanwhile… at Ichika's house]

The storm whispered against the windows, its presence steady and persistent, like fingers tapping insistently against glass.

A low rumble echoed somewhere in the distance—distant thunder, more grumble than growl.

And then, without warning, the room was swallowed by darkness.

The hum of the refrigerator died. The lights blinked out.

"I-Ichika! You're still there, right?" Saki's voice rose sharply, tinged with panic. It came from the couch, where she sat bundled under a soft throw blanket like a wary squirrel in its burrow.

"I'm here, Saki," came the calm reply, further back in the house.

Ichika's voice was always steady, even now as she moved through the darkened hall with quiet, deliberate steps. "I'm just getting a candle."

The soft rustle of movement followed, punctuated by the metallic clink of something being retrieved from a drawer.

Saki tightened her grip on her phone, its faint blue glow casting eerie highlights on her face. "Uuu… the timing is so unfair. I was just about to eat my pudding…"

Footsteps returned, slow and assured, and then a small flare of orange burst to life, Ichika's match catching the wick of a thick white candle. A warm glow bloomed from the center of the room, dancing shadows along the walls like ghosts in slow motion.

"There," Ichika murmured, placing the candle carefully on the low table between them. The soft flame reflected in her eyes, lending them a quiet depth.

Saki leaned in, cheeks puffed. "You're way too calm… what if a ghost shows up or something?"

Ichika gave her a sideways glance and a small, amused smile. "Then we'll offer it some pudding and ask it to leave nicely."

Saki stared for a beat, then burst into giggles. "Wait—nooo! That's my pudding!"

Ichika chuckled gently, the sound low and rare, like distant chimes in a still room.

And then, her smile faded slightly.

She turned her gaze toward the window, where the storm outside painted streaks of water along the glass like weeping lines.

"…Hazuki-kun," she murmured, almost to herself.

Saki blinked, hearing the name.

Ichika reached for her phone, her brows drawn just slightly in thought.

"Since the power's out…" she said softly, "I wonder if he's okay."

Chapter End Notes

I'm gonna take a break just for today.

Please let me know what you think in today's chapter in the comments! Also, please drop a kudo if you liked it!

Unmuted Thoughts

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

[Mafuyu's perspective]

The soft whir of her laptop fan was the only sound in the room.

Outside, the world was pale and still, clouds hanging low like heavy thoughts.

Inside, Mafuyu Asahina sat in front of her screen, the soft glow of her monitor casting cool light across her face. Her expression, as usual, was composed.

Blank, but not empty.

Just quiet.

She stared at the chat window.

[Call starting…]

The sound of the ring echoed once.

The soft ring pulsed once. Then again. Echoing through the silence like ripples on a frozen lake.

One by one, the call icons bloomed to life—tiny avatars flickering into place.

A familiar, calm voice was the first to break the stillness.

>“Good evening, Yuki.”<

The name was habitual.

A mask was used between them.

A safety line.

>“K,”< Mafuyu replied, voice even, precise.

Her words, like her face, carried no inflection—just function.

There was nothing cold in the exchange.

But nothing warm, either.

Just a kind of weightless care, as if both sides had learned long ago to tread lightly over their own reflections.

Another soft chime.

>“Hello!”<

Ena Shinonome—Enanan—burst into the call like sunlight slipping through half-drawn curtains. Her tone danced at the edges of cheerfulness, practiced in its rhythm. Yet even now, there was something faint beneath it—something too smooth to be completely real.

>“Good evening…!”<

The third voice, Amia—Mizuki Akiyama—followed soon after.

Now they were all present.

The room didn’t feel louder.

Just… fuller.

A silence passed between them. Not awkward—just waiting.

Until, eventually, Mizuki’s voice rose again, >“The storm yesterday was the worst, right?”<

Their words drifted into the call, wrapped in a sigh too performative to be entirely serious.

The kind that lingers a beat longer, designed to draw attention without demanding it.

“Ugh, don’t even remind me... I was drawing something until the power went out,” Ena groaned, her voice carrying its usual flair. Not truly frustrated—just making herself heard, as always.

From the other end, the silence hung for a moment.

Mafuyu listened, her gaze shifting—not to her laptop, but to the flickering candle set just outside her periphery, its flame quivering with each faint draft in her room.

Then, her voice cut softly through the static:

“I didn’t notice the thunder,” she said, tone level.

No weight behind the words.

Just a fact.

There was no pause for pity.

No attempt to explain.

Only a quiet acknowledgment.

It was Mizuki who answered next, voice bright with gentle teasing:

> “Of course you didn’t. You’re always so composed, Yuki. Or maybe you were busy thinking again?”<

The sentence ended with a light laugh, soft, not biting.

But behind the humor, the familiarity clung.

The kind that said: I notice when you're distant, even if I never say it outright.

“How about you, K?” Ena’s voice slid through the call again—lighter now, with that practiced playfulness she often used when the air began to dull. It sounded effortless, tossed like a casual pebble into still water.

Kanade’s voice came through, soft and steady—like the hum of an old piano played alone in an empty room.

“It wasn’t too bad. I stayed inside and worked on the new composition.”<

“As expected of K.”< Mizuki replied, their tone light with a thread of admiration.

“What kind of song is it?”< Ena asked, curiosity curling at the edges of her voice. It wasn’t pushy—just the sort of quiet interest that always stirred when Kanade mentioned a project.

Kanade paused again before answering.

“Still trying to find the right words. The sound’s there. But it’s... distant.”<

“Distant?”< Mafuyu repeated, her voice as calm as ever.

“Like something trying to reach out, but it’s stuck behind a wall.”<

The call went quiet for a second—no static, no clicks. Just the sound of breath held in a space made for four.

“I think I get that,”< Mizuki said at last, their usual playfulness dimmed.

Ena didn’t speak, but when she finally did, her tone was quieter than usual.

“That’s kind of… fitting, isn’t it? For us.”<

Kanade’s reply came without hesitation.

“Maybe that’s why I want to finish it.”<

Mafuyu didn’t reply right away.

Instead, she let the quiet linger.

Not uncomfortable.

Just... honest.

“I’d like to hear it,”< she said softly, her voice nearly lost under the hum of her laptop’s fan.

Just then, a soft knock echoed at Mafuyu’s door, barely louder than the hum of her laptop.

Without a word, she moved the cursor with quiet precision, muting her mic and switching the tab from Nightcord to her open study document.

The motion was seamless, practiced.

“Yes?” she called, her voice instantly lighter, sweeter—an effortless shift in tone, like slipping into a mask she’d worn countless times.

The door opened slowly with a soft creak, and her mother stepped in, carrying a small plate.

The gentle aroma of something warm and sweet filled the air.

“I baked some cake,” her mother said with a smile. “Here you go.”

Mafuyu’s lips curved upward—perfectly polite, perfectly bright.

“Wow! Thank you!”

Her tone sparkled, smooth as glass.

To anyone listening, she sounded delighted.

To anyone watching, she looked like the ideal daughter.

Her mother returned the smile, nodded once, and stepped out, closing the door behind her with a quiet click.

The moment the door shut, Mafuyu’s expression softened, not quite falling, but fading back into its usual stillness.

She placed the plate gently on the edge of her desk, then returned to her laptop screen.

A single, calm breath.

Then she unmuted her mic.

The call’s quiet rhythm resumed as Mafuyu rejoined—her voice as level as ever.

“No. Just my mother.”<

“I see…”< Kanade murmured softly.

Then, without warning, Mizuki’s voice livened the air again, slipping in like a breeze laced with playful energy.

“More importantly…”< they began, drawing the syllables out with theatrical suspense, >“I have a new friend.”<

Ena perked up on the other end, her tone tinged with genuine curiosity. >“Eh? Who?”<

There was a pause—a deliberate one, like Mizuki was savoring the reveal.

“Hazuki Yuu!”<

For a moment, the voice call fell silent.

Not awkward, not startled—just… still.

Like everyone had paused to search a distant memory.

Then Mafuyu’s voice came through, softer than usual. Not flat. Not empty. Just… thoughtful.

“Amia… You know Hazuki-san?”<

“Yeah…!”< Mizuki replied brightly. >“We ran into each other a few times recently. He’s kind of quiet, but there’s something about him, you know?”<

Ena, who had been unusually quiet, finally spoke up. Her voice had lost its usual bite—there was no sarcasm in it. Just something contemplative.

“I… also know that name. Hazuki Yuu… Akito’s mentioned him before. Said something about him helping An with stuff in Vivid BAD SQUAD.”<

Mafuyu didn’t respond immediately.

Her gaze had lowered again, to the slowly melting candle beside her keyboard. The flicker of the flame danced in her eyes, reflecting something unreadable.

Yuu Hazuki.

That name again.

Not just from the Empty SEKAI.

Not just a passing stranger.

But someone… intersecting across lives she knew. People she was connected to.

And now—he had spoken with Mizuki.

And Ena.

How curious.

“I met him in the Empty SEKAI.”<

Mafuyu’s words dropped into the conversation like a pebble into still water—small, quiet, but rippling outward.

Ena’s sharp breath was the first to break the silence.

“Wait, what? You met him… in a SEKAI?”<

Her voice had shifted—surprise, yes, but laced with something else. Not disbelief, exactly. More like a cautious kind of concern. The Empty SEKAI wasn’t a place they spoke of lightly.

Mafuyu didn’t respond right away. When she did, her voice carried that same careful distance. Not cold. Just… slow. Thoughtful.

“Yes. In the Empty SEKAI.”<

There was a pause. A long one.

Kanade, ever quiet, didn’t speak—but her silence said enough. Mizuki, usually the first to poke fun or keep the mood light, stayed quiet too.

The weight of the name—Empty SEKAI—hung between them like fog, unspoken memories threading the space between the four.

“That’s…”< Ena began, her tone now far more subdued, >“That SEKAI isn’t easy to enter. Most people wouldn’t even know it exists unless…”<

“Unless they’ve heard the song,”< Mafuyu finished, her words coming as gently as the candle flame beside her.

“Kuyamu to Kaite Mirai,”< Kanade said softly. Her voice, though barely more than a whisper, gave the song a gravity none of them missed.

A soft crackle from someone’s mic echoed in the silence that followed, like static mirroring the tension.

Then Mafuyu added, just a touch quieter than before:

“Miku knows him… so I decided to trust her.”<

Simple. Honest.

But in that trust, there was something fragile. Something that made even Mizuki stay quiet just a moment longer than usual.

Ena finally murmured, >“…I didn’t expect that.”<

Kanade: still silent.

But Mafuyu didn’t mind.

Because, for the first time in a long while, her words hadn’t echoed into emptiness.

There was a soft shift in the air, like the pause before rainfall.

“Do you trust him, Yuki?”< Mizuki asked.

Their voice, usually colored with laughter or mischief, now held a rare seriousness. Not accusing. Not pressing.

Just… curious.

Gentle.

Mafuyu’s eyes flicked toward the soft glow of the candle on her desk, its flickering light casting long shadows across her room. She didn’t answer right away.

The silence stretched, but no one interrupted.

Then—

“I think I do,”< she said at last.

Her voice wasn’t certain, but it wasn’t unsure either. It sat somewhere in the middle, like someone realizing they’d already made up their mind without noticing.

“It’s strange,”< she continued after a breath. >“He doesn’t ask too much. Doesn’t try too hard. But I felt like… if I had spoken honestly, he would’ve listened.”<

Kanade’s voice entered, soft and almost imperceptible.

“That’s rare.”<

“Mm.”< Ena added, her tone unusually thoughtful. >“Most people just get uncomfortable when they don’t understand someone.”<

“But he didn’t.”< Mafuyu said.

And for a moment, there was nothing more to add.

No teasing.

No jokes.

Just a quiet understanding shared through the wires—fragile, but real.

“I want to meet him someday.”<

Kanade’s words were soft—almost like a thought spoken aloud rather than a statement meant for the others to hear. But in the silence that followed, they lingered. Quiet, but not unnoticed.

Mizuki let out a small hum, somewhere between agreement and curiosity.

“He’s not exactly hard to find. Just don’t blink too long or he might disappear into thin air,”< they joked gently, though there was warmth behind the words.

“He kind of does have that vanishing act vibe,”< Ena added, a dry chuckle slipping into her voice. >“Still… I didn’t think he’d be the type to leave an impression on all of us.”<

“It’s not that he tried to,”< Mafuyu murmured. >“He just… did.”<

No one argued with that.

In their own ways, each of them had noticed it.

Yuu Hazuki—quiet, measured, strange but sincere—had quietly stepped into their orbits like someone passing through a dim room with a lantern.

Never loud.

Never boastful.

But somehow… casting just enough light for others to notice something they hadn’t before.

[Meanwhile, from Yuu’s perspective]

The soft flicker of the television bathed the living room in shifting hues of pastel blue and pink, its glow the only real light left in the house.

The power had returned sometime earlier, but Yuu hadn't noticed—not really. He was already lost on the screen.

MORE MORE JUMP!'s live performance was in full swing—bright, polished, and bursting with energy.

The girls danced across the virtual stage, their voices harmonizing with practiced ease, expressions beaming with conviction.

The screen pulsed in time with the music, drawing the viewer in like a rhythm that wrapped around the heart.

Yuu, curled into the corner of the couch, watched with a quiet gaze, not exactly starstruck, but thoughtful.

Calm.

His chin rested lightly on his knuckles, elbow propped against the armrest.

He wasn't smiling, but his expression had softened.

Footsteps.

He barely turned as his mother passed by the doorway, pausing with a small smirk when she caught sight of the screen.

"Oh? Yuu-kun," she said, her voice teasing and light, "I didn't know you were actually interested in girls."

Yuu blinked once, slow.

Then exhaled through his nose.

"…I'm interested in their music," he replied flatly, not even turning his head.

His mother laughed, the sound trailing away as she moved down the hall. "Whatever you say~"

He let out a sigh once she was out of earshot and leaned further into the cushions.

But as the performance continued, something in his gaze lingered.

Not just admiration, but understanding.

A quiet thought.

They're really trying, too… even when no one sees the whole story.

He reached for the remote, lowering the volume just a bit.

Still… I wonder what their SEKAI is like?<

Chapter End Notes

I know I said that I'm gonna take a break but here...

Study Group with VBS + (FAQ)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The rain had finally passed.

After two full days of thunderclouds draping Shibuya in an oppressive blanket of gray, Saturday arrived like a sigh of relief, clear, quiet, and still.

Sunlight streamed softly through the sheer curtains of Yuu Hazuki's bedroom, painting pale gold rectangles across the wooden floor.

The gentle scent of petrichor still clung to the air outside, drifting in through the slightly cracked window, fresh and earthy like the world had just been rinsed clean.

Yuu lay sprawled across his bed, a lazy sprawl that spoke more of aimlessness than rest.

One arm folded behind his head, the other dangling off the side, fingers twitching faintly in time with the slow rhythm of the electric fan whirring overhead.

Its breeze brushed against his skin like a sigh, neither warm nor cool, just there.

Persistent.

Background noise.

Classes at Kamiyama High had been suspended for two days thanks to the storm, with teachers hastily throwing together online "asynchronous modules" that they hoped would pass for productivity: scanned worksheets, vague reflection prompts, multiple-choice quizzes uploaded to the school portal without much care.

Yuu had completed all of them in one sitting.

Not out of enthusiasm.

Just muscle memory.

With the mind of a college student stitched into the body of a high school freshman, most of the material felt like a review of a game he'd already cleared—one where he still remembered the enemy patterns and shortcut keys.

The only thing difficult about it was pretending it took any real effort.

Now, he stared at the ceiling—white, textured, and painfully empty.

"Boring…" he muttered, voice flat with the weight of a day that hadn't even begun.

His phone buzzed.

Yuu blinked, then turned his head to the side, half-reached, dragging his hand toward the device beside his pillow.

The screen lit up.

Akito Shinonome
The contact name glared back at him, followed by a flood of unread messages that scrolled down the screen like a one-sided argument.

8:02 AM
“Hey.”
“Hey.”
8:03 AM
“Hey.”
“Are you done with the asynchronous task?”
“Lend me your notes, Toya won’t let me.”
“Hey.”
“Hey.”

Yuu stared at the chat, expression blank.

Then he exhaled—part sigh, part laugh—as his thumb hovered over the keyboard.

Who else had the patience to spam “hey” seven times in less than sixty seconds but not the patience to study?

“If Aoyagi-san won’t let you, then I won’t.”
Sent.

The message blinked once, then vanished into the thread.

Yuu dropped his phone onto his chest with a soft thud, his arm falling limp beside him once more.

A faint smirk tugged at the corner of his lips—not a real smile, but something close. The kind of expression you make when someone acts exactly the way you expected them to.

His screen lit up again almost immediately.

“Tch. You two sure are best friends.”

Yuu didn’t answer right away. Instead, he let the silence stretch, staring up at the ceiling as the words replayed in his mind.

Best friends.

He could practically hear the sarcasm in Akito’s voice, even through text. Sharp, biting, but never cruel. That specific Shinonome-brand grumble: half-annoyed, half-sincere.

Maybe it wasn’t wrong.

Toya had been the first person to notice him at school.

The first to invite him into a conversation, even if it had been about homework. The first to treat him like a classmate, not just a shadow in the back of the room.

Akito came after, loud, pushy, impossible to ignore.

And now?

Here they were.

Spamming each other in the middle of a quiet Saturday, like any other pair of students bored out of their minds.

Yuu sighed, then picked up his phone again, thumbs tapping lazily against the screen.

[Yuu]

“I’m not a cheat code, Shinonome.” - Sent

He watched the “typing…” bubble appear.

Then disappear.

Then reappear.

Then disappear again.

Finally, another message popped up.

“You are to me.”

Yuu blinked.

Then laughed—an actual laugh, short and breathy and caught off guard.

He buried his face into the pillow for a moment, shoulders shaking just slightly with restrained amusement.

“God, you're such a dumbass...” he mumbled into the fabric.

But when he looked up again, something had shifted.

His phone buzzed again.

"I’ll treat you, if you lend me your notes."

Yuu stared at the message for a beat, then raised a brow. Bribery now, huh?

"What do you have in mind?"

The reply was instant.

"Cheesecake."

That made him pause.

A thoughtful hum slipped from his throat as he propped himself up slightly, fingers drumming lazily against the side of his phone.

"Deal. I’m craving some sugar anyway. Where do we meet?"

Another bubble popped up, without hesitation.

"At your house. Send me the location."

Yuu blinked.

"Of all the places, why my house?"

The response came with a digital scoff Yuu could practically hear in Akito’s voice.

"What, you want to go to my house?"

Yuu was halfway through forming a sarcastic retort when the next message appeared—and froze him mid-keystroke.

"I’m not letting you meet Ena."

His brows lifted just slightly.

Now that was unexpected.

Yuu’s fingers stilled, then resumed tapping—this time with a bit more amusement.

"Do I look like I’m the type of friend who wants to hook up with your sister? That’s messed up."

The typing bubble pulsed. Then:

"An said you’re interested in her."

Yuu let out a small, short breath through his nose. Not quite a laugh—more a tired chuckle.

"I said her art is the best of the best."

A longer pause.

Then, at last:

"...Anyway, just send me your location already."

Yuu shook his head, half-smiling despite himself.

“Cheesecake and paranoia,” he muttered.

With a sigh, he tapped the "Send location" button and watched the little map pin shoot off into their chat.

There.

Deal made.

"Alright, I'll go there at 11 AM."

Yuu stared at the message.

Then typed:

"Can't we just go to WEEKEND GARAGE?"

He waited.

Nothing.

No reply.
Not even a "seen."

Yuu exhaled slowly, shoulders sagging.

"Haa... Akito, Akito…" he muttered under his breath, dragging a hand down his face. "You sure know how to piss me off sometimes."

With a resigned groan, he rolled off the bed and padded toward the door, the cool wooden floorboards creaking faintly beneath his feet. He stepped into the hallway, rubbing at his eyes, and made his way to the kitchen.

The scent of something faintly savory hung in the air—onions, soy, the comforting weight of morning miso.

His mother stood at the counter, her back to him, sleeves rolled up as she sliced green onions with practiced ease.

He leaned lightly against the doorframe. "Mom, do you have work today?"

She glanced over her shoulder, knife still in hand. "Hm? Yeah."

"When do you get a day off?"

She didn't miss a beat. "Tomorrow… and Monday."

"I see." Yuu nodded, slipping into a seat at the table with a quiet thump, arms crossed on the cool surface.

His mother gave him a brief glance—just enough to read the fatigue in his eyes—but said nothing.

For a moment, the kitchen was filled with the quiet rhythm of her chopping and the low hum of the fridge.

Normal.

Peaceful.

"By the way," Yuu said, resting his chin on his palm as he watched his mother portion miso into the pot. "A friend of mine is coming over."

She didn’t pause. “Oh? I see.” A small smile played on her lips. “Don’t worry, I won’t get in your way.”

Yuu scoffed lightly. “You’re not really getting in the way.”

There was a quiet beat as she stirred the broth.

“By the way,” she added, her voice lilting with casual curiosity, “when is Ichika-chan coming back?”

Yuu froze.

“Hah… seriously?”

“What?” she asked, completely unbothered, glancing over her shoulder with a smirk. “She’s an ideal keeper!”

“Mom…” he groaned, dragging a hand down his face.

She chuckled under her breath, the sound warm and amused.

Yuu exhaled sharply through his nose, then sat up straighter.

Time to activate the passive skill he’d perfected over the years.

[Skill Activated: Genius of Acting]

He laced his fingers together and gave a perfectly polite smile, eyes calm, voice disarmingly composed.

“Mom, I think I’d prefer focusing on my school first.”

His tone was so gentle, so convincingly dutiful, it could have won him a role in a primetime drama.

His mom gave him a side glance, clearly unconvinced, but she didn’t press further.

“Alright, alright,” she said, returning to the stove. “But just so you know, if she does come back, I’m making her lunch.”

Yuu let his head fall to the table with a dull thunk.

Breakfast passed in a quiet haze.

Yuu sat at the small kitchen table, slowly working his way through a plate of eggs and grilled fish while the muted sound of the stove hummed behind him.

The rice was warm, the miso comforting.

After finishing, he placed his dishes neatly in the sink, rinsed them with idle precision, and made his way into the living room.

The television flickered to life with a soft click of the remote.

The morning news murmured updates about the storm cleanup and transportation delays, accompanied by stock footage of flooded underpasses and reporters holding umbrellas.

Yuu slouched deeper into the couch, arms folded, head resting lightly against the back cushion. The quiet drone of the TV washed over him, not quite enough to keep him engaged but not boring enough to turn off.

Time trickled by.

Then—

Bzzzt.

His phone buzzed against the armrest beside him.

Yuu blinked, sat up slightly, and grabbed it with one hand. A notification lit up the screen.

I'm here.

Akito.

Yuu exhaled through his nose, more out of reflex than surprise. He stood from the couch, stretched his arms overhead, and walked toward the genkan.

His steps were slow, measured—not because he was tired, but because he could already imagine the smirk on Akito's face.

He unlocked the front door with a soft click and pulled it open.

There, standing just outside with a sling bag over one shoulder and a smug look already forming on his face, was Shinonome Akito.

“Yo,” Akito greeted, flashing a quick grin. “You better have those notes ready.”

Yuu deadpanned. “You better have that cheesecake.”

Akito raised a paper bag like a trophy. “Of course. I’m not a liar.”

Yuu stepped aside, gesturing lazily. “Then come in.."

Akito stepped inside, slipping off his shoes with practiced ease, as if he’d done it a hundred times before. His gaze flicked briefly around the entryway—simple, tidy, touched with warmth. The faint scent of fresh coffee still lingered in the air, and the gentle clatter of someone moving in the kitchen echoed faintly from down the hall.

Yuu turned to shut the door behind them.

Then—

“Oh?”

A familiar voice drifted from the hallway.

Yuu's mother appeared, already dressed for work. Her blazer was perfectly pressed, her hair pinned back in its usual low twist, and a sleek leather bag hung from her shoulder with effortless balance.

Yuu blinked. "Mother."

Her gaze landed on Akito, and her brows rose with polite curiosity that quickly shifted into recognition.

Akito straightened, instinctively adjusting his posture.

With a crisp, almost overly formal motion, he dipped into a respectful bow.

"Hello! Nice to meet you. I'm Akito Shinonome."

His tone was practiced, smooth, so polished it could've passed for a scene straight out of a daytime school drama.

Yuu stared blankly at the display, his brow twitching ever so slightly.

Uwah... Mr. Nice Guy, huh.

His mother smiled, warm and genuine. "Oh, you must be Yuu-kun's friend!"

Akito threw a casual grin toward Yuu, then nodded. "That's right. We're just going to have a small study session."

"Hah," Yuu muttered under his breath, unimpressed.

"Well then," she said, walking past them toward the door with her usual composed grace. "Take care of the house while I'm out, Yuu. And Akito-kun—make yourself at home, alright?"

"Thank you very much, ma'am."

She slipped on her heels at the genkan, the faint jingle of keys following her as she opened the front door. With a final glance over her shoulder and a motherly nod, she stepped out, shutting the door quietly behind her.

The house fell into a familiar stillness.

Yuu turned toward Akito, arms crossed and expression flat.

"You should teach me sometimes."

"What?"

"Nothing..."

"Anyway… Let's study in the living room."

Yuu turned on his heel, leading the way. Akito followed behind, hands stuffed lazily into the pockets of his hoodie, his steps relaxed and confident.

He moved through the hallway like he'd been there before, like he belonged, and for some reason, that only made the tension between Yuu's brows tighten a little more.

They reached the living room: modest, clean, and comfortably lived-in.

Pale sunlight spilled through the sheer curtains, casting golden bands across the tatami-patterned rug.

Yuu dropped onto the couch with a soft thud, limbs sprawling as he leaned back and stretched his legs under the table. The television played faint background chatter from an old morning news program—he reached for the remote and muted it with a click. Then, he grabbed the binder he'd left earlier.

Akito plopped down on the cushion with a practiced flop, sitting cross-legged. His bag landed beside him with a dull thump.

"You watch the news?" he asked, glancing at the paused screen.

"Of course. I'd like to know if the world's ending."

"Haa… You sound like an old man."

Yuu didn't bother responding to that. Instead, he cast a side-eye glance toward Akito.

"...You didn't even start, did you?"

Akito grinned without remorse. "That's what you're here for."

Yuu clicked his tongue. "You better be worth that slice of cheesecake."

Akito flashed a thumbs-up. "You'll get your sugar, don't worry. Now—teach me, oh wise honor student."

Yuu sighed and opened his notebook with a rustle. "Let's get this over with before I regret letting you in."

And yet, despite his words, the room had already softened around them.

It was easy—almost too easy. The atmosphere felt like the kind of Saturday you forget in detail but remember in feeling. The faint aroma of leftover coffee still lingered from the kitchen. Papers shuffled gently across the table. Sunlight filtered in warm and unbothered.

Yuu didn't even realize he was smiling faintly until—

"Oi," Akito said, raising a brow. "What's with that smug look?"

Yuu glanced over, "I'm imagining your reaction when I ask you to solve the first one alone."

Akito groaned and dropped his head dramatically onto the table. "Why are you like this?"

Yuu's smirk widened.

Maybe this Saturday wouldn't be so boring after all.

Then—

Buzz.

Yuu’s phone vibrated against the wooden surface.

He picked it up.

[Toya]
Hazuki-kun, is Akito there?

Yuu raised a brow as he read the message.

[Toya]
Hazuki-kun, is Akito there?

He tilted his phone slightly, then began typing.

[Yuu]
How did you know?

The reply came almost instantly.

[Toya]
...Well, you're the top scorer on the last exam. I figured if Akito was desperate enough, he'd crawl to you once I said no.

Yuu stared at the screen for a beat, lips twitching faintly.

“Hah… figures.”

He started typing again.

[Yuu]
Do you want in?

The typing bubble appeared… then vanished.

Appeared again.

Vanished.

Then finally:

[Toya]
Yeah. I have Kohane and An with me. They haven’t done the async work either.

Yuu sighed lightly through his nose, already hearing the chaos that would follow in his head.

[Yuu]
Alright. I’ll send my location.

He tapped the screen and sent the PIN.

Then leaned back and muttered under his breath, “So much for a quiet day.”

And then... an hour later.

Yuu's phone buzzed again.

He glanced at the notification, then stood up, Without a word, he stretched once, grabbed his phone, and started walking toward the front door.

Akito looked up from the worksheet he was halfway through scribbling on.

"Shinonome," Yuu called over his shoulder, "Stay there."

"Huh? Why? Are you going somewhere?"

"Just outside."

Akito blinked. "Okay…?"

He shrugged and went back to doodling in the margins of the math page, not thinking too much of it.

He didn't realize it yet.

Not until—

The front door clicked open.

And Yuu froze.

Standing on the other side of the threshold, just beyond the little patch of sunlight falling across the porch—

"Hello," Toya greeted politely, his tone soft and perfectly measured.

"Yo," An added with a grin, hands in the pockets of her jacket.

Beside her, Kohane offered a small, shy wave. "H-Hi, Hazuki-kun…"

Yuu blinked.

Then sighed.

"You brought the whole band."

"Come in," Yuu said, stepping aside.

"Pardon the intrusion," the three chorused in near-perfect unison, slipping off their shoes at the genkan with practiced ease.

Toya's movements were as precise as ever—calm, deliberate.

An, on the other hand, bounced slightly on her heels, glancing around with casual curiosity as she stepped in.

Kohane trailed just behind them, polite and quiet, her fingers nervously fidgeting with the hem of her sleeve.

Akito looked up from the table—and immediately froze.

His expression tightened, first in confusion, then in growing irritation.

“What the hell are you guys doing here?” he asked, eyes narrowing.

Toya met his gaze with equal sharpness.

“I could ask you the same thing,” he replied coolly, not bothering to hide the edge in his tone.

The air between them tensed—familiar, brittle, and just a little too easy to ignite.

Yuu let out a sigh as he followed them in.

“Don’t start,” he said flatly, flopping back onto the couch like this was all just another minor inconvenience. “It’s a study group. Apparently.”

An plopped herself down on the armrest beside him, grinning. “Well, it was a group effort getting here. Toya was being all formal in the group chat, and Kohane looked like she was about to chicken out—so I dragged them both.”

“I wasn’t going to chicken out…” Kohane mumbled under her breath, cheeks turning pink as she settled onto the cushion.

Toya stayed standing for a moment longer, arms crossed, his gaze flicking between Yuu and Akito as if trying to decide which one was more at fault for this situation.

Akito scoffed, leaning back and crossing his arms. “You could’ve at least told me.”

“I didn’t know they’d actually come,” Yuu replied without missing a beat. “Toya just said ‘Is Akito there’—not ‘we’re on the way.’”

Despite the brewing tension, the room wasn’t cold.

If anything, it felt like the start of something oddly… natural.

Even if no one was quite ready to admit it yet.

And so, the study group began—somewhat unexpectedly—with Yuu at the helm.

He stood by the low table, binder propped open like a makeshift lecture stand, pointing to key formulas and diagramming examples with calm precision.

His explanations were clear, concise, and strangely engaging, almost like a seasoned tutor who’d been doing this for years.

Toya followed along in perfect rhythm, nodding occasionally, jotting down notes with quiet efficiency. It was clear he didn’t need much guidance—just affirmation. Every now and then, he’d even complete a sentence before Yuu could finish, earning him a subtle glance of acknowledgment.

The other three, however…

Akito groaned for the fifth time, forehead pressed dramatically against his notebook.

An looked like she was trying to focus, but her doodles were slowly taking over the margins of her worksheet.

Kohane kept fidgeting with her pen, eyebrows knit in concentration as she reread the same sentence over and over.

Yuu pinched the bridge of his nose, sighing.

Two hours passed.

Finally, with a long, drawn-out yawn, he leaned back and shut his notebook with a soft thump.

“Alright,” he said, rubbing his eyes, “Break time.”

As if on cue, the three collectively slumped over the table.

An flopped backward with a groan, arms spread wide. “Ughhh, my brain’s turning into jelly.”

Akito stretched both arms over his head and cracked his neck. “How do you make this stuff sound so easy?”

Kohane let out a tiny breath of relief, stretching her arms above her head with a quiet, “Thank goodness…”

Toya calmly sipped from the glass of water he’d poured earlier, not looking tired in the slightest.

Yuu glanced at him, deadpan. “You didn’t need help at all.”

Toya nodded. “It was still helpful.”

“…Hearing that from you feels unfair.”

Akito reached over and flicked Yuu’s shoulder. “Just accept the compliment, smartass.”

Yuu sighed again, but his lips tugged into a faint smile.

The tension had thinned. The house was filled with voices, quiet laughter, and a lazy kind of warmth. It wasn’t just a study session anymore.

It was starting to feel like something else.

Like friends.

“Fufu~ I feel like Hazuki-kun is older than us,” Kohane said softly, brushing a loose strand of hair behind her ear. Her voice was gentle, admiring, the kind that didn’t seek to flatter but simply voiced what was felt.

Yuu blinked, caught off guard. “I… am your classmate.”

“But you don’t act like it,” An added with a grin, leaning forward on her elbows and giving him a playful look. “As expected of Kamiyama High’s Top 1.”

“Don’t exaggerate,” Yuu muttered, shaking his head. His tone stayed flat, but the way his fingers lightly drummed against the table betrayed a quiet, reluctant amusement.

“It’s not exaggerating if it’s true,” Kohane chimed in, her hands folded neatly over her notebook. “You helped me understand that last formula faster than any teacher ever did…”

Yuu looked away slightly, tilting his head as if to shake off the compliment. Praise never quite sat right with him—it felt undeserved, like wearing a shirt a size too large. He wasn’t sure what to do with it, so he simply let it pass, unclaimed.

Across the table, Akito squinted at him, arms crossed.

There was a flicker of something unreadable in his eyes.

Then Yuu turned his gaze to Toya.

“More importantly, Aoyagi-san. You should take a break.”

Toya looked up from his notes, brows lifted slightly. “I’m fine. I can go on.”

Yuu narrowed his eyes. “How stubborn of you.”

“It’s not stubbornness,” Toya replied smoothly. “I just don’t want to lose my focus.”

“Same thing in this context,” Yuu countered, his tone still calm but edged with a hint of dry disapproval.

Akito chuckled under his breath. “He’s got you there, Toya.”

Toya looked between them, then let out a small exhale through his nose—a quiet concession, if not a verbal one.

Yuu leaned back, the faintest smile tugging at the edge of his mouth.

For all their differences, this strange little gathering… wasn’t so bad after all.

He glanced at the time glowing on his phone screen—1:04 PM.

“We’ll continue around two,” Yuu said, closing his notebook with a soft thud. The gesture wasn’t commanding, but it left little room for debate. Firm, casual, like a bookmark placed between chapters.

No one protested.

Kohane let out a quiet exhale of relief, arms stretching high over her head until her shoulders popped. “Thank goodness… I think my brain’s overheating.”

An flopped backwards into the couch, limbs sprawled like she’d just finished running a marathon. “Same. I haven’t studied this hard since… ever.”

Akito was already collapsed face-down into the table cushion, muttering something too muffled to make out, likely a curse aimed at math or life.

Toya, always more composed, set his pen down with care and gave a single nod. “Alright.”

Yuu stood up, rolling his shoulders as he stretched. A satisfying crack followed, echoed by the soft creak of the floor beneath his feet.

The kitchen beckoned just a few steps away, bathed in soft afternoon light. The air still carried faint traces of old coffee and quiet warmth—a domestic stillness that settled beneath the surface.

“I’ll get us something to drink,” he said, already halfway to the kitchen.

A beat passed before Akito called out lazily behind him. “Oi—” He held up a paper bag from earlier. “Make sure it’s chilled.”

Yuu turned just enough to glance over his shoulder, and then grabbed the paper bag putting it on the fridge.

In the kitchen, he moved with calm efficiency, placing glasses on a tray, fishing out chilled oolong tea from the fridge for the others, and brewing a fresh batch of black coffee for Toya, who he already knew wouldn’t go for anything sweet or fruity.

The scent of roasted beans mixed with the gentle clink of ice cubes, a small symphony of small comforts.

It really did feel like a normal weekend.

Laughter in the living room. Pages rustling. Friends—not quite close, but not strangers anymore—resting in the quiet hours between study and whatever came next.

It felt ordinary.

Natural.

Yuu stared briefly at the tray of drinks, then carried it back with steady hands and an unreadable expression.

equation or mutter something under their breath—but even that felt subdued. The mood had changed.

Focused.

Steady.

Maybe it was the tea. Or the gentle lull of the afternoon winding into dusk. Maybe it was the quiet motivation of seeing Yuu’s pages already filled in—precise, efficient, unnervingly clean.

Or maybe… it was just the comfort of not working alone for once.

Time drifted like a slow current.

Outside, Shibuya stirred beyond the glass—its heartbeat distant.

Traffic whispered down side streets, sandals clicked softly on pavement, and the faint chirp of summer insects returned after the storm’s long absence.

The sky dimmed by degrees, clouds rolling back to reveal the indigo edge of evening. By the time the last worksheet was set down and the final sigh escaped someone's lips, the only light in the room came from the soft glow of a floor lamp and the ambient blue cast of the idle television screen.

Night had arrived quietly.

Toya stood first, straightening the sleeves of his uniform with his usual quiet precision. He looked toward Yuu, gaze calm, almost thoughtful.

"Thanks for having us."

Yuu, still lounging on the couch, barely glanced up. He raised a hand in a half-wave. "No worries."

One by one, they gathered their things.

Kohane bowed her head politely.

An gave a lazy salute.

Akito muttered something about owing him a second slice of cheesecake, though it was hard to tell if he was joking.

The front door opened, and the night air slipped in—cool, carrying the faint scent of wet earth.

Yuu stayed on the couch.

He listened as the footsteps faded down the street, then reached for the remote with one hand and settled back into the cushions.

He blinked at the screen.

"...Oh. Great timing..."

The logo shimmered onscreen in soft pink and gold.

MORE MORE JUMP!

He sank a little deeper into the couch.

Just as Yuu settled back into the couch, eyes half-lidded as he watched the shimmer of pastel lights across the screen—MORE MORE JUMP!'s performance in full bloom—a voice startled him out of his reverie.

"Uhh… Hazuki-kun."

He flinched slightly. "Wha—?"

Turning around, he found Kohane, standing by the doorway, a small, apologetic smile on her face. Her school bag hung loosely off one shoulder, and her fingers nervously tapped against the strap.

"Azusawa-san? I didn't notice you there."

"Sorry," she said with a quiet laugh, stepping further into the room. "I forgot something."

She crossed toward the low table and retrieved a small case she'd left behind—one of the pouches for her stationery. As she reached for it, her gaze flicked to the television, then back at Yuu, a teasing glint forming in her eyes.

"But still…" She smiled. "I didn't expect you to be into idols. You really are a boy, huh."

Yuu flushed, caught mid-sip of his drink. "Haha… I mean—I'm interested in their music, so…"

"Really?" she asked, stepping closer with casual interest. "Actually, I have a best friend in MORE MORE JUMP!. If you want, I could introduce you sometime."

"E–Eh? No, no, no—I'm fine. Perfectly fine."

His voice pitched higher than usual, his tone far more defensive than he intended. His calm exterior —normally impenetrable—shattered like glass hit by a stray pebble.

Kohane blinked at him, eyebrows raised. "R–Really…?"

"Yes!" he insisted, nodding a little too fast. "Actually, since you've got your case now, how about I… send you home?"

She giggled softly. "No need. Toya's waiting for me outside."

"R-Right. Of course."

"Thanks again. Take care, Hazuki-kun!"

And with that, she offered a small wave and disappeared down the hall.

As soon as she was out of sight, Yuu slumped back into the couch, dragging a hand across his face.

"Ugh…"

He stared up at the ceiling for a moment, wondering how a single offer of an idol meet-and-greet could have reduced him to this.

Chapter End Notes

FAQ (Frequently Asked Questions and probably some questions that will be asked in the future)

1. Do the characters know that there are other SEKAIs
A: No, only the Virtual Singers are aware of other Sekais, except Ichika, who only knows one SEKAI, which is (The non-existence SEKAI). The rest are still unaware.

2. Does Ichika know she's a game character?
A: No.

3. Is Yuu a college student or a high school student
A: Yuu is a college student in the actual world, but inside the PJSK, he's a high schooler (So

it's like he has the perk of a college mindset with the body of a high schooler.)

4. Is Yuu trapped in the game permanently?
A: Not permanently (as far as we know). He’s trying to find a way out while fulfilling a mysterious role that involves repairing the broken connections between SEKAIs and helping glitching Virtual Singer (Miku).

5. Will other characters find out about the glitching SEKAI or Yuu’s mission?
A: Possibly. Ichika already knows, due to Miku telling her, that more people might be pulled into the truth.

6. Is this an OC x Character story, / Will there be romance?
A: There are subtle hints of connection, but romance isn’t the main focus (yet).

7. What is Yuu's role in each SEKAI? Is he just watching?
A: At first, he tried to remain a background character. But gradually, each group starts pulling him into their world. He becomes a silent observer, supporter, and eventually… something more.

8. Does Yuu know he's in a rhythm game?
A: Yes. He's fully aware he’s inside Project SEKAI and even uses the rhythm interface in-universe to "grind songs" and unlock paths.

9. Is Yuu OP?
A: Not exactly. Yuu has an advantage because he knows the mechanics, character stories, and even has the skill tree. "Emotionally", he struggles deeply. His knowledge can’t fix everything, and sometimes, it even makes things harder.

If you have any more questions about the series or my writing, feel free to ask, cause I'd be looking at them and answer them! (BUT... Do not ask for a spoiler plot, cause I won't be answering them.)

Mere Coincidence (Part 1)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was Sunday.

The storm had passed, leaving the city rinsed clean in the soft gold of early sunlight. Shibuya, reborn beneath the warmth, bustled with weekend life. Couples strolled hand-in-hand beneath storefront awnings, families meandered between cafés with takeout cups in hand, and the sound of a distant busker's guitar mingled with the hum of conversation under the mall's towering glass canopy.

In the central plaza of the shopping mall—an open, airy space crowned by sunbeams and ringed with banners fluttering gently in the breeze—Yuu Hazuki sat alone on a bench.

He barely moved.

His posture was casual: elbows resting loosely on his knees, back slightly hunched, the fingers of one hand slowly curling against the palm of the other. His expression was unreadable—half-focused, half-distant.

Around him, life went on.

Children's laughter rang out from the nearby play area.

A group of teenagers passed ,by arguing cheerfully over which crêpe stall to visit.

An elderly man took a seat at the far end of the same bench with a weary sigh, adjusting the bag on his shoulder.

But none of it reached Yuu.

Not really.

Because what he saw—what he focused on—wasn't there.

Not to anyone else, at least.

Floating in front of him, just inches from his face, was a glowing, semi-transparent holographic screen.

It shimmered faintly in the light, flickering like a mirage caught between realities.

Lines of text and diagrams scrolled slowly across its surface: maps, branching quest trees, blinking nodes marked with question marks or faded icons.

With a subtle swipe of his fingers through empty air, the display responded, zooming in on a small icon labeled "Upcoming Event: Handshake – MORE MORE JUMP!"

Yuu narrowed his eyes slightly.

“Let’s see…” he muttered under his breath, flipping through the data with practiced ease.

To anyone watching, he just looked like a person spacing out, perhaps lost in thought.

But in truth, Yuu was tampering with his Project Sekai UI, a world layered beneath the one everyone else saw—a system draped invisibly across reality, equal parts game and simulation.

Ever since he had stepped into Project Sekai, it had never fully left him.

He could feel it now, like a second heartbeat: subtle, constant, and waiting.

Skill menus.

Progression trees.

Stage Selects

With a final flick, the interface collapsed.

The holographic light faded like steam into the air, leaving only the shine of polished tile and the passing shadows of shoppers above him.

Yuu leaned back with a soft sigh, eyes trailing up to the ceiling.

“So far, the Virtual singers are taking their time finding Glitching Miku."

But he wasn’t here for a glitch.

Not today.

His gaze returned to the entryway at the far end of the plaza, where a row of velvet ropes and cardboard signs had begun to form a queue.

On the largest poster stood the sparkling logo of MORE MORE JUMP!

And below it:
“Special Meet & Greet – Handshake Event Today! Starts at 2:00 PM.”

Yuu blinked once, long and slow.

Then he stood up, brushing nonexistent dust from his jeans.

“…Let’s get this over with.” <--- Secretly Excited

Yuu quietly stepped to the end of the line.

The velvet ropes cordoning off the event area led into a neat coil, winding patiently toward the center platform.

The crowd was lively but respectful—chatter bubbling like soda fizz beneath the mall's high ceiling. S

Students in uniform. Adults with tote bags.

Cosplayers in pastel skirts and satin jackets proudly embroidered with their oshi's name in glitter.

Every few feet, someone clutched a penlight or nervously rehearsed their greeting under their breath.

A girl in front of Yuu flipped through a small photo book, her lips moving silently as if mouthing a prayer.

Two boys behind him debated which MMJ song made them cry the most.

And in the midst of it all… Yuu stood quietly.

No merch.

No fan badge.

No practiced lines.

Just himself—expression calm, hands in his jacket pockets, gaze fixed on the booth up ahead.

He didn't look like a fan. He didn't try to.

Yet somehow, he didn't stand out.

The line moved slowly.

From behind the partition wall, faint voices spilled into the air—soft, bubbly laughter, warm greetings, the occasional rustle of costume fabric.

Stage staff moved with efficiency, guiding fans forward one by one.

Yuu exhaled slowly, his eyes narrowing as he observed the layout—four chairs behind a white-draped table, staff stationed nearby, security keeping an easy distance.

The idols hadn't appeared yet. But the atmosphere was undeniably real.

MORE MORE JUMP.

To others, they were idols.

To Yuu, they were pieces of a world not entirely false, but not entirely true either.

A world that smiled too brightly.

A world built on glitter, applause, and unreachable dreams.

A world he had walked through.

A world that Miku once showed him.

He lowered his gaze.

"Still… that's not up to me to decide, is it?" he thought.

The line grew shorter.

Then shorter still.

Until—

“Hello!”

Her voice was soft and airy, like a breeze in spring.

Yuu’s head lifted.

And there she was.

Hinomori Shizuku.

Up close, she looked exactly as he remembered.

Long, wavy pale-blue hair cascaded over her shoulders, strands framing her face just enough to soften the edges.

Her light blue eyes shone under the event lights—clear, kind, and just the tiniest bit distant.

A beauty mark nestled near the right corner of her lips, accenting her already delicate features.

For a moment, Yuu simply looked at her.

My heart’s… actually racing?

That single thought flickered through his head before muscle memory kicked in.

[Skill Activated: Genius of Acting]

His posture straightened slightly. His expression softened into something warm but restrained.

The perfect polite fan.

“Hello,” he returned, voice calm, just the right pitch of enthusiasm.

Their hands met in the brief handshake, a practiced motion, carefully timed.

Shizuku’s palm was light and warm against his.

“Thank you for supporting us!” she said with a bright, practiced smile.

But there was no falseness in it.

Only the gentleness of someone who had learned to make others feel seen in a few short seconds.

Yuu nodded. “Your song helped someone I know. So… thank you.”

He didn’t say more.

He didn’t need to.

Shizuku blinked once, as if surprised, but her smile didn't falter. If anything, it grew just a little softer.

"Then I'm glad," she said.

And just like that, it was over.

The staff gently gestured for him to move along.

But as Yuu stepped forward, he caught a glimpse past Shizuku, toward the others seated further down the line.

Next up…

Hanasato Minori.

Next in line sat a girl with shoulder-length light brown hair, neatly kept and worn loose, with soft blunt bangs framing her bright, open face. Her light grey eyes shimmered like morning dew—earnest, curious, and filled with a warmth that seemed to reach out before her hand ever did.

Hanasato Minori.

She looked up the moment Yuu stepped forward, her smile lighting up in an instant.

"Hello!" she chirped, her tone cheerful, full of the natural energy that made her stand out even in a crowd of performers.

Yuu smiled gently back, extending his hand across the table. "Hello," he returned, voice polite and steady.

Their hands met briefly.

Warm, light pressure. The kind of handshake that held no reservation, no pretense. Just sincerity.

She was shorter than he expected.

And maybe a little more real, up close.

Minori's eyes flicked up to meet his, her smile never wavering. "Thank you so much for coming today!"

"I should be thanking you," Yuu replied with the same calm demeanor. "You've worked hard."

It wasn't a line.

He meant it.

From the performances to the behind-the-scenes clips, he'd watch MMJ's story in the game, it was obvious—Minori wasn't the most gifted, but she was certainly the most determined.

Optimistic to a fault.

Hard-working beyond what most could maintain.

The kind of girl who didn't just chase dreams, she built the ladder to reach them.

For a brief moment, Minori's eyes widened.

Then her smile softened, her fingers tightening slightly around his.

"…That means a lot," she said, quieter than before. "Really."

Another staff member signaled gently.

Time to move.

Minori released his hand with a small wave. "Keep cheering for us, okay?"

Yuu gave a short nod, stepping away from the table and taking in a slow breath.

Two down.

And next… stood someone who needed no introduction.

Kiritani Haruka.

The next girl sat with a composed posture, her fingers laced neatly in front of her on the table.

Compared to the bubbly warmth of Minori, she radiated something cooler, more refined.

Short, neatly trimmed blue hair, with swept bangs that framed her forehead and brushed just above her brows.

Her light blue eyes were calm, discerning, watching the line with the quiet poise of someone used to stages, cameras, and expectations. Not cold—just measured.

Yuu stepped forward.

She looked up to meet his gaze, and for a moment, there was a flicker of something—subtle recognition? Curiosity?

"Hello," she said, her voice clear and professional, yet not unfriendly. "Thank you for coming today."

The former model.

The idol who had once stood alone in the spotlight, but now sang alongside others.

The producer of MORE MORE JUMP—both on and off the stage.

Yuu offered his hand with a soft smile. "You're more impressive in person than I imagined."

There was no flattery in his voice, just a kind of quiet respect.

Haruka blinked once, then gave the faintest of smiles. It was a small thing.

But genuine.

“Is that so?” she said, slipping her hand into his for a light, practiced shake. “I hope we continue to live up to that impression.”

“You already do,” he answered simply.

Their handshake ended quickly, professionally, almost businesslike.

But in those few seconds, there was an understanding passed between them.

One performer to another.

Yuu could see it clearly now—she wasn’t just performing.

She was orchestrating.

The light blue eyes watched him carefully as he moved on, as if quietly assessing him long after he let go.

And ahead of him, the final member waited.

She was unmistakable even before he reached her.

With cerise-colored eyes brimming with energy and coral pink hair that fell in lively waves past her shoulders, Momoi Airi practically lit up the space around her.

Two soft, fluffy pigtails bounced slightly as she leaned forward, waving both hands in an eager blur.

“Hi hi! Thanks for coming!!” she greeted, voice full of spark and showmanship. “You excited? Nervous? Ooh—did you practice what to say before this?”

Yuu blinked, momentarily caught off-guard by the sheer force of her presence.

It wasn’t overwhelming.

It was… bright. Infectious. The kind of charm that made you forget your lines, forget your worries.

He offered his hand, his smile tilting faintly. “Hello,” he replied calmly, “And no—I didn’t rehearse anything.”

“Whaaat? You’re one of those cool types, huh?” Airi grinned as she took his hand in both of hers instead of just one, shaking with comical enthusiasm. “Trying to be mysterious~?”

“Not really. I just figured I’d talk like a normal person.”

“Pfft—boring answer, but I respect it!”

Her laughter rang out, unfiltered and real.

Yuu couldn’t help but chuckle softly himself, the corners of his lips tugging upward despite his best efforts to keep composed.

Airi gave him a wink as she let go. “Well, even if you didn’t plan anything to say, I hope this was fun!”

“It was,” he said, nodding. “You’ve got a lot of energy.”

“Gotta match the fans, right?” she beamed.

The staff waved subtly from the side again; his time was up.

Yuu stepped back, hands in his pockets now. “Thanks for the handshake, Momoi-san.”

Airi’s smile softened just a touch. “Come see us again sometime, yeah?”

He gave a nod, turning away as the next fan in line stepped forward.

As he walked out of the velvet-rope maze, the buzz of the crowd still humming behind him, Yuu let out a breath he hadn’t realized he was holding.

More More Jump… even knowing they were from a SEKAI, even knowing they weren’t real in the traditional sense—

Their presence felt real.

Their smiles, their words, the way they made people feel, it all mattered.

And for just a brief moment, Yuu found himself understanding why people loved idols so much.

Not because they were perfect.

But because they tried to be.

That effort might just be enough to move someone.

Even him.

“Huh? Hazuki-kun, what are you doing here?”

The voice was familiar—gentle, surprised.

Yuu turned instinctively, his expression tightening ever so slightly the moment he recognized her.

“Kohane…”

She stood just a few paces away,

Her hair was tied up today, a loose ponytail swaying behind her as she stepped closer, brows raised in amusement.

“Ahh~ This must be the handshake event, right?”

Yuu cleared his throat, face neutral. “Coincidence.”

“Eh? Really?” She tilted her head, an unconvinced smile curling at her lips.

[Warning: Genius of Acting is wavering. Automatic deactivation imminent.]

HUH?! You can’t just bail on me now!

Yuu mentally screamed, eyes widening ever so slightly as panic tickled the edge of his calm.

“A-anyway,” he said quickly, changing the subject, “what about you? What are you doing here?”

“Me?” Kohane blinked, then brightened. “Ah! I’m here for Minori. I told you yesterday that I have a friend from MORE MORE JUMP, remember?”

“R-Right,” Yuu nodded. “I see…”

There was a brief pause. Kohane glanced past him toward the event space, then back again.

“But still…” she said, leaning in with a teasing look, “you really don’t have to deny it, you know? They’re cute!”

Yuu turned his gaze away, jaw tightening. A soft puff of breath escaped him.

“I’m not denying anything,” he mumbled.

Kohane just giggled.

“Mm-hmm. Sure.”

The noise of the plaza continued around them—banners fluttering in the air-conditioning draft, soft idol music playing on a nearby speaker, fans still moving through the queue like a steady stream.

But to Yuu, all of it felt muted now, faded into the background.

Because, for some reason, facing idols on a stage was one thing—

But standing here, caught by Kohane Azusawa, felt like the real performance was finally over.

And he wasn’t sure if that was comforting…

Or terrifying.

“Anyway,” Yuu said, brushing a hand through his bangs as he turned slightly away, “since I’m done with my goal, I’m heading home now.”

“Eh? Leaving already?” Kohane pouted, taking a half-step forward.

“Yeah.”

“Then hang out with me!”

“I’m busy.”

Kohane’s eyes sparkled with sudden mischief. “Then I’ll tell everyone you went to visit MORE MORE JUMP.”

Yuu froze mid-step.

The mere idea of that leaking out—

Akito’s smug grin.

An’s teasing smirk.

Toya’s quiet, judgmental silence.

He winced.

“You wouldn’t.”

“I would.”

A beat passed.

He glanced at her.

She was grinning ear to ear, clearly enjoying the shift in power.

“Fine,” he muttered. “You win this time.”

“Hehe~”

Kohane-chan… you’re getting bolder, huh?

And just like that, Yuu stayed behind.

Dragged not by obligation—

—but by the tiniest, most reluctant tug of amusement in his chest.

Chapter End Notes

I have a question for you guys... How did you end up in this book? Was it recommended, or the Front page? or...?

Mere Coincidence (Part 2)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

They ended up walking side by side through the mall, the crowd thinning as the golden haze of late afternoon settled over Shibuya.

Warm light streamed in from the upper skylights, casting long shadows across the polished floor tiles.

The air buzzed with a soft, aimless energy, casual chatter from passersby, the clinking of dishes from nearby cafés, and the faint echo of music from overhead mall speakers looping seasonal jingles.

Kohane clutched a slim paper bag of MORE MORE JUMP merch close to her chest, her steps light with a kind of quiet contentment.

Occasionally, she tilted her head to glance up at Yuu beside her.

“So,” she said playfully, voice half-hushed in the way friends talk when they’re just killing time, “where are we going?”

Yuu slid his hands into the pockets of his jacket, eyes scanning the way ahead. “You’re the one who dragged me into this. Shouldn’t you be the one with a plan?”

“Nope,” she replied with a grin. “I just wanted to see where you’d take me.”

He exhaled, half a sigh, half a laugh. “There’s a small café on the second floor. Quiet, decent drinks. Not too crowded.”

“Perfect,” she chirped, matching his pace.

They rode the escalator in companionable silence. It wasn’t awkward. Just... still. The kind of stillness that settled naturally between two people who didn’t feel the need to fill every moment with conversation.

Soon, they found themselves in a tucked-away café at the far end of the second floor.

Wooden panels lined the walls, warm ambient lighting cast a soft amber hue across every surface, and the scent of roasted beans lingered pleasantly in the air.

A low hum of lo-fi music played in the background, blending seamlessly with the occasional hiss of the espresso machine.

Yuu led them to a table near the window, a cozy booth partially shaded by a hanging potted plant.

Outside the window, the city glowed gently in the approaching dusk, streaks of orange and violet painting the sky beyond.

Kohane slid into her seat and set down her bag, brushing a strand of hair behind her ear. “You come here often?”

“Nope.”

“Then I’ll treat you today,” she said, already reaching for the small tablet menu.

Yuu raised an eyebrow. “Why?”

“You helped me with studying, remember?” She smiled. “Consider this a late thank-you.”

He leaned back in his seat, the sunlight slanting in across his face as he tilted his head toward the window. He didn’t say anything more.

But this… this wasn’t bad.

Not at all.

After ordering drinks—a simple iced latte for Kohane, black coffee for Yuu—they sat in easy stillness for a moment.

“You said you’re waiting for your friend from MMJ, right?” Yuu asked, breaking the quiet.

“Yeah,” she nodded, taking a sip of her drink. “Minori-chan. But the event’s probably still running. She said she’d text me after.”

“I see.”

There was a pause.

The hum of the café softened the edges of the silence between them.

For once, Yuu let himself relax.

“So?” Yuu asked, resting his chin lightly on his knuckles. “How did you two become friends?”

Kohane blinked, caught a little off guard by the question. “Minori-chan and I…? Well…”

Yuu didn’t interrupt. He simply watched her with a calm, unreadable expression—though behind his neutral gaze, he already knew the answer.

It was information he had picked up long ago, tucked somewhere between rhythm battles and character episodes.

Still, he was curious to hear her version.

Her words.

“We were each other’s first friend,” she said softly, her fingers fiddling with the edge of her cup. “We started talking then... I guess we started hangout outside of school."

Yuu gave a small nod. “Ohh… What school do you go to again?”

“Miyamasuzaka Girls Academy.”

“Ah. So it’s an all-girls school, huh…”

He said it without much inflection, but there was a faint trace of teasing behind the words. Not quite a smirk, but close.

Kohane laughed sheepishly. “Y-Yeah, I guess that surprises people sometimes…”

“Not really,” Yuu replied, glancing toward the window. “You seem like someone who’d do well in a place like that.”

“Huh? Is that a compliment?”

“I’m not sure,” he said, sipping from his coffee. “Take it how you will.”

Kohane pouted, but the smile tugging at her lips betrayed no real irritation.

The sunlight outside softened as clouds began to roll in again, casting a diffused glow across the café’s wooden tables. Their drinks sat between them, slowly emptying as time passed—not rushed, not idle.

Just quietly shared.

The café's ambient music shifted to a mellow acoustic tune, the soft hum of conversation blending with the gentle clinking of cups and spoons. Kohane took another sip of her iced latte, her fingers now relaxed around the cool glass.

“…I guess it’s kind of strange,” she said after a pause, her eyes drifting toward the window. “Minori-chan’s such a bright person. She shines onstage, always has this energy… but when we’re together, she’s really down-to-earth. She listens, you know?”

Yuu tilted his head slightly, watching her speak, not interrupting, just quietly observing the way her voice softened.

“Sometimes, I wonder if I’m keeping up with her,” Kohane admitted, her smile small but sincere. “Like… I’m still catching up to where she already is.”

Yuu leaned back in his chair, fingers laced behind his head. “That sounds familiar.”

“Hm?”

“You’re talking about her,” he said, “the same way the others talk about you.”

Kohane blinked.

“The quiet one who ended up keeping pace with An, Akito, Toya… and somehow made them all try harder without realizing it.”

Her cheeks turned faintly pink. “I-I don’t think that’s true…”

“You can think what you want,” Yuu replied, eyes closing for a moment. “But you’re underestimating how people see you.”

Kohane fidgeted slightly with the straw in her drink, visibly flustered now. “Hazuki-kun… you say things so bluntly.”

“I’m just honest,” he said, opening his eyes again. “That’s all.”

Before she could respond, a soft ding came from her phone.

Kohane looked down, unlocking it with a swipe.

“Ah!”

Yuu glanced over. “What?”

“It’s from Minori-chan!” she said brightly. “She just finished the event and said she’s coming to meet me here!”

“Coming here?”

“Yep! She said she’s already on the escalator—” Kohane paused, then added in a tiny voice, “I-I didn’t think she’d come all the way up…”

Yuu arched an eyebrow. “You're surprised your idol friend is acting like a friend?”

“I mean, it’s Minori-chan! She’s busy!”

He gave a shrug, then stood up and grabbed his cup. “Guess I’ll be going then.”

“Eh? Why?”

“I’ve seen enough MMJ for one day.”

Kohane puffed her cheeks. “That’s not fair, you were smiling during their performance.”

“I have no memory of that,” Yuu replied calmly, already turning toward the counter.

Kohane watched him go, half-pouting, half-laughing.

Outside the café window, the clouds continued to shift gently, casting long, dappled shadows across the tiled floor.

And just down the hallway, the sound of light footsteps approached.

Just as Yuu reached for the empty tray, a familiar voice rang out from behind.

“Huh? I–It’s you!”

He froze.

Yuu slowly turned around, half-expecting the voice to be directed at someone else.

But when he glanced over his shoulder, there she was, bright-eyed and smiling.

Minori Hanasato.

She pointed toward him in delight. “Yeah! I didn’t expect to see you here!”

Yuu blinked.

Why is it always like this…?

Before he could respond, Kohane suddenly jumped up from her seat.

“Minori-chan!” she called, waving enthusiastically.

“Kohane-chan, you’re here!” Minori’s eyes lit up even more. She hurried over, the two girls meeting near the table with an excited energy that changed the air.

Yuu cleared his throat lightly, retreating a step. “Azusawa-san, I’ll get going now…”

“Oh? Already?” Kohane glanced back, but didn’t stop him.

“Yeah.” He turned slightly, hand raised in a half-wave. “Enjoy your time.”

“Wait—” Minori stepped forward again, looking as if she had more to say, but Yuu had already begun to walk toward the exit.

“Don’t worry, Minori-chan,” Kohane said with a small giggle. “That’s just how he is.”

Minori tilted her head. “He’s… interesting.”

Kohane smiled, watching Yuu’s figure disappear down the corridor. “Yeah… but he’s a good person.”

Back at the café entrance, Yuu sighed quietly, slipping his hands into his pockets.

His footsteps echoed softly as he made his way out of sight, the faint sunlight catching the edge of his expression—

A smile.

Subtle.

But real.

Footsteps echoed softly against the polished tiles beneath his shoes, mingling with the low murmur of weekend shoppers and the occasional laughter of passing couples.

The air was tinged with the scent of fresh pastries and brewing coffee from the nearby cafés, blending seamlessly with the mellow sunlight filtering through the glass ceilings above.

He exhaled, adjusting the strap of his bag, and prepared to head toward the station.

But then—

A presence.

From across the corridor, a pair of sharp eyes met his.

The moment held.

Brief.

Pointed.

“Geh… It’s you.”

The flat, distinctly unamused voice cut through the air like a cold blade.

Yuu blinked, mildly startled. “Hinomori-san,” he greeted, his tone instinctively polite as he straightened his posture.

Shiho Hinomori stood several steps away, arms folded across her chest, her expression the embodiment of deadpan irritation.

“Don’t call me so casually."

Beside her, another figure turned at the sound of his voice—this one much softer in demeanor, her presence like a breeze through spring trees.

“Huh? It’s you!” Shizuku Hinomori, radiant as ever, smiled and gave a graceful little wave.

Her long, wavy blue hair shimmered in the light as it swayed gently behind her, and her light blue eyes shimmered with easy recognition.

“H-Hello…” Yuu replied, caught off guard. There was a moment of disbelief on his face—how many run-ins could fate really cram into one weekend?

Shizuku looked between her sister and Yuu with mild curiosity. “You two know each other?”

“No, we don’t,” Shiho answered flatly before Yuu could say a word.

“Really?” Shizuku tilted her head, eyes narrowing slightly as if inspecting him. “But I thought I recognized you during the handshake event!”

He scratched the back of his neck awkwardly. “So I was that obvious, huh…”

Shizuku giggled softly. “You were the only one not holding merch. That kind of made you stand out—but in a good way.”

Shiho rolled her eyes and looked off to the side, clearly uninterested. “Figures. Just some weirdo fan who wants to hold idols’ hands.”

Yuu gave a dry laugh, more out of defense than amusement. “That’s… not exactly it.”

Shizuku beamed, finding the exchange amusing. “Fate’s funny like that, don’t you think?”

“Let’s go already, Onee-chan,” Shiho muttered, already stepping forward. “We’re going to be late.”

“Ah, right, right,” Shizuku nodded. She turned one last time toward Yuu, her voice gentle. “Still, it was nice seeing you again.”

Yuu nodded, his hand raising slightly in farewell. “Likewise.”

As the sisters passed him, their footsteps fading into the crowd, he caught one last snippet of Shizuku's voice drifting back toward him:

"You're friends with Kohane-chan too, right?"

Shiho muttered something low and grumbly in reply—indecipherable, but definitely annoyed.

And then they were gone, their silhouettes swallowed up by the mall's slow, swaying current of movement.

Yuu stood there for a moment longer, watching them vanish into the crowd. A soft breeze from the building's ventilation brushed his face as he let out a long sigh.

"I'm starting to think I'm not the background character I thought I was…" he muttered.

Shouldering his bag once more, Yuu resumed walking, this time with quieter steps, but sharper awareness.

"Ahh... I want to go home."

Before he could encounter anyone else—any more idols, classmates, or coincidental reunions—Yuu turned on his heel and made a swift retreat.

No hesitation.

No detour.

Just a straight line toward the station, and then the first train home.

The ride back was quiet, the kind of silence he needed. No messages, no sudden voice calls from Akito, and—thankfully—no more unexpected run-ins. Just the soft hum of the train, the blur of cityscapes rushing past the window, and his own reflection staring back at him.

By the time he stepped off at his stop, the sky had dimmed to a burnt orange. His shoes tapped against the pavement as he walked briskly through familiar streets, cutting through alleyways and backroads he could navigate with his eyes closed.

And finally, the familiar creak of his front gate.

He entered his house with a quiet sigh of relief, kicked off his shoes, and dropped his bag onto the floor beside the genkan.

Safe.

Home.

Peace.

The door clicked shut behind him.

And this time, there was no glowing screen, no message, no unexpected voice calling out to him.

Just the low hum of the electric fan and the smell of leftover rice and soy sauce from the kitchen.

Yuu slumped into the couch and stared at the ceiling.

"…Today was too much."

He didn't even bother checking his notifications.

He just closed his eyes.

And for the first time in days—truly—rested.

Chapter End Notes

Guests can now post a comment... I wonder if that's a good idea... oh well, I need more suggestions and opinions anyway

Kamiyama High Festival (Part 1)

Chapter Notes

Things... are going to be interesting from now on :)

Also, this is half from the event, half from mine.

[Three Days Ago – Homeroom]

The room was quiet. Too quiet.

Their homeroom teacher stood in front of the whiteboard with a grin that didn't quite match the tired look in her eyes. "Alright, class! This year, our class will be participating in the Kamiyama High Festival!"

Not a single clap.

Not even a breath of enthusiasm.

Just blank stares.

"H-Huh?" she blinked, tapping the board nervously. "No one's excited?"

A hand rose near the back. "Sensei," said Student Z, tone flat. "I don't think anyone's motivated."

Another hand shot up. "Sensei, are you sure you didn't lose a bet or something?" asked Student X.

"N-No!" she said, voice cracking slightly. "O-Of course not!"

The class exchanged glances.

A shared thought passed through the room in silence.

Our teacher definitely lost a bet.

"Well then!" she said quickly, pressing forward. "If we win, it's my treat! You can order anything—drinks, dessert, a full meal!"

"…Sensei," someone said slowly. "You really did lose a bet, didn't you?"

"Ack—I said no!"

The entire class looked at her with the same expression.

Unconvinced.

Thus began the most chaotic group project they'd ever been forced into.

[Back to Preparation.]

And so, here they were—costumes, scripts, and stage directions in hand—trying to pull together a school play in less than a week.

Yuu glanced around the classroom-turned-dressing room.

“Someone remind me why we decided on a fantasy romance plot?”

“Because someone said they wanted knights and magic,” Toya replied without looking up from his prop sword.

“And someone else insisted on a tragic twist,” Yuu muttered, looking at Nene, who tried not to meet his eyes.

The air was thick with pre-performance nerves.

Outside, the hum of students and visiting families filled the campus like a festival ground.

Kamiyama High’s front gates were open to the public.

“Aoyagi-kun, I’m heading to the bathroom for a bit.”

Toya nodded without glancing up. “Yeah. Don’t take too long.”

With that, Yuu slipped out of the bustling prep room and made his way down the hallway.

The noise of the festival grew dimmer with each step—the laughter, the rustle of costumes, the clatter of props fading behind him.

When he finally reached the bathroom, he stepped into the farthest stall and shut the door quietly behind him.

Click.

The lock slid into place.

He let out a breath, calm settling into his shoulders like a coat draped over them.

In the silence, he raised one hand and swiped through the air.

A soft, subtle shimmer responded.

The familiar flicker of translucent blue light emerged, forming the now all-too-familiar UI: Project Sekai.

He scrolled.

“I’m not sure what’s going on,” he muttered under his breath, “but… ever since I unlocked the [Stage Sekai], two new features popped up.”

His eyes narrowed slightly as they hovered over the icons.

[Gacha]

and

[Events]

He tapped on the first.

A small wheel spun on the screen. A banner unfurled.

Digital cards shimmered in the air, each one depicting stylized images, characters, expressions, moments. Some glowed with golden light. Others were faded, grayed out.

“If I’m right… I can pull for these banners, but..."

He frowned.

“What is this for?”

Cards in a game usually meant powerups, buffs, status increases—tools to aid in rhythm gameplay.

But here… in this twisted hybrid of reality and game, it wasn’t clear how this applied.

Combat? Drama? Dialogue choices?

He swiped the banner away, dismissing the uncertainty for now.

Instead, he tapped [Events].

And then—

It opened.

Immediately, a new interface expanded, unfolding like a digital pamphlet across the stall’s interior. At the center of it all:

[KAMIYAMA HIGH FESTIVAL]

His breath caught in his throat.

“…This is today’s event?”

He tapped again. A brief synopsis appeared, glowing text scrawled in thin serif font:

“This Event Story revolves around: Akiyama Mizuki.”

Yuu stared.

The screen felt colder suddenly, like ice pressing against his fingertips.

He hadn’t seen Mizuki in days—not since their brief exchange with An during lunch.

And now, the system had assigned a narrative event connected to them?

“…This is too sudden.”

“And this timing is too perfect.”

Yuu muttered the words under his breath, voice barely audible within the confines of the bathroom stall. His fingers tightened at his temples, nails brushing lightly against his scalp as he scratched his head in slow, frustrated circles.

“This shitty god…” he grumbled, “what is he planning?”

There was no answer. Just the soft hum of the digital UI still glowing faintly in the air before him—silent, ever-present, watching.

Yuu clenched his jaw, then forced himself to breathe.

Inhale.

Exhale.

Slow.

Grounding.

“Don’t get too anxious,” he murmured, eyes steadying on the [Event] screen as it blinked idly with Mizuki’s name still displayed. “Let’s just finish this story event and get on with it.”

He tapped to close the interface, the holographic light dimming until it disappeared entirely.

The stall, once dim and narrow, now felt smaller, tighter.

But Yuu had no choice but to keep moving forward.

“As long as it’s not that event…”

Yuu exhaled, muttering the words like a quiet prayer to himself.

His eyes hovered over the screen one last time, dreading the possibility that the system might throw him into something darker. Something he wasn’t ready for.

[Where Does the Path of Thorns Go?]

Just the memory of that name sent a chill crawling up his spine.

He remembered every detail.

The event story layered in metaphors of pain and repression, its tone far heavier than anything a rhythm game had any right to explore.

It was Mizuki’s event.

Their event.

But that wasn’t the one today.

He let out a sigh of relief, the tension in his shoulders easing slightly.

“No… The first event should’ve been Stella After the Rain, right?”

He closed the [Events] tab with a quick swipe, letting the interface dissolve into thin air like mist evaporating in morning light.

Yuu leaned his head back against the cool bathroom stall and closed his eyes.

“No, no… let’s not spiral. Just get through this. One event at a time.”

He took another breath, steeling himself.

Then he stood, unlocked the stall, and stepped back into the hallway.

Outside, Kamiyama High buzzed with festival noise—laughter, stage soundchecks, rustling paper decorations.

A world too bright to notice the storm quietly brewing beneath it.

Yuu stepped out of the bathroom, the cool hallway air brushing against his face like a reset button. The familiar noise of the school festival preparations slowly faded back into focus—students dragging desks, voices calling out for tape or scissors, the distant boom of someone testing a speaker system.

He adjusted his uniform collar and started walking.

When he returned to the classroom, the scene hadn’t changed much. Paper props were scattered across desks, and half-finished decorations clung awkwardly to the walls. Amid the mild chaos, Aoyagi Toya looked up from where he was sorting script pages.

“Hey,” Toya called, brushing a strand of hair from his face, “what took you so long?”

Yuu offered a neutral shrug, slipping back into the rhythm like nothing had happened. “Nothing much… just spaced out.”

Toya gave a slight nod, not pushing further.

Yuu glanced at the stage props stacked near the chalkboard. “Anyway. Let’s try to finish setting these up before lunch hits.”

“Agreed,” Toya replied, already moving to grab a roll of tape.

[A Day Later]

Kamiyama High had transformed.

Colorful stalls lined the school grounds, each manned by students in half-coordinated outfits, some in full costume. The air was thick with the scent of grilled takoyaki and sweet crepes, posters fluttering from trees and taped clumsily onto windows. Music spilled from portable speakers, blending chaotically with the chatter of excited students and visitors.

Yuu Hazuki stood near the gym doors, hands tucked into his pockets as he scanned the grounds. He spotted Toya pacing slowly nearby, clipboard abandoned under one arm, looking about as done as Yuu felt.

“How’s your end holding up?” Yuu asked, strolling up beside him.

Toya gave a short exhale, eyes blank. “I give up. I’m not doing this anymore.”

“Oh,” Yuu nodded sagely. Then added with a straight face, “Well, if you’re not doing it… I won’t either.”

Toya blinked, turning his head slightly. “Huh? Why?”

Yuu shrugged, lips tugging into a dry smirk. “Because then I’d look like the only one putting in effort. Can’t have that. Makes me look too motivated.”

Toya stared at him for a long second, deadpan. “…You’re the worst.”

“I’ve been told.”

The two stood there for a moment, letting the chaos of the festival swirl around them. Laughter, announcements, the occasional pop of a balloon—everything felt just a little too loud, a little too overdone. And yet, there was something grounding about it.

Even if Toya looked ready to retire at seventeen.

“Let’s just… do whatever we want,” Yuu said, flashing a lazy thumbs up.

Toya blinked, unimpressed. “That’s not how school festivals work.”

“It is now,” Yuu replied, already turning on his heel. “We’re students. The bar’s underground.”

Toya sighed, reluctantly following. “You say that like it’s something to be proud of.”

“I take pride in my realism.”

They slipped away from the crowd, walking past classmates hurrying with props, cardboard signs, and trays of discounted festival snacks. A couple of third-years were rehearsing lines for their haunted house attraction nearby, one of them shouting “ARGH!” a little too dramatically.

Yuu and Toya passed them without a second glance.

As they strolled around the campus grounds, the atmosphere felt a little lighter—not because anything had changed, but because they weren’t trying to force it. No roles. No pressure. Just two guys ignoring their responsibilities for ten minutes and calling it a coping strategy.

“Think we’ll get in trouble for this?” Toya asked.

Yuu glanced up at the sky. “If we do, we’ll say we were on a scouting mission.”

“For what?”

“…Takoyaki.”

Toya actually laughed, a small breath through his nose. “Fine. But you’re paying.”

Yuu smirked. “Only if you make the order.”

They decided to ditch the preparation... since it's not worth it... and then the day arrived.

The Kamiyama High Festival had arrived in full force.

What had once been a campus of quiet halls and sleepy classrooms was now transformed into a lively carnival of color and sound.

Paper lanterns swayed overhead between buildings, streamers clung to windows, and the air was thick with the scent of festival food—grilled yakisoba, caramelized apples, buttered popcorn, and the faint tang of sugar from fresh cotton candy.

Yuu Hazuki and Toya Aoyagi found themselves on the outer edge of the chaos, lingering where the crowd hadn't quite spilled over yet.

They hadn't lifted a finger to help with the morning preparations—no surprise there—and instead wandered the festival grounds like rogue inspectors judging everything in silence.

That is, until they were spotted.

"Oh? Are you two on a date?" An's voice rang out with playful teasing, her arms folded and a grin tugging at the corners of her mouth as she strolled up beside them.

Toya blinked once. "No."

An's grin only widened. "Aww, don't be shy! Walking around like that, side by side like a drama poster…"

Yuu glanced down at himself, then at Toya, deadpan. "I'm not even wearing matching colors."

"But your vibes are matching," Mizuki added with a smirk, sipping from a paper cup filled with sparkling melon soda. "It's giving 'cool duo who bailed on class duties' energy."

Yuu tucked his hands into his pockets and let out a soft chuckle. "We are ditching prep, so not wrong."

"See? I knew it," An said triumphantly, nudging Mizuki with her elbow. "Told you they'd flake."

"But still…" Mizuki looked around, their eyes catching on the stream of people flowing between booths, "this place is packed! I didn't think it'd be this crowded…"

"It always is," An replied, a note of pride in her voice. "Our school festival brings in half the neighborhood. You see all the parents and local kids? It's like a whole city event."

A sudden burst of laughter erupted nearby as a group of students in animal onesies juggled candy boxes while promoting their haunted café. Just behind them, a stall had set up an eye-catching cotton candy spinner, strands of sugar blooming into pastel clouds.

"Look," Mizuki said, pointing. "They're selling cotton candy! It looks so cute—let's go!"

"Okay! Sounds good!" An beamed, the two of them darting off through the crowd.

Yuu turned to Toya, who was watching the pair leave with a blank expression. "So? What about you?"

Toya shifted his gaze to the stall, watching a girl twirl a stick of sugar floss for a toddler with sticky hands and a grin too wide for his face.

“…Too sweet for me.”

Yuu smirked. “Figured.”

Instead of following, the two boys stayed put near the fringe of the festival, the commotion drifting around them like white noise. Brightly colored banners fluttered from classroom windows above, and booth signs fought for attention with glitter paint and hand-drawn mascots. Every voice blended into a cheerful din—vendors calling out, students laughing, the occasional squeal from someone losing at a goldfish scoop game.

Yuu breathed in the warm, sugar-laced air and tilted his head slightly toward Toya. “Kamiyama High really goes all out, huh…”

Toya gave a curt nod, adjusting his sleeve as a small child with a balloon brushed past him. “Too much.”

Yuu chuckled, eyes following a group of cosplaying students dancing near the stage.

Too much, yeah… but maybe that’s what made it interesting.

“Well, I’ll leave you here,” Yuu said, adjusting the strap of his bag. “I’m actually a little concerned about our class.”

Toya gave a short nod. “Hm… Alright.”

Without another word, Yuu turned on his heel and disappeared into the crowd, weaving past lines of festival-goers and classmates with purposeful strides.

[Point of View: Akiyama Mizuki]

"Phew! That was a lot of stalls," Mizuki said, stretching their arms above their head. “I feel like I’m gonna pop.”

“Same here,” An replied, her smile crooked with amusement. “Wanna go back to the classroom?”

Just then, a familiar voice called out over the noise of the festival.

“Hey, An…!”

The two turned to see Kohane hurrying toward them, a small bag of merchandise swinging from her wrist.

“Kohane! You made it!” An’s eyes lit up as she waved her over. “You said you weren’t sure if you could come, so I almost gave up hope!”

“Hehe… I didn’t know if I’d have time,” Kohane said sheepishly. “But I finished up earlier than I thought.”

Mizuki tilted their head with interest, eyes scanning the girl standing beside An.

Shy demeanor, careful speech, holding her hands neatly in front of her.

“Oh, you must be Azusawa,” Mizuki said with a friendly smile. “An’s always talking about you.”

“That’s right!” An added with a grin, slinging an arm around Kohane’s shoulders. “She’s my unbeatable singing partner♪”

Kohane flushed slightly and bowed her head. “H-Hello there. I’m Kohane Azusawa.”

“I’m Mizuki Akiyama,” Mizuki replied brightly. “It’s really nice to meet you, Kohane!”

“Oh, um… Nice to meet you too!” she replied, fidgeting slightly with the hem of her sleeve.

“Hey,” An said, looking between the two with a grin, “how about we check stuff out all together?”

“A-All of us…? Oh… um…” Kohane’s voice wavered just slightly, eyes darting to Mizuki and back.

Mizuki blinked once, catching the hesitation.

(Oh… is she getting nervous because I’m here?)

They glanced away for a second, sensing it.

(She came all this way on her own, so she probably wants to hang out with An. In that case…)

“Ah—drat!” Mizuki suddenly exclaimed, placing a hand on their forehead in mock panic. “The teacher noticed me! Ever since I missed that test, she’s been on my case about make-ups!”

They stepped back dramatically, waving one hand as if fleeing a scene. “You two go on ahead—I’ve gotta find somewhere to hide! I’ll see you later, An!”

“Mizuki—wait, what?!” An called after them, half-laughing, half-confused.

But Mizuki was already turning, their footsteps quickening as they ducked into the nearest hallway with a flutter of their coat and a trail of hurried steps.

“Shoot, they’re gone…” An muttered.

Kohane blinked in surprise. “…They’re… really energetic.”

An sighed with a smile. “Yeah, that’s Mizuki for you.”

Mizuki slowed to a stop once they were clear of the crowd, their boots tapping lightly against the hallway floor. The festival noise had faded into a distant buzz—shouts, laughter, and the rhythmic beat of a nearby performance muffled behind classroom doors.

They glanced over their shoulder, half-expecting An to come chasing after them.

Nothing.

Mizuki smiled faintly and turned forward again. “Looks like they’re not following me,” they murmured to themself, brushing a lock of hair behind their ear. “I might as well look around on my own, then.”

Just as they rounded a corner, a familiar voice called out:

“H-Huh? Akiyama-san…? I thought you were with An.”

Mizuki blinked.

Standing in the middle of the hall was Yuu Hazuki, arms wrapped around a cardboard box labeled ‘COTTON CANDY SUPPLIES in bold black marker. His expression was calm, though the way he shifted his grip suggested the box wasn’t exactly light.

“Aha~ Hazuki-kun?” Mizuki tilted their head. “What’s with the delivery?”

“Ah,” Yuu said, adjusting the box slightly, “I was just helping out the class. Thought we were doing a play, but turns out they ditched the script and went with a cotton candy stand instead. And here I am, carrying a box full of sugar.”

Mizuki grinned. “Hmm~ I thought you were the type to ditch class.”

Yuu gave a short chuckle. “Haha. No.”

He paused for a moment, eyes narrowing slightly as they scanned Mizuki’s expression.

“…But still, why are you alone?”

Mizuki flinched, eyes darting away. “Oh… U-Uhm…”

Yuu didn’t press further. He simply looked directly, steadily. Mizuki could feel the weight of it. Not judgmental. Just quiet understanding.

“I see,” he said after a beat. “Then… want to come to my class?”

“Huh?”

Yuu shifted the box again and nodded in the direction he came from. “We were going to get Aoyagi-kun to help out, but since it’s not a play anymore, it’s just… sweets and stall stuff. Could use the company.”

Mizuki hesitated. Their gaze flicked to the box, then to Yuu’s face.

“I-I’m good…!” they said, waving both hands quickly. “Really!”

“Really?” Yuu raised an eyebrow.

“Yeah!” Mizuki insisted, smiling through the awkwardness.

Yuu gave a soft sigh, half a shrug. “Well… alright. But I’m telling you, sweet cotton candies are the best.”

Mizuki watched him walk away, the box balanced steadily in his arms.

“…Sugar and background characters, huh,” they murmured, then turned on their heel and headed down the hall.

Alone again. But somehow… not entirely.

Mizuki wandered through the sunlit hallway, weaving between students in brightly colored class T-shirts and festival gear. Streamers hung from the ceiling, and the air buzzed with overlapping voices and music spilling out from open classroom doors. The whole building pulsed with energy—colorful, chaotic, and loud.

(Every class seems to be showcasing something different...) Mizuki thought, scanning the vibrant posters pinned across the walls. (There are theater performances, movie-inspired shows... What should I see first?)

They glanced down at their own outfit—casual, stylish, and decidedly not matching the crowd.

(Although... everyone's wearing their class festival T-shirts. I'm gonna stick out like a sore thumb. Not like that's different from any other day…)

With a small sigh, Mizuki hugged their arms loosely around themselves and kept walking.

Suddenly—

"Ha ha ha ha ha!!"

A strange burst of laughter echoed from above.

They froze.

"…What the…?"

The laughter didn't match the cheerful atmosphere downstairs—it was theatrical, sharp, almost too perfect.

Mizuki's eyes flicked upward toward the second-floor landing.

(That was definitely from the empty classroom upstairs… Is someone pulling a prank? Or maybe it's one of those 'mystery' attraction things?)

They stood still for a moment as the noise died out.

The hallway around them buzzed with festival cheer, but that lone burst of laughter lingered in their mind.

(Well... I guess I don't have anything better to do.)

With a light exhale and a curious smile tugging at the corner of their lips, Mizuki turned on their heel and made their way up the stairs.

(Let's go see what's going on...)

Kamiyama High Festival (Part 2)

[Kamiyama High School – Classroom]

The classroom had been hastily transformed into a makeshift theater. Desks were pushed aside to form a small stage in the center, and a few foldable chairs stood as an impromptu audience row. Atop one table rested a tablet, its screen glowing faintly blue as KAITO's holographic form shimmered to life, perfectly upright, arms crossed with theatrical poise.

"Tsukasa-kun," KAITO's voice rang with practiced clarity, "shall we rehearse the proposal scene again? It's a pivotal point of the play, so we need to get this part just right."

Tsukasa stood with radiant confidence, a glint of determination in his eyes. "You're right! Perfectionism is the mark of a true star, after all!"

From the sidelines, Rui gave a faint, lopsided smile. "Okay. I'll be your partner for this scene."

KAITO's image raised a hand with commanding grace. "Kneel down—your right hand holding the sword behind you, your left hand raised imploringly. Like this..."

Tsukasa followed the direction without hesitation, sinking to one knee with dramatic flair. He extended his left hand toward the empty air, while his other arm curled behind him, gripping the hilt of a cheap plastic sword made for the school play.

"Good, just like that," KAITO praised, voice warm with encouragement. "Now say your lines."

Tsukasa cleared his throat, eyes gleaming. "O Juliet! Sun of my life! I beg of you, allow me your fair hand in marriage!!"

He rose to his feet, extending the moment with a sweeping gesture. "Sweet Juliet…!"

"That was great!" KAITO beamed. "I think you're ready for the show."

"Thanks for your help, guys!" Tsukasa beamed with pride, standing tall as if he were already under the stage lights. "I'm going to stir up a whirlpool of emotions in the hearts of the students here—no, in the hearts of the whole world!"

From a corner, Nene Kusanagi leaned against a desk, arms folded. She raised an eyebrow. "I think you're a little out of touch with reality…"

Tsukasa flinched. "Oh yeah? What makes you say that?!"

Nene crossed the room with deliberate steps and plucked the script from a nearby table. "I gave this a read, thinking a parody of Romeo and Juliet might be fun. But all you've got here is a bunch of fight scenes and bizarre plot twists. How can anyone be moved by this?"

"You just don't get it!" Tsukasa's eyes sparkled with passion. "Seeing nine Romeos battling it out to the death to prove their love—it's going to be a gripping spectacle!"

Rui chuckled softly, flipping through the pages with a kind of fond amusement. “Oh, I love that scene too. Desperate to win Juliet’s heart, the Romeos mercilessly slaughter each other one after another.”

He paused, voice laced with morbid delight. “Blood gushes left and right to the accompaniment of agonized screams. And yet… the audience is unable to contain their laughter. I think it’s wonderful that you’ve turned a tragic love story into a violent comedy.”

“Huh?” Tsukasa blinked, his confident expression faltering. “But I wrote this as a tragedy, not a comedy…”

KAITO burst into laughter, the sound echoing cheerfully from the tablet. “Hahaha…!”

The school bell chimed overhead, a shrill reminder that time had once again gotten away from them.

Nene glanced at the clock, then turned to the door. “Oh, I didn’t realize it was so late… I need to help out at our class’s stall.”

She looked back over her shoulder at Tsukasa. “Your show’s starting soon. Shouldn’t you get ready? Even if we’re not in it, our reputations are on the line, so try not to totally mess things up.”

Tsukasa puffed out his chest indignantly. “What?! My performances are always top quality!”

Rui chuckled behind a hand. “Hehe. It’s just Nene’s way of saying she cares, Tsukasa.”

As Nene exited the classroom with a small wave, Tsukasa turned toward Rui and KAITO, holding the script close to his chest like a knight preparing for battle.

“…I’ll show them. This play will move hearts, one over-the-top sword fight at a time!”

[Back to Mizuki Akiyama’s POV]

“I think this is the classroom where that weird laughter was coming from…”

Mizuki’s steps slowed as they peeked around the doorframe, cautious yet curious. The hallway was abuzz with voices and footsteps, but the sound that had drawn them—boisterous, theatrical laughter—was unmistakably Rui's.

Their gaze settled on a familiar silhouette inside the room.

(Oh… that’s Rui, isn’t it…?)

He stood among a group of students, light catching in his violet-tinted hair as he flipped a page of a script. Around him, classmates laughed, chatted, and adjusted props in a flurry of last-minute rehearsal energy. There was something different about his posture—something softer. Relaxed. At ease.

(So… he’s managed to make some good friends.)

Mizuki’s expression softened, eyes tracing Rui’s subtle smile, the casual way he stood as though he belonged there.

(He really looks happy.)

They tilted their head slightly, a wistful smile forming at the corners of their lips.

“Hehe… maybe I should leave them be…”

Just as Mizuki turned to step away, a voice rang out behind them.

“Akiyama-san!”

Startled, Mizuki blinked and spun around.

“Hazuki-kun…”

Yuu jogged up, wiping a bit of sweat from his brow. The cardboard box from earlier was nowhere in sight, presumably delivered.

“Yo,” he greeted casually.

Mizuki blinked again. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” Yuu replied with a shrug. “Just finished carrying the supplies for our class.”

“I see…”

For a second, they stood there in the corridor, the din of the festival all around—laughter, footsteps, the blare of a trumpet from somewhere outside. Sunlight filtered through the windows, casting warm streaks across the floor.

Then Yuu spoke again, voice quieter. “If you don’t mind… want to go explore the festival together?”

Mizuki looked at him, momentarily surprised.

The hallway buzz faded slightly. His tone had been casual, but not empty.

They smiled. “I… don’t mind.”

And with that, the two of them began to walk, blending back into the color and noise of Kamiyama High’s vibrant, chaotic festival day.

The corridors gave way to a burst of color and sound the moment Yuu and Mizuki stepped outside. The school courtyard had transformed into a miniature town of stalls and decorations. Hand-painted banners fluttered in the breeze, each boasting class projects, food menus, or “haunted house” warnings in bold strokes. Laughter echoed over the thrum of festival music piping through the school’s old PA system.

Yuu walked a step ahead at first, hands in his pockets, his expression unreadable—but his pace was relaxed, not rushed. Mizuki followed closely, their gaze bouncing between booths, costumes, and curious faces. The late afternoon sun painted everything in a soft gold, catching in strands of Mizuki’s pink hair as it swayed with each step.

“Wow,” Mizuki said, wide-eyed. “Kamiyama really goes all out, huh?”

Yuu gave a small nod. “Some people take it seriously. Others… just want to skip class.”

“Haha… that’s fair,” Mizuki said with a chuckle. Their eyes twinkled as they pointed toward a stand up ahead. “Ooh, they’re selling taiyaki!”

Without waiting, Mizuki drifted toward the stall, peering curiously at the display. “I haven’t had one in forever… The red bean ones look good…”

“You want one?” Yuu asked, already pulling his wallet from his back pocket.

“Eh? You’re buying?”

“You’re the one who pointed it out. That counts as a signal.”

Mizuki blinked, then laughed lightly. “Well, if you insist.”

Yuu ordered two—one red bean, one custard. They moved to the edge of the courtyard where the foot traffic thinned, finding a low stone ledge to sit on.

Mizuki bit into their taiyaki with a happy hum. “Mmm… still warm.”

Yuu took a bite of his as well, eyes casually scanning the crowd. Students rushed past them, some in costume, others dragging carts of supplies or passing out flyers.

For a moment, they just sat there. Quietly eating. Breathing in the late afternoon breeze.

Then Mizuki broke the silence.

“Thanks,” they said softly.

Yuu looked over, one eyebrow raised.

“For this. For walking around with me. I know you probably had better things to do.”

Yuu shook his head. “Not really. You seemed like you needed the break.”

“…Maybe I did.”

Their eyes met briefly, a shared understanding in the look.

“…Anyway,” Mizuki said with a grin, flicking away the mood before it got too heavy. “I think there’s a cosplay contest happening near the gymnasium. Want to check it out?”

“Sure,” Yuu said, brushing crumbs from his fingers. “As long as you don’t enter.”

Mizuki gasped with mock offense. “What makes you think I wouldn’t win?!”

Yuu smirked faintly. “That’s the problem.”

As the two rounded a corner of the courtyard, Mizuki’s eyes lit up.

“Oh, look!” they exclaimed, pointing toward a classroom entrance draped in black curtains and eerie cobwebs. Cardboard tombstones lined the path, and a fog machine hissed faintly from inside. “This class is doing a haunted house! The decorations are really good!”

Mizuki leaned in, curiosity dancing in their eyes. A skeletal hand peeked from a closet prop, and somewhere deeper inside, a scream rang out—high-pitched and overly dramatic.

(Heh, I bet this would totally give Ena the creeps…) Mizuki thought with a smirk. (Mafuyu, though… she probably wouldn't even flinch. Kanade… Hmm. I kind of want to see what she looks like when she gets startled. That'd be cute, wouldn't it?)

They shook their head suddenly, cheeks puffing with frustration.

(Wait—why am I thinking about them right now? It's not like they're here…)

But a wistful sigh escaped their lips before they could catch it.

"It'd be fun if Shinonome-san were here," Mizuki murmured aloud.

Yuu glanced over at them, slightly surprised. "You mean Ena?"

Before Mizuki could answer, another voice interrupted.

"Shinonome, don't forget your shift starts at three!" a passing classmate said.

Yuu's eyes shifted—just in time to spot Akito, casually leaning against the school wall with his phone in hand, and beside him, Toya, standing with that usual composed air.

"No worries," Akito called back to the student. "I'll be back in time. See you then."

He slid his phone into his pocket and walked over.

"Sorry for the wait, Toya."

"It's fine," Toya said, glancing toward the haunted house sign. "I just got here, too. So… your class theme is a haunted house?"

"Yeah," Akito replied, scratching his head. "But I'm just the receptionist. Not exactly the scariest part."

"What about you?" Akito asked. "You doing anything?"

"Selling cotton candy," Toya answered plainly. "Not the basic kind. We're using flavor infusions—matcha, sakura, stuff like that. Making them is… more fun than I thought."

"Flavored cotton candy, huh?" Akito raised a brow. "Didn't think you'd be the festival type."

"I thought we'd be doing a stage play, honestly…"

"Oh, right! You sent me a picture earlier. Still can't imagine you holding a stick of cotton candy though."

Just then, their eyes turned, drawn by a flash of coral pink hair and a presence too bold to ignore.

"Hey, you there!" Mizuki called, walking right up to Akito.

"Huh?" Akito blinked. "Me?"

“Your name’s Akito Shinonome, right?” Mizuki asked, already grinning. “Any chance you’re Ena’s little brother?”

Yuu blinked at the bluntness, but didn’t interrupt. He quietly watched Mizuki's eyes gleam with amusement.

Akito’s brow furrowed slightly. “Uh… yeah. Ena’s my sister. Why?”

“Really?! I knew it!” Mizuki clapped their hands together. “So you go to Kamiyama too?! That’s hilarious.”

“…Yeah?” Akito gave Yuu a confused glance.

“And you’re in the haunted house class? Wait… you must be the same year as me! I had no idea Ena’s little brother was my age!”

“Why would Ena tell you that?” Akito muttered, clearly still trying to process the whirlwind of energy that was Mizuki.

“Oh, I’m Mizuki Akiyama. Class 1-A. Ena and I are close! …Well, close enough.” They flashed a wink. “I hang out with her pretty often.”

Akito raised a brow, skeptical. “Close with Ena…? Huh. You’re not messing with me?”

“Not at all!”

Yuu, watching the scene unfold, let a quiet smile tug at the corner of his lips. Seeing Mizuki talk about Ena—so cheerfully, so openly—was oddly refreshing. It was a rare sight… and a genuine one.

Just then, another voice entered the conversation.

“Toya-san,” Mizuki greeted with a wave. “Hello!”

Toya nodded calmly, eyes flicking to Yuu and Mizuki. “Seems you two are spending time together.”

“Yup,” Mizuki replied brightly, stepping a little closer to Yuu’s side. “We’re each other’s company for the day.”

Yuu let out a small exhale and nodded. “More or less.”

Akito blinked, now thoroughly confused. “Wait—since when did you two start hanging out?”

“You’d be surprised."

“Anyway, Li’l Bro, is Ena here today?” Mizuki asked, grinning as they leaned toward Akito, playful sparkle in their eyes.

“…Li’l Bro?” Akito repeated, visibly confused, before sighing with a mix of irritation and resignation. “I have no idea what my sister’s up to. She’s probably still in bed, like always.”

“Aww, I figured,” Mizuki pouted. “It would’ve been nice if we could hang out with Hazuki-kun too… you know, with Ena.”

“Actually,” Toya spoke up calmly, his voice quiet but clear over the ambient buzz of the festival, “you two are welcome to join us.”

The three of them blinked at him in unison.

“Huh?” Yuu, Akito, and Mizuki said together.

Toya offered a small nod. “My friend’s class play is starting soon. I was planning to watch it—he worked hard on it, so I’d like to show support. If you’re free, you’re more than welcome.”

“Oh, is this that thing you mentioned earlier?” Akito asked. “The friend—you mean that Tsukasa guy you introduced me to before?”

“Yes. He wrote the script and he’s also playing the lead.”

“Huh,” Mizuki said, eyes lighting up. “That sounds kind of cool! I don’t usually go to plays, so I’m curious now. Thanks for inviting me—if you’re really okay with it.”

Yuu gave Akito a sly look and smirked. “Are you sure we’re not interrupting your date?”

Akito gave him a deadpan glare. “Don’t start.”

Toya just nodded without missing a beat. “The more people in the audience, the better for Tsukasa. You coming, Akito?”

“Fine, whatever…” Akito muttered, stuffing his hands into his pockets. “So he’s actually doing it, huh?”

“Yay! Thanks, Li’l Bro! Thanks, Toya!” Mizuki sang, bouncing slightly on their toes. “What are we still doing here? Let’s go~!”

And before Akito could protest, Mizuki tugged on his sleeve.

“Oi—don’t pull—! And seriously, stop calling me that!” Akito stumbled a little, dragged forward. “Whoa!”

Toya and Yuu exchanged a knowing look as they followed close behind, amused by the chaos.

Together, the four of them made their way through the crowded hallway toward Class 2-A.

The classroom was buzzing when they arrived—audiences chatting excitedly as desks were rearranged into rows, the curtains drawn, and lights dimmed slightly for atmosphere.

The handmade banner above the chalkboard read:

“Romeo: Battle Royale"

“…This is gonna be something,” Akito mumbled, unimpressed.

“Wow!” Mizuki exclaimed, eyes scanning the packed room. “They’ve got a huge crowd!”

“No surprise,” Toya said, calm as ever. “Most of them are probably here to see Tsukasa-senpai perform.”

“You sure about that…?” Akito asked, squinting at the title. “I mean… ‘Romeo: Battle Royale’? Sounds like a low-budget action flick…”

“Don’t judge a book by its cover,” Mizuki grinned. “We’re lucky! Looks like the front seats are still open!”

“Good,” Toya nodded. “We’ll get the clearest view of his performance that way.”

Akito glanced sidelong at him. “You actually seem kinda excited, Toya…”

“Do I?”

As the three of them slipped into their seats, Yuu stepped back, giving them a small wave.

“Wait—guys, I’ve gotta run. My class needs more help. Kusanagi-san’s handling it on her own right now.”

“Yeah, yeah. Enjoy yourself,” Akito said with a small wave.

“See you, Hazuki-kun!” Mizuki chirped.

“Enjoy the festival, Akiyama-san,” Yuu replied with a light smile before turning toward the door.

[Changing to Yuu Hazuki's POV]

He walked down the corridor slowly, letting the sound of excited chatter fade behind him.

Good… everything’s still on track.

He exhaled.

The air outside the classroom felt lighter, as if the story itself was easing off its pressure—if only for a moment.

I managed to blend in. I didn’t disrupt the flow of the event…

He ran a hand through his hair.

“I’m tired…”

The sun had begun dipping slightly toward the west, casting long slants of golden light through the school windows. The festival bustled on around him, but Yuu moved quietly, unnoticed by most—exactly the way he liked it.

Still… I’m surprised my brain managed to memorize this entire story arc. I haven’t even saved…

He chuckled softly to himself.

And for just a moment, it felt like he was playing a game again, only this time, he was inside the screen.

"For now... they should be enjoying the play."
Yuu muttered under his breath, eyes narrowing slightly as he stepped away from the bustling hallway.

His footsteps slowed as he reached a quiet alcove near the stairs—out of sight, out of mind. With no one around, the background noise of festival laughter and dramatic stage dialogue faded into a soft hum, like static behind a screen.

He rolled his shoulders and exhaled—deep, slow, controlled.

"I should start pulling the strings."

His fingers moved subtly, swiping through empty air—once again, the familiar Project Sekai interface flickered into view.

Glowing data spiraled into focus, lighting up his eyes with a quiet intensity.

This was a stage.

And he had his part to play.

Kamiyama High Festival (Part 3)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“First…” Yuu muttered under his breath, glancing at the flickering interface only he could see, “Always make sure Akiyama-san reaches the rooftop with Rui. That’s when the flashbacks start.”

His eyes scanned the invisible nodes suspended in the air like constellations—paths branching, scripts unfolding, outcomes hinging on timing.

He was mid-swipe when—

“Oi. Hazuki-kun?”

The familiar voice pulled him back to reality. He flinched—only slightly—as he turned toward the hallway.

There, walking side by side, were Toya and Akito. Their steps slowed when they noticed him standing by the stairwell, half-shadowed by the open window.

“What are you doing here?” Toya asked, a hint of confusion threading his otherwise calm tone. “I thought you were still at the stall.”

Yuu blinked once, calmly. “Ah… I was taking a rest.”

“Nah, he’s ditching.” Akito smirked, hands in his pockets, the usual teasing tone in his voice.

“I am taking a rest,” Yuu repeated flatly, not even bothering to argue further.

But then, Toya’s next question cut just a bit deeper.

“More importantly, have you seen Akiyama-san? Or Tsukasa-senpai?”

Yuu’s eyes widened ever so slightly—a crack in his composure. The play’s over already? He hadn’t expected the scene to wrap so quickly.

[Genius of Acting – Activated]

Without missing a beat, his posture relaxed again, lips curling into a faintly apologetic smile.

“I haven’t seen them yet.” He kept his tone casual. “Like I said—I’ve just been resting here.”

Toya gave a small nod, satisfied with the answer.

“I see. Let’s go, Akito.”

“Yeah, yeah.” Akito glanced back once with a squint before disappearing down the hall with Toya.

As soon as they were out of sight, the flickering UI reappeared before Yuu’s eyes.

He sighed through his nose.

“...That was close.”

His fingers resumed swiping. Time to push the story forward again.

[Back to Mizuki Akiyama’s POV]

“Tsukasaaa!”

Mizuki called out into the crowd, voice barely audible over the clamor of the festival. But as expected—no response. No luck here either…

They wandered a little further, aimlessly weaving between students and guests until a small commotion drew their attention near the gym entrance.

“Hm? What’s this?”

A modest crowd had gathered in front of a makeshift stage, cheers rising like confetti in the air.

“And the winner of the Kamiyama Gaming Tournament is... Nene Kusanagi!” the host’s amplified voice boomed, prompting an enthusiastic round of applause. “Congratulations! Her incredible high score left the contestants in the dust! Could we please have a few words, Ms. Kusanagi?”

Mizuki’s eyes widened slightly as Nene appeared onstage, flustered but trying her best to stay composed beneath the attention.

“I, um... I’m... I’m very happy. Th-Thank you...” she said softly.

The host leaned in again, cheerful. “Your score in the shooting game category deserves a special mention! Could you give us some tips on how to get better at shooters?”

“I, um... I just play a lot at home...”

Mizuki smiled faintly. She’s so different up close… but somehow the same.

They tilted their head thoughtfully.

“Hey, I think I’ve heard of that shooter. Isn’t it super hard? She must be amazing...” they muttered, then quickly shook themselves from the thought. “Wait, I’m already getting distracted! Tsukasa! Where’s Tsukasa...? Ugh, this is getting me nowhere. Too many people have seen him, but none are useful leads.”

Just then—

“Hey, look. It’s Mizuki-san!” a familiar voice called.

Mizuki froze. A pair of classmates from their own year were approaching—people they recognized only vaguely but knew well enough to expect that tone.

“It’s been ages! I didn’t think you’d show up!”

They offered a polite, practiced smile. “Oh... hey. Good to see you again! The festival seemed fun, so I thought I’d check it out♪”

The girls looked them up and down.

“But... why aren’t you wearing the class T-shirt?” one asked with faux curiosity.

“Well… I was offered one, but getting changed felt like too much of a bother. So I figured I’d pass.”

A brief pause.

“Hm. Yeah, I see your point,” the other said, lowering her voice slightly. “I guess wearing the same T-shirt as everyone else in your class is pretty cliché and uncool.”

“Totally,” the first whispered. “Still, Mizuki’s kind of asking for attention, right? I mean, look at that outfit.”

Mizuki’s smile didn’t falter.

Not even a twitch.

But their heart dropped just a bit. Not from the words—they were used to those. It was the familiarity. The fact that it never seemed to change.

Just then—

A hand brushed lightly against their shoulder.

“Actually, Akiyama-san looks plenty cute in their outfit.” Yuu Hazuki’s calm voice cut through the air, a smooth interruption that turned all heads.

“I’ve been looking for you.”

“H-Hazuki-kun?!” Mizuki blinked, eyes wide.

He simply offered a small wave. “Yo. I’m done with the stall, so I finally got a break.”

“I-I see...” Mizuki replied, tension draining just a little.

Behind them, the two classmates leaned toward each other.

“Wait… Mizuki-san has a friend?”

“I didn’t know that…”

“Also, this guy—he’s kinda cute too, right?”

“Should we invite him?”

One of them turned back toward Mizuki with a forced smile. “Hey, do you want to check out the festival with us? It’s been so long since we got to chat.” She eyed Yuu like he was part of the invitation.

Before Mizuki could say anything, Yuu's voice came first—light but firm.

"Sorry, but we're actually looking for someone right now."

"Oh... okay. That's too bad."

"You guys have fun though! See ya!" Mizuki said, waving them off, the smile on their face now a little more real—if only out of relief.

Once the girls were gone, Mizuki's voice dipped into a mutter. "Wearing the same outfit is uncool, huh? You can only say that because you actually fit in..."

Yuu glanced over, scratching the side of his head. "Geez… what's their problem anyway?"

Mizuki didn't answer right away. They just looked ahead, eyes focused on the crowd but not really seeing it.

Then finally—

"Thanks, Hazuki-kun."

Yuu blinked. "For what?"

"For showing up. Right on cue." Mizuki gave a tiny smile, then took a deep breath. "Let's go."

But before Mizuki would run off again, Yuu grabbed their arm.

"Akiyama-san."

Mizuki paused, looking at their arm before looking up at Yuu.

"What's wrong?"

[Switching to Yuu Hazuki's POV]

Before Mizuki could slip away again into the current of the festival, He reached out and grabbed their arm—not hard, just enough to stop them.

"Akiyama-san."

They paused, blinking at the contact. Their gaze dropped to his hand, then slowly lifted to meet his.

Their eyes—soft pink and curious—tilted ever so slightly with concern.

"What's wrong?" they asked, voice light but careful.

He hesitated.

The noise of the festival seemed to fade, dimming to a low hum behind my ears. All he could focus on was the moment between us—the weight of it.

The way Mizuki was looking at him.

Not judging, not defensive.

Just… waiting.

I want to say something.

But I shouldn’t.

I know I shouldn’t.

Everything—the event—it’s all been going as it should.

I've been playing along, making sure nothing spirals out of control, making sure the emotional arcs align with what’s already been written.

And yet—

As a Project Sekai hardcore fan...

I know exactly what’s coming.

The rooftop.

Rui.

The bittersweet flashbacks.

The weight Mizuki's been carrying that nobody else seems to fully see.

I know what they’re about to face, even if they don't.

Even if they’ve buried it too deep to name.

But even so…

As your friend…

I can’t help but want to say something.

Something real.

To break the invisible fourth wall, I’ve been carefully tiptoeing around all this time.

But that would ruin it, wouldn’t it?

Break the spell.

Destroy the moment that’s meant to be yours.

His grip loosened slightly, but he didn’t let go.

“You’re going to be okay, you know,” He said quietly, trying to make it sound casual even as his heart pounded.

Mizuki blinked. “Huh? What brought that on?”

“Nothing. Just… a feeling.” He gave a faint smile, then slowly let go of their arm.

Their expression lingered on mine for a moment longer—searching, maybe—before they gave a small, crooked grin.

“You’re weird, Hazuki-kun.”

“Yeah. I’ve been hearing that a lot lately.”

They laughed softly, then turned and headed off, their pace picking up with every step.

He stood there for a moment longer, watching until they disappeared into the crowd.

And then he sighed.

“God, this is harder than I thought…”

The world surged back in—voices, movement, festival energy pulsing like a heartbeat all around him—but none of it reached him.

Because the story was moving now.

And all he could do… was follow.

“Now then… I should enjoy and leave the characters be.”

Yuu stretched his arms toward the sky, back arching with a quiet sigh as the sounds of the festival surrounded him—laughter, footsteps, the metallic sizzle of takoyaki grills, and the distant beat of a band performance from the outdoor stage.

He let the warm afternoon light bathe his face, eyes briefly closing. His job—if it could even be called that—was done. The story had found its rhythm again.

And just like that, without his interference, it continued.

Somewhere far above—on the rooftop of Kamiyama High—Mizuki stood face to face with Rui, the early summer breeze catching their hair as quiet memories stirred beneath their chest.

Their voice was low, uncertain at first… but steady.

They spoke of how they used to be.

Of the parts they’d lost.

Of how hard it was to see themself in mirrors that only showed reflections of the past.

Rui listened.

Not as a performer, not as a genius, but as someone who had always seen what others missed.

One by one, the others arrived—An’s cheerful voice, Akito’s exasperated honesty, Toya’s quiet presence, Tsukasa’s energy, Nene’s shy glance. All of them, drawn to the same place by something unspoken. And up there, with nothing but sky above and memories behind them, Mizuki smiled—not because everything was perfect, but because it wasn’t.

It was real.

And down below, far removed from that moment but deeply aware of it—Yuu Hazuki sat beneath a tree, a half-finished crepe in one hand, his other resting on his knee.

Suddenly, a soft chime echoed in the air.

Before him, a glowing holographic screen flickered to life, its familiar transparent blue overlay popping into view.

[The Event Has Ended.]

[You will receive your reward via mail afterwards.]

Yuu stared at it blankly for a moment, then let out a quiet laugh. “Figures.”

With a swipe of his hand, the interface dissolved into a shimmer of light.

He leaned back against the trunk of the tree, letting the breeze rustle through the festival banners overhead. In the distance, music played—faint, happy, alive.

And for once, there was nothing to fix.

Nothing to monitor.

Just the warm, golden hum of a world that had, somehow, kept spinning without him.

Just as Yuu began to relax beneath the tree, content to let the story unfold without his touch, a sudden voice cut through the warm hum of the fading day.

“There you are!”

He turned.

Approaching him in a lively cluster was the entire group—An, waving with that signature spark in her eye, Akito wearing a familiar smirk, Toya trailing just behind, and the rest not far behind her.

Yuu blinked. “Huh…? All of you...?”

“What are you doing here, all alone?” Akito leaned in slightly, eyebrow raised. “Ohhh, could it be you’ve got a secret girlfriend hiding somewhere around here?” he teased, grinning.

Yuu exhaled through his nose, “You wish.”

“We came looking for you,” Toya said plainly, adjusting the strap of the small festival bag over his shoulder. “Didn’t seem right to just end the day without you.”

“Let’s at least have some fun at the night festival together,” Rui added, ever-smiling, his tone softer—like an invitation without strings.

“Right, right!” Tsukasa beamed, dramatically placing a hand over his heart. “You’re coming too! I want the biggest audience I can get tonight!”

Yuu narrowed his eyes. “Audience...?”

“Heh. Turns out anyone who wants to take the stage is welcome to,” Tsukasa explained, practically vibrating with enthusiasm. “And that’s exactly what I intend to do! My exquisite voice will soon resonate across all of Kamiyama!”

“Is that why you dashed off after the play?” Mizuki asked, a little breathless from keeping up.

“Precisely! I had to prepare for an impromptu performance worthy of a standing ovation.” His eyes sparkled. “Oh! And I’ve also roped in Yuu, Akito, and Toya as my backup singers!”

“What.” Yuu blinked flatly. “I don’t remember signing up for anything.”

“Decent at singing, huh? Gee, thanks.” Akito crossed his arms, brow twitching.

“I’d be happy to sing with you, Tsukasa-senpai,” Toya offered calmly, clearly unfazed.

“And this festival is the perfect moment to unveil my latest invention,” Rui added with a mysterious flourish, fingertips dancing in the air like a magician revealing his next trick.

Nene shot him a wary glance. “It’s another pointless gadget, isn’t it...?”

As the banter continued, An suddenly perked up. “Oh! Almost forgot!”

She reached into her sling bag and pulled out a tightly rolled piece of cloth—a folded class T-shirt, creased from being stashed but unmistakably bright in color. She offered it with a grin.

“Here, Mizuki! I brought your class shirt! Figured you might change your mind now that it’s not so crowded downstairs.”

Mizuki stared at the shirt for a moment, blinking. “Oh...”

“It’s cute, right?” An added. “Maybe we can find you somewhere to change—there’s a restroom that should be free now.”

“But come to think of it…” Akito eyed the shirt with a flat look. “Your class’s T-shirt kinda sucks.”

“Akito!” An puffed her cheeks. “How can you say that?!”

“It’s just... not something I’d wear.”

“Not you too, Mizuki…” she whined, spinning toward them.

Mizuki chuckled softly, holding the shirt up with a critical eye. “Hehe. We could layer it with something cute. Make it work, you know?”

Yuu stepped forward with a casual shrug. “What are you talking about, Akiyama-san? No matter what you wear, you always look cute.”

“Uwah…” Akito turned to him with a mock-horrified expression. “Hazuki. Please. I just ate.”

“Now, now!” An waved both arms, trying to rein in the chaos. “Okay—go get changed, Mizuki! The night festival’s waiting!”

Laughter followed them down the corridor, the low buzz of the evening crowd swelling beyond the windows.

And just like that, Yuu found himself pulled along again—not by fate, not by the story's script, but by something warm, messy, and real.

Something like friendship.

Something worth staying for.

Chapter End Notes

I can rest easy.

The One Who Watches

Chapter Notes

Adding a new tag [Psychological]

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Just yesterday, the school grounds had been bursting with life—laughter echoing through the halls, the scent of fried festival food lingering in the air, and excitement sparking in every direction like fireworks. But today...

It was quiet.

Too quiet.

Yuu Hazuki lay propped up on his bed, a hand resting limply on his stomach, eyes glazed over as he stared at the semi-transparent holographic UI hovering inches from his face.

The glow from the interface cast pale light across his expression—tired, unimpressed, and barely awake.

"…I would open the mail for my reward right now," he muttered, voice heavy with exhaustion, "but I'm still wiped from yesterday."

Despite that, his fingers moved on their own. A lazy swipe opened the message tab. The screen shimmered softly before a notification popped up front and center.

[Congratulations! You've completed the event: Kamiyama High Festival]

Reward: 5,500 Crystals

Yuu blinked.

He stared blankly at the numbers for a moment. "Again… I still don't know what the gacha system does. I'm inside the game."

His voice rose slightly with irritation as he shifted upright on the bed, dragging a hand through his disheveled hair.

He tapped the [Gacha] tab just to see it pulse in return, the jewel-toned button swirling with hypnotic particle effects—glimmering purples and golds, like a dream luring him in.

Come on, it seemed to whisper. Just one pull. You know you're curious.

Yuu narrowed his eyes. "What am I even pulling for? Another me with different voice lines? Do I get an ultra-rare 5-star 'Brooding Bench-Sitter' version of myself?"

His sarcasm didn’t help the unease settling in his chest.

He exhaled slowly, ready to close the screen, when something flickered in the upper corner.

Just beside the crystal count, something new.

A small, metallic icon labeled:

[Convert]

“…What the hell is that?”

His brow furrowed, finger hovering uncertainly. That hadn’t been there before. Not in any version of the game he remembered.

Not in any gameplay mechanic.

With a breath, he tapped it.

The screen expanded—lines of data flashing rapidly before settling into a clean menu.

Sleek black with violet-blue accents, the window displayed a single, mysterious message at the top:

[Skill Points]
[System Items]
[Real Life Currency]

Yuu’s mouth went dry. “This… this wasn’t in the original game. Not even close.”

His eyes darted across the menu, heart beginning to race.

“Was this for me?”

The holographic UI didn’t hesitate.

[Yes.]

The word blinked on screen in a quiet, almost reverent pulse.

Yuu froze.

A chill crept down his spine. He hadn’t spoken aloud that time.

His lips parted. “…Did—Did you just respond to me?”

There was no delay.

[Yes.]

"...I see, you're the god that trapped me here, aren't you!? Get off the hologram and face me!"

[...You can say I'm close to a God.]

A dry scoff escaped his lips. “Tch… Of course. Of course it’d turn into this.”

He leaned forward, eyes narrowing. There had to be something—an error, a bug, a misplaced developer signature. Anything that proved this wasn't happening. Anything that said this was a glitch in the code, not something sentient peering back at him.

But the UI remained pristine.

Too pristine.

A sterile black-and-blue interface with no cracks, no seams. Not even the slightest sign of human origin.

"…What do you want from me?" he asked at last, his voice quieter now, barely more than a breath.

The screen didn't flicker.

[You've been doing well. That's all.]

His voice sharpened. "And what happens if I stop playing along?"

The reply came instantly.

[Then the story will break.]
[And the world will try to correct itself.]
[With or without you.]

His mouth went dry.

So that was it. He wasn't a player anymore—he was a pillar. A thread keeping the narrative from unraveling. And if he stepped away… the world would either swallow him, or move on without him.

"…So that's it?" he said bitterly. "You've trapped me here to act out your twisted version of the game?"

There was a pause.

Then, without fanfare:

[Wasn't your goal to go home?]
[Then it changed—to saving Miku, correct?]

Yuu's breath caught.

He stared at the words as if they might change. As if they might take themselves back. But they didn't. The interface waited, patient and unrelenting.

"You're right," he murmured. "But…"

[Then... You could've said no.]
[You could've ignored the glitches. Forgotten the voices. Focused on yourself.]
[But you didn't.]

A tremor passed through him. He felt exposed, like his own thoughts were being read aloud.

[The truth is…]
[You wanted to stay here.]

Yuu froze.

His hands clenched the sheets beneath him, knuckles going pale.

His mouth opened, then closed. Words refused to form.

Because… it wasn't wrong.

At least, not entirely.

In the silence that followed, he couldn't bring himself to argue.

Couldn't muster a lie to protect himself from the reality that had already been laid bare.

"…I…"

No sound came after that.

And still, the UI hovered in front of him.

Unmoving.

Unblinking.

Waiting.

[How was it? Playing the role of a character that doesn't exist, yet trying so hard to fit in?]

The words appeared without fanfare—clinical, composed, and all too sharp. They lingered on the screen, their glow dim but insistent, as if they already knew the answer.

Yuu said nothing.

His throat tightened, the quiet hum of the UI seeming to fill the silence in his chest. The room, still and dimly lit, felt like a stage frozen between acts—no audience, no applause, just a single spotlight hanging over him.

[Did you have fun meeting your favorite characters?]

Another beat passed.

[I bet you've already fallen in love with one of them.]

The breath caught in his lungs.

His shoulders, once rigid with denial, slumped ever so slightly. His gaze dropped from the hovering screen to his lap, where his fingers curled into the fabric of his blanket.

"…You're right."

The screen paused—no reply this time, no flashing update. As if even the system itself was stunned by his answer.

“I didn’t want to admit it,” he murmured, the words escaping like steam in the cold air. “But you’re right…”

He leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees, voice lowering into a whisper meant only for himself.

“Half of me wants to go home…”

The image of his empty apartment flickered in his mind. The silence of the real world. The weight of loneliness and the crushing regularity of normal life.

“…but half of me wants to stay here.”

Here, where voices reached out to him. Where his actions mattered. Where smiles weren’t rare.

Where the people—fabricated or not—felt more genuine than anyone he'd ever known.

He looked back up at the glowing screen.

And in that quiet moment, with his reflection caught faintly in the UI, Yuu Hazuki couldn’t help but ask:

“…What happens to me if I stay?”

The screen didn’t answer immediately.

The soft pulse of the holographic screen hung before him like a heartbeat, its glow casting faint ripples of light across Yuu’s face. He stared at it, expression unreadable, a strange mix of acceptance and unease settling in his chest.

[Nothing will happen… Not yet… I do not know.]

He exhaled quietly through his nose. “I see…”

The silence that followed was not empty—it was the kind that presses at the edges of thought, deep and reflective. Then the system replied again:

[But one day… you will make a choice in the future.]
[Go home… or stay.]

The message blinked once before fading into stillness.

Yuu sat there in the hush of his room, backlit by the glowing screen, a quiet hum in the air as the world outside remained distant. He nodded slowly.

“I know.”

Even if he didn’t want to.

Even if he hadn’t yet decided which answer would hurt less.

The interface shimmered again, its presence unwavering.

[Do you have any questions? Story? Systems?]

He hesitated for a moment. Then asked, quietly:

"…Is this system only favored for me?"

There was a brief delay, as though the system were considering how best to reply.

[…Correct.]

[I am only here to provide aid.]

[By helping you beat the stages…]

[By adjusting your stats…]

[By evolving your feelings…]

[…And enhancing your physique.]

The final word struck him with strange weight. Yuu's eyes narrowed slightly as he let the meaning settle.

"So you've been altering me."

[Gradually.]

[You've felt it, haven't you?]

And he had.

The way his body responded now—faster reflexes, sharper senses. The way rhythm synced into muscle memory, the way emotions lingered longer than they used to. He thought it was just adaptation… just him adjusting.

But it wasn't.

It was the system adapting him.

Molding him.

He glanced at his hand, flexing his fingers once. The lines of his palm looked the same, but he felt… different.

"Why?"

The question came softer than before—less accusatory, more curious. More… afraid.

[Because this is no longer a game to anyone or to you...]

[It is your world now.]

Yuu's breath hitched slightly.

The screen dimmed, pulsing once like a fading heartbeat.

[You are the protagonist.]

He let out a breath—dry, humorless. A crooked smile tugged at the corner of his lips.

“Protagonist, huh…” he muttered, eyes dropping to the floor.

His voice was quiet, but tinged with something between amusement and resignation. “It’s funny how you and Ichika-san said the same thing when I was having a dilemma…”

The memory flickered unbidden: Ichika’s calm voice, gentle but resolute, standing beneath the filtered sunlight of the School SEKAI. That moment when she looked him in the eye and said it like it was the most natural truth in the world.

He wasn’t special. He was a background character, a quiet observer in a world made for someone else’s story.

But now, he had a system, evolving stats, memories of two worlds, and the gaze of something godlike watching from beyond the code.

Maybe she was right.

Maybe they both were.

“…Still sounds ridiculous,” he added under his breath, brushing his hand through his hair.

The screen pulsed again.

[You’ll understand soon.]

He scoffed lightly. “That’s what I’m afraid of.”

But he didn’t look away.

Not yet.

Yuu’s gaze sharpened.

The glow from the UI cast a pale, bluish light over his face, outlining the weary tension in his eyes.

He sat forward, elbows resting on his knees, fingers interlaced as if to brace himself for the answer he wasn’t sure he wanted to hear.

“Then… I have one more question,” he said slowly.

The system didn’t hesitate.

[Ask.]

He looked up. His voice came out steadier than he felt.

“What if I messed up one of the events… because of my actions?”

The silence that followed was not comforting.

The UI flickered faintly, then responded—not in a cold mechanical tone, but something deeper.

Like a voice embedded in the very fabric of the world, speaking through light and code.

[Then the story will shift.]

[The path will diverge.]

[And the consequences will ripple.]

Yuu’s heart sank.

Some events may try to correct themselves. Others will break. Permanently.]

[If the wrong scene collapses, a character’s fate may change.]

He swallowed, suddenly aware of how cold the room had become.

“…So one mistake… and someone could be gone?”

[Yes.]

[Emotion is the core of this world. Change enough of it, and even memory becomes unstable.]

“So if I keep acting out of turn… if I keep caring too much…”

[The world will begin to forget what it was meant to be.]

[And in its place, something new will form.]

A beat.

[The price of choice is rewriting fate.]

Yuu leaned back slightly, pulse thrumming in his ears.

The cost of empathy… was rewriting the entire story.

“…I see,” he murmured, voice quiet.

His fists clenched slowly on his knees.

“Then I guess I have no choice but to be careful… or brave.”

The UI pulsed one last time.

[Choose wisely, Protagonist.]

Yuu blinked.

The faint, final message hovered in front of him, steady and soft—too human for something so artificial.

[But... I trust you.]

"…Huh?" he muttered, straightening.

Before he could process it, another message appeared. Simple. Quiet. Intimate.

[I always have.]

Yuu's breath caught.

"…Wait…" he whispered, eyes narrowing. "Who are you?"

The screen didn't respond.

No flicker, no sound.

The interface dimmed gently, dissolving into the air as if it had never been there.

He stood in stunned silence for a moment. Then, exhaling sharply, he raked a hand through his hair and muttered under his breath, "Tch... seriously…"

With the kind of groan reserved only for people burdened with too many questions and not enough answers, Yuu finally stood up, the creak of his chair faint beneath him. The cold floor met his feet as he moved to the door, slipping his phone into his pocket, his mind still swirling with the remnants of that voice—that warmth.

He didn't know why, but it had felt familiar.

[Meanwhile...]

Somewhere far removed from the waking world.

Beyond Kamiyama High.

Beyond the stages and the festivals and the scripts.

In a space that did not belong—

A world adrift in glitched fragments, colors bleeding into static—

She watched.

Half her body flickered in and out of existence, like a projection rendered from memory too corrupted to restore.

Light hair drifting as though underwater, her form outlined by shifting cubes of unstable data.

A ghost caught between emotions and code.

She stood at the edge of the Non-Existence SEKAI, looking through the void, eyes trained on the one who had just left the room.

A slow, almost dreamlike smile curled on her lips.

“I love to see your performance…” she whispered.

Her voice stuttered, glitching, fragmented, like a scratched music box echoing in a broken theatre.

Her eyes glowed faintly.

And though the world around her fell apart, she stayed still, focused.

Watching.

Waiting.

Remembering.

“Please remind me…”

Her voice quivered, barely above a whisper—static laced every syllable like frayed ribbon.
“…how to sing…”

The fragmented SEKAI around her pulsed in response.

Musical notes, distorted and broken, hovered mid-air like dying fireflies.

“…how to dance…”
Her feet moved ever so slightly, a flicker of movement reminiscent of choreography she no longer remembered, as if her body longed to trace steps etched into a soul she no longer owned.

“…how to react…”
Her hand reached forward, curling fingers into the void.

No audience.

No applause.

Just digital wind whispering through empty aisles.

“…how to smile,” she added softly, almost to herself.

Silence.

And then, as if reaching across the fabric of unreality—

“…how to feel.”

Her voice cracked on the last word. Something between longing and pain flashed through her flickering form.

Eyes shimmered with artificial tears—data unable to become water—but still, the weight of emotion pressed against her chest, aching and raw.

She looked up.

Toward the sky that wasn’t a sky.

Toward the world that had left her behind.

Toward him.

“…Remind me again…"

And with that, the glitching lights around her pulsed once—like a heartbeat—and then fell still.

Waiting.

Chapter End Notes

I'm pretty sure there's gonna be questions in this chapter, I will answer them dw. Also, sorry if the chapter is short! I'll make it up for it.

Just a Normal Day

With the kind of groan reserved only for people burdened with too many questions and not enough answers, Yuu finally stood up, the creak of his chair faint beneath him.

The cold floor met his feet as he moved to the door, slipping his phone into his pocket, his mind still swirling with the remnants of that voice—that warmth.

[You wanted to stay here… Correct?]

That line had lingered long after the interface blinked away, like a whisper scratched into the back of his skull.

Yuu exhaled sharply and muttered to no one in particular, “Let’s just pretend none of that happened…”

He stepped out of his room, blinking against the natural light filtering through the hallway window. The sun was already high—golden and lazy, spilling warmth into the air. The faint sound of a TV show echoed from the living room, accompanied by the clatter of dishes from the kitchen.

“Oh, Yuu,” a voice called over her shoulder. “You’re awake. Good timing. Want to come with me to the supermarket? I could use an extra pair of hands.”

His mother stood by the counter, tying the last knot on a reusable eco bag. She glanced over her shoulder at him—brown hair tucked into a loose ponytail, apron already dusted with flour.

He blinked, surprised by the mundanity of it all.

“…Sure. Yeah. Why not”

Her expression softened just a bit. “You okay? You look pale.”

“Just tired,” Yuu said with a shrug. “Stayed up late.”

“Too much gaming again?” she teased gently, grabbing her wallet from the counter.

He gave a half-hearted smile. “You could say that.”

Yuu stepped back into the house with a soft sigh, the soles of his slippers brushing against the polished floorboards.

The sunlight streaming through the hallway window had shifted slightly, now casting longer shadows that stretched across the corridor.

He rubbed the back of his neck, still feeling the faint humidity clinging to his skin.

“…Guess I should clean up first.”

With a sluggish pace, he wandered toward the bathroom. The door clicked shut behind him, and for a brief moment, the world narrowed to the sound of running water.

Steam began to gather on the mirror as he stepped into the shower, letting the warmth cascade down his back.

It felt grounding.

Fifteen minutes later, towel draped over his shoulders and hair still damp, Yuu stepped into his room and pulled open his closet.

Nothing fancy, just a clean white shirt, dark jeans, and a light jacket. Simple, but enough to pass as presentable.

He gave himself a quick once-over in the mirror.

“Still just me,” he murmured.

Still Yuu Hazuki.

He grabbed his phone, slid it into his pocket, and slung a canvas tote over his shoulder for the groceries. Somewhere in the living room, he could hear his mother calling gently—

“Yuu, ready?” (A/N: Get it? lol)

“Yeah,” he called back, running a hand through his half-dried hair.

As he stepped into the hallway, the day waited for him—normal, quiet, and deceptively peaceful.

Just a normal day.

Or at least, that’s what he told himself.

Until—

“Huh? Isn’t that Ichika-chan?” his mother said, pausing just as they turned the corner into the open-air section of the shopping district.

Yuu looked up from the grocery list in his hands.

His gaze followed hers, just in time to catch a familiar group clustered by a fruit stand.

As soon as his mother called out, the girl at the front turned, followed by the others beside her.

“Huh? Miss Hazuki, and… Hazuki-kun,” Ichika said, surprised but smiling.

Her voice was gentle, familiar in a way that always carried a quiet steadiness.

“Huh? Yuu-kun! Hello~!” Saki beamed, waving both hands.

“Are you helping your mother?” Honami asked, her tone warm, the kind that always felt like a soft afternoon breeze.

“Y-Yeah,” Yuu replied, caught a little off-guard. “Just… tagging along, I guess.”

And then—standing slightly apart from the others, her arms folded and gaze lowered—Shiho gave a small, polite bow. Not a word left her mouth, but the acknowledgment was there.

Yuu dipped his head in return. “…Hello.”

“What are you all doing here?” Yuu asked, adjusting the paper bag in his hands, the plastic handles digging slightly into his fingers.

Ichika was the first to answer, her voice as calm and even as ever. “We’re just hanging out as a group. We finished practice not too long ago.”

“Ahh, I see…”

“We thought we’d stop by the market before heading home,” Honami added, her smile gentle as she held up a small bag of fresh bread. “It’s a rare day when everyone’s free.”

“I just wanted some strawberries!” Saki chimed in, holding up a carton triumphantly. “And we got them on sale, too!”

Shiho remained quiet, standing a little to the side. Her eyes flicked toward Yuu for a moment, but she didn’t speak, her expression unreadable.

Yuu gave a small nod. “Sounds like a good day, then.”

His mother glanced between the teens, a knowing smile on her face. “You’ve made quite a few friends lately, haven’t you, Yuu?”

He rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly. “It’s… not like that.”

But he didn’t deny it, either.

"By the way, atleast introduce them to me." His mother said, "Well, I already know Ichika-san."

Yuu blinked, caught off guard. “Huh? I mean… they’re not—”

“I’m Saki Tenma!” Saki beamed, giving a cheerful wave. “I've been friends with Yuu-kun since that day we met"

“Oh my, so polite! And very pretty too,” Yuu’s mother said with a warm smile.

Yuu stiffened. “Saki—?!”

Honami laughed softly and stepped in before things escalated. “I’m Honami Mochizuki. It’s lovely to meet you, ma’am.”

“And I’m Shiho Hinomori,” came a quiet voice from the back. Shiho gave a respectful bow, her expression cool but polite.

Yuu’s mother took a moment to look at them all, each of them standing there, different personalities shining through in subtle ways. “My, my… you’ve got quite the group around you, Yuu.”

“Again,” Yuu muttered, ears red, “it’s not like that.”

Yuu’s mother chuckled, her tone light and teasing as she looked between the girls. “Of course it’s not,” she said with a smirk, her eyes glinting with a mix of amusement and fondness. “But it’s nice

to see you surrounded by such sweet girls, Yuu. I was starting to think you'd spend your whole youth holed up in your room playing games all day.”

Yuu stiffened like a board. “Mom,” he groaned, his voice cracking with embarrassment. “Please.”

Ichika chuckled softly, brushing a lock of hair behind her ear. “Actually, didn’t you hear, ma’am? Hazuki-kun went viral."

“Ohh~ that’s right!” His mother clapped her hands together in realization. “I saw that video of you playing guitar at the park with someone. That was you, wasn’t it?”

Yuu shifted uncomfortably, running a hand down his face. “Y-Yeah, yeah. That was me. I’ll play you a song when we get home, okay? But let’s please focus on groceries before this becomes a full-blown press conference.”

Saki giggled behind her hand, her eyes sparkling. “Yuu-kun is really good at playing guitar, you know.”

Yuu could only groan, muttering again as he covered part of his face, “Please stop talking…”

Honami smiled warmly, stepping just a bit closer to his mother. “I still remember his first impression, actually.."

Her words were gentle, sincere.

The kind that made even Yuu’s mother pause for a heartbeat, surprised by the affection in the girl's tone.

At the edge of the group, Shiho gave a quiet nod, arms loosely crossed as she added under her breath, “...He’s not bad to have around.”

The words were simple, but coming from her, they held unexpected weight.

Yuu felt the heat crawl up his neck, halfway between wanting the ground to swallow him and being oddly… touched.

His mother tilted her head, smiling with quiet approval as she looked over the girls again—each one unique, yet somehow all comfortably orbiting around her son.

“Well,” she said at last, “it sounds like you’ve made some very special friends, Yuu.”

Yuu let out a breath, shoulders dropping. “Yeah… I guess I have.”

“Anyway, sorry to take your time.”

Yuu muttered, quickly stepping in front of his mother and gently nudging her away from the group with both hands.

“Eh? Yuu-kun? Why are you pushing me?” his mother said in confusion, heels clicking lightly against the pavement as she stumbled back a step. “I still want to talk to Ichika-chan and everyone —”

“Come on, Mom… Let’s go already. You’re killing me inside!” Yuu hissed in a low voice, trying to maintain a sliver of dignity.

His mother blinked, then laughed with the grace of someone who knew exactly what she was doing. “Oh, don’t be so shy.”

As she allowed herself to be steered away, she waved cheerfully over her shoulder with both hands. “Bye, girls! Take care of my son, okay?”

The four members of Leo/need stood rooted in place for a moment, watching Yuu drag himself off like a defeated soldier, ears red and shoulders hunched.

His mother, by contrast, looked utterly triumphant, still smiling as she teased her poor son.

[Switching to Leo/need's POV]

Ichika tilted her head slightly, a quiet smile forming at the corners of her lips. “His mom seems really nice.”

“She’s adorable,” Saki added with a laugh, clasping her hands behind her back. “You can tell she enjoys teasing him. It’s honestly really cute.”

“Can you blame her?” Honami’s tone was soft, her laughter gentle. “Yuu-kun’s reactions are so easy to read. He wears all his embarrassment right on his face.”

Shiho, arms folded, let out a small huff. “He tries to act all cool and detached, but… You can tell. He’s got a soft spot for her.”

“Mm-hm,” Saki nodded, her voice bright, “and honestly? It’s kind of rare to see a guy who walks around shopping with his mom like that.”

Honami smiled. “It’s sweet. And… kind of refreshing, isn’t it?”

Ichika’s gaze lingered down the path where the two Hazukis had gone. The corners of her smile softened into something thoughtful, almost wistful. “It’s not a bad thing,” she said quietly. “Having that kind of connection with someone.”

They stood in companionable silence for a moment, letting the warmth of that thought settle. Around them, the market buzzed with life—vendors calling out, children darting between stalls, the smell of grilled taiyaki and sugar lingering in the air—but none of it intruded on the peaceful pause they shared.

Then, with a light clap of her hands, Saki broke the moment. “Alright! Time to get snacks and hit that café, right?”

“Right,” Honami echoed, her voice light with affection. “Let’s not get too serious now.”

The soft chatter between the four resumed as they strolled through the quiet, sun-dappled sidewalk, the faint scent of baked goods and the sound of distant bicycles weaving into the hum of the town.

Then Ichika turned her head slightly, her voice curious but calm. “By the way, Shiho… it’s kind of surprising. You gave Hazuki-kun some feedback earlier.”

Saki perked up at that, glancing at Shiho with interest. “Oh yeah! You don’t usually say stuff like that to people.”

Honami smiled knowingly but said nothing, letting the silence speak.

Shiho, walking slightly behind them with her arms still loosely crossed, barely looked up. “So?”

Ichika gave a soft chuckle. “I’m not saying it’s bad or anything. I just didn’t expect it. You usually don’t comment on others unless it’s about music.”

Shiho exhaled, a slow breath through her nose. “I only said he wasn’t bad to have around. That’s not exactly praise.”

“But still,” Saki teased with a grin, “coming from you, that might as well be a love confession.”

Shiho shot her a withering side glance. “Don’t be stupid.”

Ichika smiled, tilting her head gently. “You saw something in him, didn’t you?”

There was a pause.

Shiho didn’t answer right away. Her gaze stayed ahead, cool and unreadable. Then, quietly, she muttered, “...He doesn’t fake it.”

“Hm?” Honami blinked.

Shiho stopped walking, just for a second, her voice low and blunt. “When he talks to people, he’s awkward, but it’s honest. It’s not some act. And he didn’t treat me differently.”

She glanced to the side, brushing her bangs behind her ear. “Most people either try too hard or avoid me completely. He didn’t do either.”

The group paused, just slightly, surprised by the uncharacteristic openness.

Ichika’s smile deepened, quiet and warm. “That sounds like something you respect.”

“…I respect people who don’t lie to themselves,” Shiho said simply.

Then she began walking again, expression unreadable, but her pace just a bit lighter.

Saki leaned toward Honami and whispered, “She’s totally warmed up to him.”

“I heard that,” Shiho called back flatly.

The three girls laughed as they caught up to her, their conversation fading back into casual chatter, but something lingered between them. A quiet understanding.

Shiho might not say much.

But when she did—it meant something.

[Back to Yuu Hazuki’s Perspective]

The market noise dulled behind them as Yuu trudged forward, his mother happily at his side, still humming to herself like nothing had happened.

“You could’ve at least waited until they were out of earshot,” Yuu muttered under his breath.

His mother gave him a side glance, all innocence. “What? I was just being friendly.”

“Yeah, well—next time don’t be so friendly. You’re killing me inside.”

She laughed, brushing a stray lock of hair from her face. “You act like I embarrassed you or something.”

“You definitely embarrassed me.”

“Well, you’ll survive,” she replied playfully.

Then, with a casual tone that felt like a curveball, she asked, “By the way, Yuu-kun… do you remember your birthday?”

Yuu blinked. His pace faltered.

“Huh? Ah...” He paused. The question hit harder than he expected. “No... not really.”

“I see…” Her voice softened with memory. “I remember when you were still so small. You were crying to your father, begging him to buy you that toy guitar. But he wouldn’t. You were so upset.”

Yuu’s eyes dropped to the ground. “Mom, that was a long time ago…”

But he remembered.

The memory flared up like an old match catching fire.

He closed his eyes.

And the flashback came.

The air was thick with summer heat, clinging to his skin like a second layer.

The sharp smell of asphalt. The blaring cicadas.

And then—the sting of rejection.

“I hate you, Dad!!”

A boy's voice cracked, high-pitched and trembling with tears. Yuu, no older than ten, bolted through the house’s front gate, sandals slapping against the pavement. His mother’s voice called out behind him, frantic and desperate—

“Yuu! Wait—Yuu!”

But he didn’t stop. He couldn’t.

Anger and heartbreak drove his legs faster than he’d ever run. Through the winding neighborhood, past startled pedestrians, past the vending machines humming softly in the dusk.

And then—

The sky broke open.

Rain poured down without warning, drenching him in seconds. His sandals slipped slightly on the slick pavement, but he didn't care. He didn't know where he was running—only that he had to go somewhere else. Somewhere away from that house.

He didn't stop until he reached the underside of a bridge, the concrete above him muffling the sound of the storm.

Cold water dripped from his hair, his clothes clinging to his skin. He dropped to the ground in a soggy heap, arms wrapped around his knees.

His chest heaved with sobs.

"I hate you…"

His voice barely came out, swallowed by the sound of rain.

But even then… There was no strength in it.

Only a child's hurt.

Only the kind of grief that could come from a dream dashed before it could even begin—before the rhythm, before the music, before he knew how much it would come to matter.

He hugged his knees to his chest, arms trembling as he tried to shield himself from the cold.

Then—

Footsteps.

Slow. Familiar.

He looked up.

A man stood there, holding an umbrella, the rain dripping quietly off the edges.

"I finally found you."

Yuu didn't move. His voice cracked as he answered, low and bitter. "Liar…"

But the man only smiled—soft, regretful—and sat down beside him, letting the umbrella tilt slightly to cover both of them.

"I'm sorry, Yuu," he said gently. "I should've bought you that guitar you wanted."

Yuu stared at him, the words unable to form.

He didn't know if he was angry or just tired.

But in that moment, the sound of the rain above became a soft rhythm against the silence between them.

[Back in the present],

Yuu's fingers twitched at his side, almost as if still clutching the cold fabric of his soaked shirt from years ago.

"…That was the past," he repeated, softer this time. "It doesn't matter anymore."

But his mother only smiled gently at him, as if she knew better than anyone that the past had a way of echoing through the present, no matter how far you tried to run from it.

His mother chuckled faintly, a gentle, almost wistful sound. "Fufu… Should we visit your father after we finish this?"

There was a pause before Yuu responded.

"…Sure," he said quietly. "But can I get something from the house first?"

She nodded without question. "Alright, then."

After their errands were done, the two returned home.

The soft click of the front door sounded behind them as Yuu slipped off his shoes and made his way to his room in silence. His mother watched from the hallway, a quiet smile on her face that didn't quite reach her eyes.

Moments later, he emerged again, something tucked carefully in his arms, wrapped in cloth and carried with an unusual delicacy.

They left again soon after, walking a path far different from the one they'd taken that morning.

The sky had dimmed further, the light now thinner, cooler. Shadows stretched long across the ground as they entered the gates of the cemetery. The world around them grew quiet—eerily so—as if the very air understood where they were going.

The crunch of gravel beneath their feet echoed louder here, punctuating each slow step.

Rows upon rows of gray stone stood in silence, etched with names, dates, and memories that lingered only in the minds of those left behind. The wind stirred the trees overhead, their leaves whispering secrets through rustling branches.

Yuu's steps slowed.

Then stopped.

They had arrived.

He stood there, frozen before the grave, eyes fixed on the polished stone where his father's name was engraved.

His breath caught slightly in his throat.

"…Dad."

No reply, of course.

Only the wind.

He stepped forward, slow and steady, each crunch of gravel beneath his feet echoing louder than it should. His gaze locked on the name carved into the stone—sharp, cold, and unmoving. Yet to him, it held the weight of memories.

“I still remember,” he murmured, his voice almost lost to the breeze. “The way I yelled at you. How I slammed the door. How you didn’t say anything back.”

He closed his eyes.

The memory returned with painful clarity, like a scene forever etched in the corner of his heart.

“I hate you, Dad!”

He saw himself, smaller, angrier, a child with clenched fists and burning eyes. The sound of the front door slamming, the thud of footsteps, the silence that followed. The silence that never ended.

That was the last time he saw his father alive.

“…I never got to take it back,” he whispered.

He felt his mother’s presence behind him—a quiet, unshaken pillar of warmth. She didn’t say anything. She didn’t need to. Her silence was understanding. Forgiving.

The wind blew gently again, as if brushing past him in quiet empathy.

He inhaled deeply, letting the chill sting his lungs, then slowly knelt down in front of the gravestone. Not to pray, exactly. Not even to apologize. Just to be there. To finally look the silence in the eye.

“I brought this,” he said.

From behind him, he carefully unclasped the cloth-wrapped bundle on his back and unzipped it, revealing the acoustic guitar within. It wasn’t anything fancy. Worn, scuffed from practice. But it was his.

He laid it gently in front of the grave, letting the wood rest on the grass like an offering.

“It’s not much. But I thought… you’d want to see how far I’ve come.”

Of course, there was no response.

Just the rustling of leaves above.

He bowed his head slightly. Not from obligation.

But because his chest ached with something he couldn’t put into words.

(Back then… when I lived alone during my college days), he thought (I only thought about myself.)

(My future.)

(My dreams.)

(I didn’t visit Mom… not even you, Dad.)

(I was selfish.)

(I was scared.)

(And I thought I didn’t need anyone.)

He opened his eyes again, breathing in the scent of earth and wind and faintly blooming grass.

(But now… I’m happy.)

A small smile tugged at the corner of his lips, bittersweet and sincere.

(That shitty god… the one who threw me into this world—)

(I don’t know what they want from me).

(But still… for some reason, I’m kind of grateful.)

(I'm grateful to be back.)

He looked up at the sky.

“Thanks for waiting,” he said quietly.

And for the first time in a long time, there was peace in the silence.

Witnessing the Bright Stars (Part 1) + (Q&A?)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Yuu yawned as he stirred awake, the sound muffled beneath the weight of stillness.

Morning.

A soft, hazy glow filtered through the slits in his bedroom curtains, painting faint golden lines across the ceiling.

The air felt warmer than usual—not just in temperature, but in something else. Something gentler. Familiar.

He blinked against the light, his fingers fumbling for the phone resting on his bedside table.
6:05 AM.

“Still early, huh…” he murmured under his breath, voice hoarse from sleep.

He sat up slowly, letting the blanket slip from his shoulders. The mattress gave a quiet sigh beneath him.

For a moment, he remained still, staring at the dust motes dancing in the light.

A strange question drifted across his mind like mist.

“What day is it?”

No answer came.

The thought faded as quickly as it arrived.

He exhaled softly and stood, his bare feet brushing against the cool floorboards.

The silence that followed wasn’t empty; it was lived-in.

Comfortable.

He padded down the hallway and into the kitchen, where the smell of grilled fish and miso soup greeted him like a quiet memory.

“Morning, Mom,” he said, voice steadier now.

His mother didn’t turn from the stove, but her tone was brisk and warm. “Good morning. Your breakfast is on the table. Eat before it gets cold.”

“Yeah,” he replied with a faint nod, already moving toward the seat.

He sat down and looked at the meal—simple, balanced, familiar.

As he picked up his chopsticks, his mother spoke again, casually, as if mentioning the weather.

“By the way, you said your uniform doesn’t fit right anymore, right? Something about how tall you’ve gotten.”

He paused mid-bite, blinking.

“I actually ordered two new sets,” she continued, setting a glass down by the sink. “So you’ll be more comfortable in them.”

Yuu glanced toward her, surprise flickering in his eyes. “…Oh. Thanks.”

“No worries,” she said with a smile that didn’t quite turn around to meet him. “Go check it—it's on the sofa. See if the size works for you.”

“I’ll do that… after I shower,” he replied, offering a faint nod of appreciation.

He returned to his breakfast, chewing quietly.

The miso soup had cooled slightly, but the warmth lingered, just enough to reach the edge of his chest.

He ate in silence, the kind that filled the room like soft steam, not awkward but familiar.

Once he was finished, he rose from the chair and made his way to the living room.

There, neatly folded on the armrest of the sofa, were the new uniforms, pressed, unworn, the fabric still stiff with newness.

He picked them up gently, as if they might crumble at the edges if handled too roughly.

Then, with the bundle in hand, he quietly returned to his room, the soft padding of his footsteps swallowed by the hum of the morning.

He stepped into his room, the morning light now spilling in through the curtains in thin, golden sheets.

Quietly, he placed the folded uniform on his bed, careful not to crease it.

The fabric looked crisp against the rumpled sheets—new against old.

Somehow, the contrast made him pause.

But only for a second.

He turned away, his hand brushing his hair back absently as he headed for the bathroom.

The door clicked shut behind him, and the sound of running water soon followed, faint, distant, like a curtain being drawn over the waking world.

Steam clung to the edges of the mirror, curling like breath held too long.

Beneath the steady cascade of water, Yuu stood motionless, his head tilted forward, letting the warmth run in smooth ribbons down his back and shoulders.

It washed away the lingering weight of sleep, but not the quiet tension nestled just behind his ribs.

The scent of soap and shampoo filled the space—clean, familiar, grounding.

And yet, the stillness around him wasn't peace. It was something else.

A silence not of absence, but of waiting.

When he finally stepped out, the air beyond the bathroom clung to his damp skin—cool, almost sharp in contrast. He toweled his hair dry with slow, absent motions, his mind floating somewhere just behind his eyes.

Back in his room, the new uniform waited for him, untouched and undisturbed, folded neatly at the foot of his bed. He stood in front of it for a moment, towel slung loosely over his shoulders, staring as though it might move on its own.

"…I really did grow," he murmured, brushing a hand along the sleeve.

The fabric was crisp, the stitching tight. Each fold held the scent of fresh laundry, of something unwrapped but never worn. He picked it up, unfolding the shirt with careful fingers, and began to dress.

Button by button.

The fabric sat comfortably across his shoulders—roomy, not suffocating. The sleeves met his wrists without pulling. He rolled his arms experimentally.

Not tight anymore.

It fit.

"Yeah... It's perfect."

He let out another soft yawn, still blinking sleep from his eyes as he turned toward the mirror. With a practiced motion, he lifted his hand and swiped across the air.

A pale-blue holographic UI bloomed to life in the space before him, floating above his reflection. Lines of soft light circled gently, pulsing like a heartbeat.

"I haven't visited the Stage SEKAI yet…" he mumbled, scrolling through the list of worlds. "I'll do that later."

But his hand hovered over the name a moment longer than it should have.

He exhaled slowly.
"Actually… maybe just for a minute."

With a tap, the selection locked in.

The interface flickered once, then vanished.

And so did the room.

The walls peeled away in silence, dissolving into a slow-moving void. Colors bled into nothingness. The floor beneath him shimmered and stretched into pixels before unraveling entirely. The air shifted—soft, then colder, then suddenly laced with vibrant sound.

When he opened his eyes again, the world was no longer his bedroom.

He stood in the middle of an enormous, open stadium, its massive scale breathtaking even in stillness.

Tiered rows of empty seats surrounded a central circular stage, as if anticipating a crowd that hadn't arrived yet. Spotlights hung in the air like unmoving stars.

Around him, platforms, scaffolding, and suspended catwalks framed the space in elegant arcs of chrome and glass.

The main area where he stood was a high-tech control booth, sleek and glowing with quiet light, rows of consoles and screens humming faintly. A perfect view of the grand stage stretched before him, with speakers suspended overhead and spotlights poised like watchful eyes.

It was beautiful.

Too perfect.

“Whoa…”

The word left him in a whisper, carried off by the open air as he stepped forward, his shoes echoing faintly against the polished floor of the tech booth.

“This is… the Stage SEKAI I know from the game.”

He nodded slowly, eyes sweeping across the vibrant scaffolding, the multi-tiered lighting rigs, the golden railings catching the glow of invisible spotlights.

Every detail was larger than life, yet perfectly arranged—theatrical, not in the sense of being fake, but in the way dreams are theatrical: bold, impossible, and completely sincere.

Then he noticed it.

His heart.

It was pounding.

Not in fear or panic, but with something sharper, warmer.

Excitement.

His brow furrowed slightly as he brought a hand to his chest. “Huh…?”

A beat.

Then a quiet realization.

“Ah… right.” He exhaled, barely above a whisper. “I forgot I can feel the emotions of the SEKAI…”

Like a tuning fork echoing with someone else’s longing.

He closed his eyes for a moment, letting the feeling settle into his bones.

Stage SEKAI.

Created by the feelings of Minori Hanasato, Haruka Kiritani, Airi Momoi, and Shizuku Hinomori.

He remembered now—its shimmering lights, the glittering world that reflected their passion, their hope, their pain.

A stage where idols could shine.

And the song that anchored this world—

“Idol Shineitai.”

That was the key.

That was the door.

Even now, he could almost hear its opening chords faintly in the distance, like the memory of a melody caught on the wind.

Yuu stood still, letting the atmosphere of the Stage SEKAI settle around him like falling confetti.

The air shimmered—not with temperature, but with emotion.

It was the kind of silence that felt alive.

Not hollow.

Like the breathless pause before the lights come on.

Before the curtains rise.

Before the first note of a song.

His heartbeat hadn't calmed.

But even now, he wasn’t sure it was entirely his own.

It pulsed in his chest like an echo—borrowed, somehow.

Shared.

He placed a palm flat against his chest, fingertips brushing the fabric of his new uniform.

His brow knitted slightly as he tried to give shape to the sensation.

“Each SEKAI is born from emotion,” he murmured aloud, voice trailing into the open air. It echoed faintly, caught by the high ceilings and empty rows of lights. “That’s what makes them real…”

Real, despite the way their colors were always a little too vivid.

Their skies are still too.

Even their pain—too clean.

Too beautiful.

But they were real.

Because the emotions behind them were.

And Yuu…

Yuu could feel them.

Not metaphorically.

Not with some vague poetic intuition.

Literally.

Every time he entered a SEKAI, something inside him shifted—as if his entire body adjusted to a new emotional frequency.

Like his soul was tuning itself to someone else's song.

A tremble in his chest.

A dull ache behind his eyes.

A flicker of joy he didn’t remember earning.

He stared at his open hand, fingers curling slowly into a fist.

“It’s because… I’m not like them.”

His voice was soft now.

Almost fragile.

“I wasn’t created by a SEKAI. I fell into one.”

A pause.

A truth swallowed dry.

“…No. More like I was dragged into it.”

That was the difference.

They walked into a world that reflected their hearts.

But Yuu…

For him, the walls between worlds were thin.

Blurred.

Like silk soaked in water.

When he stepped into a SEKAI, it wasn't just the setting that changed—it was something inside him.

Something that responded instinctively, resonating with the emotional architecture of the place.

He didn't just see the world.

He felt its soul.

In the Street SEKAI, it was adrenaline, pride, the thundering ache of never being enough.

A fire that said, 'keep going—' even if no one's watching.

In the School SEKAI, it was nostalgia wrapped in the delicate grief of what once was.

Fleeting laughter.

In the Wonderland SEKAI, it was pure, unfiltered joy.

A fragile kind of happiness that sparkled like glass, hollowed out, yet full of color.

In the Empty SEKAI, it was a weight that pressed behind the eyes.

A sadness that didn't scream. It just sat beside you and waited for you to stop pretending.

And here—

Here in the Stage SEKAI—

It was bright.

Hopeful.

Shining.

"This world…" he whispered, eyes lifting to the stage before him, "was made by girls who wanted to shine. Who kept chasing something they weren't sure they could ever reach."

He could feel it in the air, their yearning.

Their dreams, stitched into the velvet curtains and polished into the floor beneath his feet.

It vibrated faintly under his skin, like the low thrum of stage lights warming to life.

Even now, with the seats empty and the spotlight off, this world glowed.

Because someone, somewhere, still believed it could.

Just as he took a step forward, intending to explore more of the vast stage world around him, a sound cut through the quiet.

Voices.

Faint at first—scattered laughter, a burst of melodic humming, and the gentle rhythm of footsteps on stage panels.

Familiar, though not from memory.

From the game.

He turned, the sound anchoring him like a thread pulled taut in the silence.

There, somewhere past the tall rigging, behind a velvet curtain swaying slightly despite the absence of wind.

Yuu's feet moved on their own.

Each step he took was careful, measured.

The lights above seemed to dim slightly as he passed beneath them, casting long shadows behind him.

The floor beneath his shoes echoed faintly—neither loud enough to reveal him nor quiet enough to silence his nerves.

He moved past stacked props and hanging spotlights, through corridors of towering backdrops painted with pastel skies and golden cityscapes.

The voices grew clearer.

Bright.

Confident.

Full of life.

Someone was singing now, softly, warming up their voice.

Another joined in, harmonizing with ease.

A third giggled, breathless, urging them to focus.

A fourth offered gentle encouragement, her tone poised and graceful.

Minori.

Haruka.

Airi.

Shizuku.

They were here.

MORE MORE JUMP!

Yuu's heartbeat, still not entirely his own, quickened again.

He pressed his back lightly to a column, careful to stay in the shadows, and slowly peeked around the edge.

There, beneath a cascade of golden lights, stood the four girls of MORE MORE JUMP!, mid-rehearsal.

And standing just beside them were the Virtual Singers—their own Mikus, their versions, dressed in matching pastel idol outfits, guiding them with soft voices and rhythmic gestures.

The sight before him was surreal.

Not just because it looked like a scene pulled straight from the game, but because it felt alive.

Because the emotion that built this world wasn't static.

It was growing.

And for a moment, Yuu didn't dare move.

He could only watch, like someone who had wandered into a dream he had no right to see.

Slowly—almost reverently—Yuu lowered himself to the floor, his back resting lightly against a column of unused stage rigging.

He sat there, legs drawn slightly in, arms relaxed at his sides, as if afraid the slightest movement might shatter the scene in front of him.

The stadium felt vast and silent around him, but here, in this pocket of golden light, it was alive.

They danced.

Minori's steps were full of energy, her smile wide and radiant even as she moved with practiced precision.

Haruka followed with a calm grace, her posture near-perfect, every movement smooth and deliberate.

She moved like someone who had learned to carry the weight of expectation but hadn't let it crush her.

Airi's movements were sharper, snappier, filled with fire.

Even in rehearsal, she moved like she had something to prove.

But there was joy behind it now.

Not just defiance.

And Shizuku.

There was a gentleness to her, a quiet elegance.

She didn't command attention, but she held it.

Her voice, when she sang, was soft and rich, like light streaming through silk curtains.

The Virtual Singers moved with them, guiding, smiling, harmonizing.

Each one is a reflection of their partner's ideals.

Yuu watched with wide eyes, a subtle smile forming on his lips.

He felt it in his chest again—that warmth.

That resonance. Like he was holding a glowing ember beneath his ribs.

"I'm watching something real…" he thought, awed. "Something that only exists because they wanted it to."

He tilted his head slightly, the soft rhythm of their song drifting through the air. The chorus built slowly, layer by layer, like sunlight rising over a stage curtain.

And in that moment, Yuu felt… lucky.

Like he had stumbled into a private miracle.

Like a child watching stars fall for the first time.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry, got distracted on HSR 3.3 story... It was too peak that it gave me an idea for future plots :>

Also, feel free to ask questions, whether it's personal, writing, story, or plans. I'll answer them with honest thoughts! :D

Witnessing the Bright Stars (Part 2)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

And in that moment, Yuu felt… lucky.

Like he had stumbled into a private miracle.

Like a child watching stars fall for the first time—awed, quiet, and completely still.

The music reached its final chorus, their voices rising together, bright and full of life. The synchronized choreography ended with Minori at the center, arms extended toward the imaginary audience, flanked by the others, each glowing under the golden lights.

The final note faded into silence.

For a few heartbeats, no one moved.

Yuu didn't breathe.

Then—

"Eh—!?"

A surprised squeal broke through the stillness.

Yuu flinched.

One of the girls had turned. Haruka.

Her gaze landed directly on him—sharp, wide-eyed—and her entire posture stiffened like someone spotting an unexpected camera flash.

"Someone's here!" she exclaimed, voice edged with alarm.

In an instant, the atmosphere shifted.

The other three members of MORE MORE JUMP! followed her gaze, their heads turning in near-unison toward the side of the stage where Yuu sat, half-hidden in the shadows.

He froze, caught like a stagehand under a spotlight.

Haruka stepped forward instinctively, positioning herself just slightly in front of the others.

Her expression wasn't hostile, but it was cautious, alert. Protective.

"Who are you?" she asked, brows knitting slightly as she narrowed her eyes.

Her voice had that poised edge she always carried, but now it was sharpened by uncertainty.

Minori looked confused.

Airi folded her arms, her stance tense.

Shizuku tilted her head, her gaze curious but unreadable.

And beside them, the Virtual Singers stood still, their expressions more neutral, but focused. Observing.

Yuu felt the heat rush to his face. His mind scrambled for something, anything, to say.

“W-Wait!” Yuu raised his hands slightly as he stepped out from behind the stage rigging, his movement slow and sheepish. “I-It’s me!”

The tension didn’t drop right away. All four girls stared at him in confusion, blinking.

“Huh?” Minori tilted her head. “Aren’t you… the fan? A friend of Kohane-chan?”

Recognition began to light her expression.

“Ohh, you’re right!” Shizuku chimed in, smiling warmly. “It’s Shiho’s friend.”

Airi squinted, her arms still folded. “Huh? But still… how did you end up here?”

Yuu opened his mouth—then hesitated.

“U-Uh…”

He had no answer. Nothing that wouldn’t sound insane or suspicious.

He scratched the back of his head, glancing down at the floor as if it could give him a script.

Then, suddenly—

“Took you long enough, Yuu!”

A cheerful voice cut through the tension like a spotlight.

The others turned.

From the far side of the stage emerged a girl wearing a frilly white dress, the fabric layered and trimmed with delicate lace that shimmered under the lights.

The dress swayed gently with each step, soft and weightless like a breeze in motion.

Her blond hair—cut in a signature bob—framed her face neatly, and atop her head sat a white bow shaped like bunny ears, playful and unmistakably her.

She twirled once as she arrived beside the group, placing a hand on her hip and flashing a bright, expectant smile.

“Hello! I’m sure you know me by now, right?”

Yuu blinked. “Kagamine… Rin.”

“Yeah, yeah!” she laughed. “I was wondering what took you so long to finally enter this SEKAI!”

There was something teasing in her tone, but also knowing.

Haruka stepped slightly forward, glancing between Yuu and Rin with narrowed eyes. “Wait… Rin, do you know him? And… you were expecting him?”

“Huh? That’s right,” Rin replied nonchalantly, her voice as airy as her dress.

“But…” Haruka’s gaze flicked toward Yuu again, cautious and uncertain. “How did he get in here? I thought… You only enter the SEKAI through a song.”

“Yeah, yeah.” Rin twirled a finger before tapping it playfully against her cheek. “But he did listen to the song, right?”

She threw a quick wink toward Yuu.

He froze.

(So… she was trying to cover for him.)

“…Yeah,” he muttered, glancing away. “I did.”

It wasn’t the truth—but it was the answer Rin had given him. And right now, it was the only thing keeping Haruka from demanding more.

Minori let out a small, relieved laugh. “Well, that’s good. I was a little scared we had a real stalker or something…”

“Yeah, seriously,” Airi sighed, brushing a strand of hair behind her ear. “You should’ve said something sooner, you gave Haruka a mini heart attack.”

“I—I didn’t want to interrupt…” Yuu replied honestly, his voice low. “You all looked like you were having fun.”

Shizuku stepped closer, her hands clasped gently in front of her. “Still, it’s not often we get guests here. Especially someone who isn’t part of our SEKAI.”

She tilted her head with a soft smile. “But… if Rin-chan says it’s okay, then I think we can trust you.”

Yuu nodded slowly, grateful—though a small twinge of guilt still pulled at him. It felt wrong, standing here like this. Like a fan who had climbed onto the stage before the performance was over.

Minori bounced lightly on her heels. “You really came all the way here just to watch us practice?” Her eyes sparkled with innocent curiosity. “That’s kind of flattering!”

“Yeah, yeah!” Rin chimed in, spinning beside her. “Yuu’s a special case, after all!”

Haruka, meanwhile, hadn't moved from her spot.

Her arms remained crossed, her expression unreadable.

Unlike the others, she didn’t smile.

Her eyes stayed fixed on Yuu—not hostile, but guarded. Like she was trying to read something he hadn't said yet.

"You still haven't told us how you got here," she said, voice calm but pointed. "Even if you listened to the song… that doesn't explain everything."

The others went quiet.

Rin was the only one who didn't flinch, simply placing a finger over her lips and turning toward Haruka with a sly grin. "Haruka-chan~ you worry too much!"

"I have to," Haruka replied evenly. "It's not normal for someone to appear in a SEKAI without being tied to it."

She looked at Yuu again, her voice soft but firm.

"You're not just some fan who got lucky, are you?"

Yuu swallowed hard.

He felt it—the invisible thread of tension that only Haruka could string so tight.

"I…" he hesitated, eyes drifting toward the stage behind them. "I don't really know what I am yet."

That wasn't a lie.

Not entirely.

Haruka's eyes narrowed just slightly.

But she didn't press further.

"Then don't get in the way of our rehearsal," she said finally, stepping back beside the others. "If you're going to stay here, stay out of the spotlight."

"…R-Right." Yuu bowed his head slightly.

Minori gave Haruka a sidelong glance, then smiled gently at Yuu. "Don't mind her too much. She's just trying to look out for us."

"She's always like that," Airi added, grinning. "Takes everything way too seriously."

"That's why we love her," Shizuku said softly, placing a hand on Haruka's shoulder.

Haruka said nothing, but her gaze lingered on Yuu a few moments longer before finally turning away.

With his head bowed low, Yuu spoke in a quiet, earnest voice.

"I'm really sorry."

The words lingered in the air, heavier than they should've been.

He wasn't just apologizing for sneaking into their rehearsal.
He was apologizing for being here at all.

Minori blinked, then immediately stepped forward. "Ah—no, no! It's okay!" she said, flailing her arms a little. "I mean, it was a bit surprising, sure, but… I'm glad you're here, really!"

Her usual cheer tried to break through her panic, but her foot caught on the edge of the stage and she stumbled slightly—catching herself just in time. "A-Ahaha… You startled us, but you're not bad or anything! Right, guys?"

Airi sighed through her nose, placing a hand on her hip. "He did sneak in, Minori."

"I know," Minori replied, puffing her cheeks slightly. "But he said sorry! He really looks sorry!"

Airi looks at Yuu, as her eyes soften, "Fine. Just don't make a habit of it. You scared the life out of Haruka, you know."

"I'm aware," Yuu said, nodding. "And I won't. I promise."

Shizuku approached more calmly, her smile gentle. "You're not the first to get a little lost between worlds," she said thoughtfully. "And you're probably not the last. Still, it's… unusual."

She paused for a moment before adding, "Just try not to sneak around. If you'd said hello earlier, we could've invited you properly."

"I didn't want to interrupt," Yuu replied, rubbing the back of his neck. "You were all… amazing. It didn't feel right to get in the way."

For a heartbeat, silence returned.

Haruka still hadn't spoken.

She stood just slightly behind the group now, her arms crossed, her gaze still trained on him—steady, unwavering.

Minori turned toward her hesitantly. "Haruka…?"

Haruka's lips parted, but her voice was quiet. "You're still hiding something."

Yuu looked up, startled.

"I can tell," she continued, stepping forward now. Her tone wasn't accusatory, but it held a weight that couldn't be brushed aside. "You're not just a fan. You're not just lost. And even if Rin wants to cover for you, I'd rather know who's watching us from the shadows."

Rin, still beside the group, pouted dramatically. "Ehh, Haruka-chan, you're so stiff. Can't we just have a mysterious guest this one time?"

Haruka didn't flinch. "Not when it comes to what we've worked for."

Minori looked between them, torn. "He really doesn't seem like a bad guy…"

"I'm not," Yuu said softly. "At least… I'm trying not to be."

Haruka's eyes didn't leave his. But after a long pause, her posture eased—slightly.

"I'll trust you," she said at last, "but only as long as you don't betray that trust. If you're really here to watch and support idols… then stand where the audience belongs. Don't sneak backstage."

Yuu nodded firmly. "Understood."

Haruka turned away, the conversation over—for now.

The group slowly returned to their positions as the music began again. Yuu sat back down, this time further out of view, his heart beating with quiet relief and something else.

Gratitude.

Not just for being allowed to stay.

But for being seen.

The music started again.

A soft, dreamy instrumental at first—bright piano chords, accompanied by a gentle electronic beat that built like sunrise. The stage lights responded almost instinctively, blooming into pinks and soft yellows as the girls began their routine once more.

Yuu sat at the edge of the stage, knees pulled slightly up, watching them with quiet awe. Beside him, Rin sat cross-legged, arms resting on her lap, swaying gently to the rhythm.

"They really are amazing…" Yuu said under his breath.

Rin grinned. "Told you."

His eyes lingered on Haruka for a moment. "They're all different… but together, it works."

"That's what makes them special," Rin replied. "They don't fit into a single mold, but when they're on stage together… they shine."

Yuu tilted his head slightly. "Minori's the center, right?"

"Yup! She's the one who brought them all together." Rin smiled fondly. "She's still growing, but that's what people love about her. That clumsy determination? That genuine smile? It's impossible not to cheer for her."

Yuu's gaze softened. "She reminds me of Kohane."

He looked toward Airi and Shizuku next.

"Airi seems really protective."

"She is," Rin said. "She's the big sister type—even if she acts tough, she's got a soft spot for her team. Especially Minori."

"And Shizuku?"

“Elegant,” Rin said. “But she’s learning to be more than just perfect. She used to hide behind a polished image. Now, she’s starting to perform as herself. That takes courage, you know.”

Yuu’s gaze returned to Haruka.

“…She’s still not sure about me.”

“Haruka-chan’s hard to win over,” Rin admitted. “She’s serious about being an idol. She used to be the brightest one on stage—but that light came with pressure. Now, she’s working to find her own rhythm again.”

Yuu nodded slowly.

He could feel it—the intensity behind Haruka’s every move.
The unspoken need to meet an invisible standard.

“She’s not dancing for the audience,” Yuu murmured. “She’s dancing for something she hasn’t caught up to yet.”

Rin looked at him, surprised for a moment. Then, she smiled.

“You get it.”

The rehearsal ended on a sharp, synchronized pose—the music fading out as the stage dimmed.

Minori burst into laughter, breathless and happy. “We almost got it that time!”

“Still a little shaky on the third turn,” Airi pointed out, but she was smiling too.

“We’ll keep practicing,” Haruka said, brushing her bangs aside. “We can make it perfect.”

Yuu looked down at his hands.

Watching them… made something stir inside him.

Not envy. Not admiration, even.

But a feeling he couldn’t name yet.

As the girls began chatting among themselves and cooling down from rehearsal, Yuu remained seated at the stage's edge beside Rin. The warmth of the music still lingered in the air, soft and fading—like the last glow of stage lights dimming behind velvet curtains.

Yuu glanced at her out of the corner of his eye.

“…By the way,” he said, voice low. “How’s the search going?”

Rin tilted her head. “Search?”

“For the non-existence SEKAI,” he said quietly. “And the… glitching Miku.”

Her playful hum stopped mid-note.

Yuu turned fully toward her now. “All the Virtual Singers in each SEKAI… they were working together on it, right? You, Luka, MEIKO, Kaito, Len, and the others?”

Rin didn’t answer right away.

Her legs had been swinging gently off the edge of the platform. Now they stilled.

The playful gleam in her eyes faded—just slightly—and was replaced by something more thoughtful. Her head tilted down, golden bob catching the light like strands of spun honey.

“You’ve been paying more attention than I thought,” she murmured.

Yuu didn’t reply.

The silence between them changed. It wasn’t tense—but it was no longer light.

“…You’re right,” Rin finally said. Her voice had a softness now, careful and precise. “All of us—the Virtual Singers tied to each SEKAI—we’ve been gathering pieces. Signs.”

“Signs of what?” he asked.

“Cracks,” she said simply. “Thin ones. In the seams between SEKAIs. They don’t make sense, but they’re there."

Yuu’s hand curled slightly in his lap. “And the glitching Miku… she’s not part of any SEKAI?”

“She doesn’t belong anywhere,” Rin replied, eyes still distant. “We don’t even know if she’s a Miku at all. Every time we try to trace her, she disappears like a corrupted file. Just... blinks out.”

Yuu exhaled slowly.

He could feel the echo of that static in his memory.

Rin’s gaze slid back toward him. “Why ask now?”

“I’ve seen her,” Yuu admitted. “In that place, where the non-existence SEKAI was. She spoke to me.”

Rin blinked. “She spoke?”

Yuu nodded.

Rin went quiet again. Her hands gripped the edge of the platform tightly—tighter than before.

“Then we need to be careful,” she said softly. “Because if she’s talking to you… it means she knows who you are.”

“Well…” Yuu leaned back slightly, stretching his arms overhead with a quiet sigh. “I hope she’s doing alright there.”

Rin blinked, looking at him.

His voice wasn’t loaded with fear or suspicion. Just a kind of… gentleness. As if he weren’t talking about a threat, but someone lost. Someone lonely.

Even though the glitching Miku was wrapped in mystery—disconnected, unstable, unreadable—he still hoped she was okay.

Rin tilted her head, a soft smile tugging at her lips. “You’re weird, Yuu.”

“Everyone keeps saying that.”

“But…” she added, gaze drifting upward toward the bright artificial sky of the SEKAI, “maybe that’s why she noticed you.”

He said nothing.

The sound of laughter from the others floated over to them—Minori joking with Airi, Shizuku patiently explaining something technical that she clearly didn’t understand, and Haruka… still observing.

Still calculating.

The stage lights dimmed a little, signaling a break in rehearsal.

Rin stood up with a light hop, hands behind her back. “Wanna go talk to them?”

Yuu hesitated, then slowly got to his feet.

“…Yeah,” he said quietly. “Let’s go.”

As Rin and Yuu approached, Minori was the first to notice.

“Ah—Yuu-kun!” she called, waving both arms in her usual energetic way. “Come sit with us! Don’t just watch from the sidelines!”

Yuu blinked, unsure if she was serious. “…Are you sure?”

“Of course!” she said brightly. “It’s not every day we get a visitor from outside our SEKAI. More and more reasons to hang out!”

Airi smirked, tossing him a water bottle. “Yeah, why not. As long as you’re not gonna start critiquing our footwork or something.”

He caught the bottle clumsily, nearly fumbling it. “I wouldn’t dare.”

“Good.” She gave him a quick nod, brushing off imaginary dust from her shoulder. “Then you pass the vibe check.”

Shizuku offered him a soft smile as he sat down beside them, carefully choosing a spot just slightly apart. “You really were watching the whole time, weren’t you?”

Yuu nodded. “Yeah… You were all amazing. Like… really amazing.”

Minori beamed. “Hehe, thank you! We’re still far from perfect, though. I messed up the third turn again…”

“You did great,” Airi said, her voice casual but sincere.

“Mm. I agree,” Shizuku added. “You smiled all the way through.”

Minori flushed slightly, scratching her cheek. “T-thank you…”

Yuu sat quietly for a moment, watching the way they talked to each other—not as idols performing for fans, but as friends, teammates.

People who had found strength in each other.

Then his eyes flicked to the side.

Haruka was standing a little ways off, sipping from a water bottle, watching the group with a neutral expression.

She hadn’t spoken since rehearsal ended, but her gaze occasionally shifted toward Yuu.

She was listening. Measuring.

Minori followed his glance. “Ah—Haruka-chan! Come join us!”

Haruka looked over.

There was a brief silence… then she approached, each step quiet and composed.

She sat beside the others, but said nothing.

Her posture was still poised, as if she were waiting for a moment that hadn't come yet.

Yuu glanced down. “…I still feel bad for intruding earlier.”

Haruka’s gaze landed on him.

“If you really mean that,” she said quietly, “then prove it.”

He blinked. “Prove it?”

She nodded. “Keep watching us. Learn what it means to shine on stage.

Not just from the spotlight—but from behind it, too.”

Yuu held her gaze for a long moment.

“…Alright,” he said softly. “I will.”

Haruka turned away, taking another sip of water. “Good.”

Minori gave him a thumbs-up with a bright grin. “You’ll love it here. I’m sure of it!”

Rin giggled beside him, whispering under her breath, “Look at you, already part of the team.”

Yuu didn’t reply.

But a small smile tugged at the corner of his lips.

As the others laughed about something Airi had said—something about Haruka's strict rehearsal schedule and her secret pastry stash hidden in her school bag—Minori leaned in just a little closer to Yuu.

So close that her shoulder brushed against his.

"By the way, Yuu-kun," she whispered, her voice barely above the hum of conversation, warm and feather-light against his ear, "do you want to exchange numbers?"

Yuu blinked.

"Huh?"

Minori giggled behind her hand, as if she'd just asked something mischievous. "For texting, I mean! You're friends with Kohane-chan, right? It'd be nice if we could talk outside too! You know—more and more chances to chat!"

Her phone was already in her hand before he could process her words.

Her eyes were sparkling with honest, youthful joy. There was nothing forced about it—just genuine excitement. The kind that made people want to smile back.

Yuu felt heat creep to his ears. "Ah… sure. But…"

He rubbed the back of his neck, averting his gaze slightly. "I… don't have my phone with me."

Minori's eyes widened. "Oh—!"

But instead of getting awkward, she simply giggled again and leaned even closer, cupping her hand like she was sharing a sacred idol secret.

"Then… when you're back in the real world, find my socials," she whispered. "DM me the keyword…"

She leaned in just a bit more, breath soft.

"…'Idol's Pancake Mission.'"

Yuu blinked, trying not to laugh. "You… made that up just now, didn't you?"

Minori grinned, pulling back with a sparkle in her eyes. "Maybe~"

Just then—

"Ahhh! What are you two whispering about over there!?" Airi's voice cut through the soft moment like a snap.

Yuu jolted slightly. Minori squeaked.

Airi marched over, arms crossed with a raised brow. "Minori, I know that face. You're up to something."

Minori waved her hands defensively. "N-No, no! We were just talking about... pancakes!"

“…Pancakes?” Airi repeated flatly.

Minori nodded far too quickly. “Yup! Idol pancakes!”

Airi narrowed her eyes. “...You’re weird. But okay.”

From across the group, Shizuku tilted her head thoughtfully. “Is that the one with whipped cream and strawberries… or the one with honey butter?”

“Both!”

Haruka, still sipping her water, gave them a sidelong glance. “Pastries again, Minori?”

Minori yelped, straightening up. “Ah—No! I mean—yes? But not like that!”

Everyone burst into laughter—except Haruka, who simply smiled faintly behind her bottle.

Yuu exhaled, shoulders relaxing as the moment passed.

He didn’t belong here, not truly.

But somehow…

They let him in anyway.

Chapter End Notes

Did I nail the MMJ's personality?

First Glance of Miyamasuzaka Girls' Academy

Chapter Summary

Man, I can't believe I'm writing this while doing Mirror Dungeon in Limbus Company...

Yuu blinked as soft morning light slipped through the edges of his curtains, washing the room in a pale, golden hue. No flickering spotlights. No shimmering haze of a pastel sky. No heartbeat echoing from someone else's dreams.

This wasn't a SEKAI.

It was reality.

And yet, somehow, the transition felt more surreal.

He was still in his school uniform—the same one he'd slipped into before being pulled into the Stage SEKAI. The faint scent of soap still clung to the collar, a quiet reminder that the earlier rehearsal hadn't been a dream.

He stretched lightly, then moved with practiced ease: phone, wallet, bag.

All accounted for.

He slung the strap over his shoulder as he stepped toward the door.

"I'm going now, Mom."

"Yeah, take care!" her voice called back from the kitchen, casual and comforting.

He stepped into the genkan, shoes lined neatly against the wall. Slipping them on, he paused for a brief moment, his gaze flicking back toward the hallway.

Just for a second, it almost felt like someone had followed him from the SEKAI.

But the house was still.

Quiet.

Normal.

He exhaled.

"…Right. Time for school."

He opened the door and stepped outside.

The air was warm with the early breath of summer, cicadas just beginning their morning chorus. The streets were already beginning to fill with the sound of footsteps and bicycle wheels and the occasional bark of a dog chasing after nothing in particular.

He walked with a steady pace toward Kamiyama High, letting the rhythm of the world sink back into him, ordinary, grounding.

That was, until—

As he neared the school gate, something unusual caught his eye.

Standing just outside the entrance—hands on his hips, his expression full of theatrical frustration—was none other than…

"Tsukasa-senpai…?"

Yuu blinked.

Then blinked again, just to be sure.

Standing right at the front gate of Kamiyama High, drawing subtle whispers and second glances from passing students, was none other than Tsukasa Tenma.

Tall, unmistakable, and slightly out of place, Tsukasa stood upright with his school bag in one hand, glancing around with a mix of focused intent and mild discomfort. His usual confident air was still there—but muted. Quieter. More… normal.

Yuu slowed his steps as he approached.

"…Good morning, Tsukasa-senpai."

Tsukasa turned, straightening as he recognized the voice. A smile broke across his face—relieved, if a little sheepish.

"Ah, Hazuki-kun," he greeted. "Good morning."

Yuu tilted his head, unsure whether to prepare for a full monologue or something more grounded. "What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be in class?"

Tsukasa let out a quiet breath, shifting his weight slightly as he rubbed the back of his neck. "Yeah, about that… Something came up this morning."

His tone wasn't dramatic. If anything, it carried the familiar weight of someone trying not to make a big deal out of something that kind of was.

"What happened?"

Tsukasa held up the school bag, his brows knit in concern. "It's… a mix-up. With textbooks."

Yuu raised an eyebrow.

"Saki-chan asked to borrow a few of my old Kamiyama textbooks yesterday," Tsukasa explained. "She wanted to compare them with the ones she's using now at Miyamasuzaka. I gave her mine,

but—”

He opened the bag and pulled out a thin book with a soft pink cover.

“…she gave me these back this morning.”

Yuu looked down at it. The design was definitely from Miyamasuzaka Girls’ Academy. Elegant, clean, and printed in a softer palette than Kamiyama’s more functional covers.

“So, you’re heading there now to return them?” Yuu asked.

Tsukasa nodded, frowning slightly. “Yeah. But…”

He hesitated, eyes flicking toward the crowd of students still streaming into Kamiyama’s gate.

“I… kind of don’t want to walk into a girls’ school by myself. Not in my uniform. That’ll look weird, won’t it?”

Yuu let out a small laugh before quickly softening it into a reassuring smile. “Fair enough.”

“I know it’s silly,” Tsukasa added, chuckling a little to himself, “but I’d rather not be that guy.”

Yuu shifted his bag on his shoulder and nodded. “Alright, I’ll go with you.”

Tsukasa blinked. “Really?”

“Yeah,” Yuu replied. “Might as well. It’s on the way, sort of.”

The tension in Tsukasa’s shoulders eased immediately. “Thanks, Hazuki-kun. That’d help a lot.”

He started walking, slower than usual. Yuu followed alongside.

The sun was still climbing over the rooftops, casting a warm orange glow across the street as the two boys moved away from Kamiyama’s gate and toward the quiet hill that led to Miyamasuzaka’s tree-lined campus.

Yuu smiled to himself, eyes on the road ahead.

But inside, his thoughts were already spiraling.

…Wait, wasn’t this supposed to be an area conversation with Ichika-san instead?

…Oh well. Guess I’ll improvise.

After several quiet minutes beneath the golden spill of early sunlight, the two boys finally reached the gates of Miyamasuzaka Girls’ Academy.

The walk had carried them uphill along a tree-lined road, where the breeze stirred the leaves in soft rustles and cast dappled shadows across their path.

The sun had risen higher now, gilding the tops of the school’s white walls and catching faint reflections in the ironwork of the front gate, which stood wide open in gentle invitation.

Yuu slowed to a stop as they reached the front.

His eyes lifted.

There was a stillness here.

One that didn't exist at Kamiyama High.

Not empty or stiff—just composed.

Like the campus itself was holding its breath in quiet discipline.

Yuu stared up at it for a moment, blinking.

It looked exactly like it did in the game.

And yet… not.

Tsukasa came to a slow stop beside him, his steps uncertain now. "…What now?" he asked, glancing over at Yuu with the quiet nerves of someone trying not to look out of place.

Yuu crossed his arms. "Well… this is actually my first time visiting the outside of this school."

Tsukasa's brows rose. "You've never been here before?"

Not in this world, Yuu thought. Only through a screen.

He shook his head. "Nope."

Tsukasa tapped the folder against his chin, brows drawn slightly in thought. "Huh… That makes two of us, then."

He didn't press further.

But Yuu could feel it—Tsukasa's usual theatrical confidence dimmed by the unfamiliarity. He was out of his element, and even he knew it.

A few students from Miyamasuzaka passed by, casting quick glances at the unfamiliar boys standing just beyond the gate.

Whispers floated between them like petals caught in the wind.

"Are they from Kamiyama?"

"Did something happen?"

The whispering wasn't malicious, but it was enough to make Yuu shift his weight, suddenly aware of how out-of-place they looked in their uniforms.

"…We're standing out," he muttered, glancing sideways.

Tsukasa cleared his throat, straightening his back like he was preparing for a press conference. "I-I'll explain things. Properly."

Yuu raised a brow. "You sure?"

“Positive,” Tsukasa said with a nod, voice more composed this time. “This is just a textbook hand-off, after all.”

He took a deep breath and began walking forward again—shoulders back, eyes ahead.

“Huh? If it isn’t Hazuki-kun… and Tsukasa-san? What are you doing at Miya Girls…?”

The voice rang out—soft, clear, and unmistakably familiar.

Yuu froze mid-step.

That voice.

He didn’t need to turn to know who it belonged to.

The tension in his shoulders, taut like coiled wire since they reached the gate, loosened in an instant. His breath left him in a quiet sigh, as though someone had gently deflated a balloon.

Finally, he thought, a flicker of relief passed through him.

An area conversation.

That meant this moment was part of the usual flow.

A scene designed to trigger at the right time. Dialogue, interaction, resolution. Just follow the cues, say the lines, and then—

“We can finally go back to Kamikou once this is done,” he murmured under his breath, a faint, knowing smile on his lips.

But as he and Tsukasa turned to face the speaker, that calm unraveled.

Standing just beyond the white gate, framed by the morning light, were two girls in the signature Miyamasuzaka Girls’ Academy uniform.

Hoshino Ichika.

And beside her, Hinomori Shiho.

Together.

Yuu blinked.

Once.

Twice.

His brain stuttered like a skipping track.

This… wasn’t right.

Ichika and Shiho? Together? Now?

That wasn’t part of the game’s scripted flow.

Tsukasa was caught off guard by them.

“Ah… Hoshino-san. And… Shiho-san, right?”

Shiho gave a brief nod, calm and composed. “Yes. Good morning.”

Ichika offered a warm smile, stepping forward. “Are you two here to visit someone?”

Tsukasa cleared his throat, regaining his poise. “Actually, I’m just returning some textbooks that got… accidentally swapped. With Saki-san.”

“Kamiyama High textbooks?” Ichika echoed, brows lifting in mild surprise.

Tsukasa nodded, holding up the folder. “She told me she wanted to compare her new materials with the ones I used last year. I lent her a few books, but this morning, I found that the ones she returned were from Miyamasuzaka.”

“I see…” Ichika glanced toward the gate thoughtfully.

Shiho let out a small, exasperated sigh. “That sounds like something Saki would do.”

“If you’d like,” Ichika offered, her tone gentle, “I can deliver them to her for you.”

Tsukasa’s shoulders eased. “That would help quite a lot. I’d rather not cause… misunderstandings.”

“I understand,” Ichika said with a knowing smile. “I’ll let Saki know to be more careful next time.”

As she stepped forward to take the folder, Shiho’s eyes flicked toward Yuu.

And lingered.

Her gaze narrowed slightly. “What’s with your face?”

Yuu stiffened.

She’d caught the subtle twitch in his expression—the cracks in the calm.

He cleared his throat quickly, flipping the mental switch.

Time to activate the [Genius of Acting].

“No, I was just…” he said, voice smooth, “admiring how you two look cute in your uniforms.”

Shiho’s eyes widened ever so slightly.

A faint blush crept across her cheeks before she turned away with a quiet huff.

“…Come on, Ichika. We’ll be late if we keep standing around.”

Ichika blinked at her, then laughed softly. “Alright.”

She turned back to Tsukasa with a nod and gently took the folder from his hands.

“Thank you. I’ll make sure it gets to her.”

Tsukasa gave a small bow. “Much appreciated.”

As the two girls stepped past the gate and toward the campus beyond, Yuu watched them go, still processing, still wondering.

The iron gate of Miyamasuzaka Girls’ Academy drifted closed behind them with a soft click, the sound echoing faintly against the stone walls.

With the school now at their backs, Yuu and Tsukasa made their way down the gently sloping hill.

The distant chatter of students faded behind them, swallowed by the hush of morning wind and rustling leaves.

Overhead, sunlight filtered through the trees in soft ribbons of gold, and the paved path ahead stretched quietly, familiar and peaceful.

For a few minutes, neither of them said anything.

The silence wasn’t awkward—just still.

Like the world itself was taking a breath.

Then, as they turned a curve in the road, Tsukasa exhaled through his nose and spoke.

“…Cute in their uniforms?” he said, tilting his head, the corners of his mouth twitching.

Yuu blinked, then looked away with a small huff of breath that sounded suspiciously like a laugh.

Tsukasa leaned forward slightly, eyes narrowing in mock accusation. “Hazuki-kun, I must admit—I didn’t expect that line from you.”

There it is again, Yuu thought.

That voice.

That theatrical air is returning like clockwork.

He’s back.

Yuu fought the urge to smile and rolled his eyes instead. “It was the first thing that came to mind.”

“A spontaneous line born from emotion!” Tsukasa declared, dramatically placing a hand on his chest. “Truly, you have a gift for the stage!”

“Please don’t say that,” Yuu muttered, dryly.

Tsukasa grinned. “No need to be shy! You managed to catch even Hinomori-san off guard.”

“She glared at me.”

“While blushing,” Tsukasa countered with a wink.

Yuu groaned softly, pressing a hand to his face.

Their steps fell into rhythm again, comfortable now, as if the moment at the gate had been folded away into memory.

"…Thanks for coming with me," Tsukasa said after a pause, voice softer now. "I know it wasn't your problem."

Yuu glanced over.

For once, there wasn't any flair in his expression. Just a sincere smile.

Yuu shrugged lightly. "I didn't mind."

The breeze passed between them again, cooler now, as the quiet hum of morning traffic slowly filled the streets ahead.

And with it came the subtle sense that something in the day had shifted.

Not dramatically.

Not suddenly.

But gently.

By the time the two of them reached Kamiyama High, the clock was already inching toward third period.

They slipped into the side entrance, shoes squeaking softly against the polished hallway floors, the muffled sound of lessons filtering through the nearby classrooms.

Neither of them rushed.

There wasn't much point.

Yuu's bag felt lighter now, though he hadn't taken anything out.

Just a different kind of weight shifting.

As they turned down the corridor that led to their respective classrooms, Tsukasa gave a small wave. "Well then, until next time, Hazuki-kun."

Yuu nodded. "Yeah. See you later."

And with that, Tsukasa vanished around the bend, humming some theatrical melody under his breath.

Yuu lingered for a second longer, then stepped back into the steady rhythm of the school day. His hand reached for the classroom door, silent, routine.

But in his mind, a quiet thought surfaced.

…I guess Tsukasa-senpai and I are a little closer now?

He didn't say it aloud.

He just allowed the corners of his lips to lift faintly as he opened the door and slipped into class.

Supporting the Stars (Part 1)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The afternoon sun poured gently through the window, casting long golden streaks across the floor of Yuu's bedroom.

Dust motes danced slowly in the quiet light, drifting like tiny lanterns through the still air.

A faint breeze slipped past the curtain, brushing the fabric so it swayed with the steady rhythm of a resting heartbeat.

Yuu leaned back in his chair, arms stretching above his head with a slow sigh.

His body still carried the faint ache of the rhythm stages he'd cleared that morning, muscles sore in the best way, fingers slightly tingling from the intensity of his last session.

He hadn't visited a SEKAI today.

Not yet.

But he didn't feel in a hurry.

Some days felt like the world pressed too tightly against him—its colors, its silence, the weight of its eyes.

But today was quiet.

Still.

He reached for the water bottle on his desk, its plastic sides cool beneath his fingers, and took a small sip.

His eyes scanned the room lazily: a stack of notebooks on the corner of the desk, yesterday's uniform draped neatly over the chair by the wall, the faint glow of his phone screen resting idle on the tabletop.

"Holidays are kinda boring…" he muttered to no one in particular, letting the silence answer for him.

A moment later, he reached for his phone.

His thumb traced the edge of the screen as he scrolled idly through his contacts—names he'd organized and tagged more carefully than before. Familiar faces. New friendships.

Then he stopped.

Minori Hanasato.

He blinked, lips parting slightly as his gaze lingered on the name. A memory surfaced: bright eyes, louder laughter, an almost blinding determination that clung to every word she spoke.

“I wonder what they’re up to now…” he murmured, tilting his head back to look at the ceiling, his voice trailing off like an unfinished thought.

And then—

Brr-brrr.

His phone vibrated softly across the wooden desk, the sound light, almost shy.

Yuu blinked again and leaned forward, setting the bottle aside.

Minori.

He stared for a second. Then tapped the green icon and brought the phone to his ear.

“Hello?”

“Yuu-kun?” Minori’s voice came through bright and slightly breathless, like she’d just run up a flight of stairs. “Ah! Good! I didn’t catch you at a bad time, did I?”

He leaned back in his seat, a soft smile tugging at the corner of his lips. “No, I was just taking a break. What’s up?”

“Haha~ Nothing! I just wanted to check up on you!”

“…Ah. I see…”

There was a pause on the line—not an awkward one, but the kind of silence that felt natural.

Then Minori’s voice returned, gentler now. “You sounded a little surprised.”

Yuu shifted in his chair, resting an elbow on the desk and leaning his cheek against his knuckles.

A faint smile tugged at the corner of his mouth.

“I guess I didn’t expect a call out of the blue.”

“Sorry! I just thought… you’ve been meeting so many people lately, and I wasn’t sure if you’d forgotten about us.”

“No way, it’s just been… a lot. You know how strange things have been."

"Mhm, I figured. So… have you been watching our lives?”

“Of course.”

“Really?”

“You guys are really amazing.”

There was a gasp on the other end—high-pitched and genuine—followed by the sound of papers fluttering, like she'd bumped into something or spun around mid-call.

"Ehh?! You should've said hi!"

Yuu chuckled, scratching the back of his neck. "I didn't want to interrupt… or sneak backstage. I didn't want people to think I was some creep or stalker or something."

He could almost hear her puff out her cheeks on the other end.

"You're not a creep! You're our friend, you know."

He didn't answer right away—but his silence wasn't from doubt.

Just… surprise.

That someone said it out loud.

"So? How's MMJ doing?" Yuu asked gently, his voice low with genuine curiosity.

For a moment, silence answered him.

Not the comfortable kind from before, this one felt thinner.

Fragile, even. Like something just beneath the surface had shifted.

He could hear Minori breathing quietly on the other end. Not speaking. Not moving. Just… holding something back.

The brightness that had colored her voice moments ago seemed to fade, like a cloud slipping over the sun.

"…We're doing our best."

Yuu straightened in his chair, instinct sharpening at the subdued tone. "That… doesn't sound like a yes."

There was a tiny, almost sheepish laugh on the other end.

But it didn't carry her usual energy.

It sounded tired.

Worried.

"I guess I can't lie to you, huh?"

Yuu didn't reply.

He waited.

Patiently.

Minori exhaled slowly.

“We’re okay, really. Airi-chan and Shizuku-chan are doing their best to keep things steady. We’re still rehearsing, still smiling, still giving it our all…”

She paused again.

Then, softly—almost like it hurt to say:

“…But Haruka-chan hasn’t been doing so well lately.”

Yuu frowned, Is she hurt?”

“No… not physically, It’s just… she’s been more strict than usual with herself. More serious. Quiet. She stays late, running choreo by herself. She keeps practicing, keeps pushing herself past the point where it’s healthy. Even when we ask her to stop. Even when we tell her she’s doing enough.”

“Did you talk to the manager about it?”

There was hesitation again.

“Ayaka-san… knows, I think. But she’s really busy with scheduling and interviews lately. She says Haruka’s a professional, and that she’ll be fine if we give her space.”

Yuu leaned back in his chair, eyes falling shut.

Saitou Ayaka.

He remembered the name now—MMJ’s official manager.

“…I see.”

Minori stayed quiet for a beat longer.

Then, softly—tentatively:

“Yuu-kun… can I ask you something kind of weird?”

“Go on?”

On the other end of the line, Minori inhaled softly—then spoke, her voice a little rushed, like she’d been holding it in.

“I’m not forcing you or anything, really! But… would you be willing to become Ayaka-san’s assistant manager?”

“I mean…” Minori hesitated, then continued with a burst of nervous energy, “Ayaka-san’s been so swamped lately! She’s juggling interviews, scheduling, training, transportation—everything! And it’s been getting harder and harder for her to keep up, even if she doesn’t show it. I told her she should consider hiring an assistant, and—well—I was going to recommend you.”

There was a pause.

“…That kind of sounds like you already planned this,” Yuu said dryly.

A sheepish giggle filtered through the speaker. “M-Maybe just a little…”

Yuu leaned back into his chair, fingers drumming faintly against the desk. His brows furrowed—not out of annoyance, but thought.

The idea was sudden.

Ridiculous, even.

Him? A manager?

But then, his mind conjured the image of Haruka.

Yuu exhaled quietly, eyes drifting toward the sunlight pooling on the floor.

"…I don't think she'd approve," he murmured.

"Huh?"

"Haruka," he clarified. "If she's already pushing herself this hard, I doubt she'd welcome some outsider suddenly stepping in to help. Especially someone like me."

Minori was quiet for a moment.

Then she said, gently:

"She'll understand. Eventually. I think deep down, Haruka-chan doesn't hate help. She's just forgotten what it looks like."

Yuu stayed silent.

The sunlight through the window had shifted, stretching across his desk in pale amber stripes. His fingers rested lightly on the phone, unmoving, his gaze fixed somewhere distant—somewhere past the walls of his room.

He let the quiet linger a moment longer, then finally said, "First… talk to your manager. If your manager agrees, then I'll do it."

There was a sharp inhale on the other end—Minori's surprise bleeding into joy.

"Yeah! That sounds great! Thank you, Yuu-kun!"

He leaned back again, closing his eyes with a sigh that wasn't quite tired, just grounded.

"…Don't thank me yet."

"Alright! I'll call you again!" Minori's voice rang with cheerful certainty.

"Yeah, yeah…" Yuu murmured, a faint smile tugging at his lips despite himself.

The call ended with a soft click. The screen dimmed, and the room returned to stillness.

Yuu lowered the phone onto the table, letting it rest beside his untouched glass of water. For a moment, he simply stared at it—at the way its surface reflected the light, at the silence that settled in its wake.

He leaned back in his chair again, fingers threading through his hair.

“Every day,” he muttered, the words escaping on a quiet exhale, “why am I always butting in with these chara—”

He stopped.

His jaw clenched for a second, the words catching.

Then, more quietly this time, his voice almost flat:

“…Why am I always butting in with these people…”

The sentence hung there, incomplete in feeling, even though the words were whole.

[Minori Hanasato’s Perspective]

The moment the call with Yuu ended, Minori didn’t waste a second.

She tucked her phone back into her bag, smoothed out her skirt, and made her way down the hallway of their rehearsal space, the soles of her shoes clicking softly against the polished floor.

Her steps were brisk, her heart light with a sense of purpose, but also fluttering with nerves.

The manager’s office was tucked into the back, a quiet little space that always felt colder than the rest of the building.

When she opened the door, the faint scent of disinfectant met her nose, sharp and sterile, blending with the familiar undertone of fabric softener from costume storage nearby.

It was a smell she’d come to associate with hard work and long days.

Ayaka sat at her desk near the window, bathed in the pale afternoon light.

Her brows were furrowed, her tablet aglow with overlapping tabs, schedules, emails, coordination apps, and social media reports.

Her half-melted iced coffee sat to the side, condensation pooling beneath it like forgotten urgency.

“Ayaka-san?” Minori called gently.

Ayaka looked up, startled for a second, then softened. “Minori-chan? Do you need something for the next set?”

“Ah no, not about the performance,” Minori said, stepping inside with a sheepish smile. “I actually… wanted to suggest something.”

Ayaka set the stylus down and gave her a more focused look. “Go on.”

Minori took a deep breath, fingers fidgeting behind her back. “I know you’ve been working really hard lately. You always take care of everything—rehearsals, interviews, responding to fan letters, arranging transport, managing livestreams… It’s a lot. And it must be exhausting.”

“It’s part of the job,” Ayaka said, not unkindly—just matter-of-fact.

“I know,” Minori nodded. “But even the best managers need help sometimes.”

A quiet beat passed between them.

Ayaka’s gaze softened as she leaned back slightly in her chair.

“Help?”

Minori straightened up, her voice firmer now. “I’d like to recommend someone to be your assistant. Just part-time, if that’s okay. He’s reliable, quick to notice details, and he’s been helping out so many people already, without even realizing it.”

Ayaka raised an eyebrow. “He?”

“His name is Yuu Hazuki.”

The manager blinked once. Then chuckled. “Yuu Hazuki… is he the same fan who showed up to that handshake event without a single piece of merch on him?”

Minori laughed, flustered. “U-uh—technically, yes! But he’s not like that! He’s really observant, and always watching quietly from the sidelines. He never causes a scene, and somehow ends up helping people anyway. He just… understands what we do. More than most people.”

Ayaka folded her arms, watching her closely now. “…And you think this boy could handle working with a professional idol unit?”

Minori didn’t hesitate. “Yeah. I believe he can.”

The older woman tilted her head slightly, giving Minori a slow once-over. Her voice, when she spoke again, was teasing.

“You speak about Yuu Hazuki like you’re in a relationship.”

“E-eh?!” Minori flushed instantly. “N-no! It’s not like that!”

Ayaka gave a low, tired laugh and leaned back in her chair with a sigh. There was a smile forming at the edge of her lips—small, but genuine.

“You really believe in him, huh?”

Minori’s hands curled into small fists at her sides, her eyes shining with sincerity. “I do.”

Ayaka glanced down at her tablet again. Then let out another sigh—this one more thoughtful.

“Alright. I’ll meet him.”

Minori gasped, eyes wide. “Really?!”

“It’s just a meeting,” Ayaka reminded, voice cool but not cold. “But if he’s as competent as you say… We’ll see.”

“Thank you, Ayaka-san!” Minori bowed deeply, practically glowing with gratitude. She backed out of the room like a balloon about to float away.

As her footsteps faded down the hallway, Ayaka chuckled to herself, finally reaching for her neglected iced coffee.

The drink had gone watery, but she sipped it anyway.

“Yuu Hazuki, huh?” she murmured, tapping her stylus thoughtfully against her chin. “Let’s see what kind of person keeps showing up in everyone’s story.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry if its short, I'll make up for it tomorrow!

Supporting the Stars (Part 2)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

[MORE MORE JUMP!'s Perspective]

The door to the rehearsal studio creaked open with a soft metallic groan, just loud enough to pull the attention of the three girls inside.

Minori slipped through the doorway, careful as she closed it behind her with a muted click.

The room still shimmered with the echoes of movement.

A faint beat from earlier practice clung to the walls like the scent of exertion, warm, electric, lingering.

Overhead lights reflected off the glossy floor, catching beads of sweat on flushed skin and glinting against polished mirrors.

Airi sat on the floor, one leg stretched out in front of her while the other bent lazily at the knee.

A towel drooped over her shoulders, and she took long gulps from her water bottle, her chest rising and falling in a tired rhythm.

Shizuku stood near the wall-length mirror, gently patting her cheeks with a soft embroidered handkerchief.

Haruka stood a little apart from the others, posture straight despite the fatigue in her eyes. Even her exhaustion was disciplined.

All three turned when Minori entered.

"You're back," Haruka said, her voice calm, reaching for her bottle but not lifting it to her lips. "You were gone longer than usual."

"Sorry!" Minori offered a sheepish smile. "I had to talk to Ayaka-san. Something important came up."

Shizuku blinked, curious. "Is everything alright?"

"Yup! Everything's okay." Minori walked across the floor and plopped down beside Airi, the cool wood catching her palms. "Actually, I wanted to tell you all something."

Airi gave her a look. "You've got that face. Like you're about to confess to something huge."

Minori laughed, light and genuine. "Not huge. Just… surprising, maybe."

All three waited.

"I asked Ayaka-san if she'd consider bringing in a part-time assistant manager."

Haruka blinked. “An assistant manager?”

“For her?” Airi echoed, brows furrowing. “Seriously?”

“She’s been juggling so much lately—scheduling, mail, bookings. It’s honestly too much for one person.”

Shizuku gently folded her handkerchief and tucked it into her pocket. “That’s true… I always see her eating lunch while answering emails.”

“So,” Haruka asked, crossing her arms, “who did you have in mind?”

Minori paused only a heartbeat before answering.

“Yuu-kun.”

There was a sharp stillness in the air—brief, but noticeable.

“…Hazuki-kun?” Airi said, eyes narrowing as if she hadn’t heard correctly. “You mean that guy?"

“Yeah!”

Airi sat up straighter, her brows pinched. “Wait. Hold on. Why him? And why didn’t you tell us first?”

Minori raised her hands quickly. “I wanted to! I just… needed to ask before I lost the courage. Ayaka-san said she’s willing to meet him.”

“But Minori,” Haruka said carefully, her voice even, “we don’t know him that well. We’ve only seen him a few times. What makes you so sure?”

Minori glanced down at her hands, fingers curling slightly in her lap.

“Because… he listens. He really sees people. And somehow, even without meaning to, he ends up helping them. He’s done it with Vivid BAD SQUAD after all!"

Shizuku looked thoughtful, lips pursed.

Airi still seemed skeptical, arms crossed tightly. “Tch… I guess. But if he messes up anything, I’m dragging him back to Ayaka-san myself.”

“I’m not saying he’s perfect, But I think we should give him a chance.”

Haruka didn’t speak right away. Her gaze drifted to the window, where late sunlight streamed in, gold on the floorboards. After a moment, she gave a small nod.

“If Ayaka-san’s willing to meet him… then we’ll wait and see.”

Minori’s expression softened with relief. “Thank you.”

Airi muttered under her breath, “Still think you should’ve told us first.”

Minori reached out and bumped her shoulder lightly. “Sorry. Next time, I will. Promise.”

Shizuku let out a quiet giggle, easing the tension.

Just as the tension in the room began to fade, Haruka finally spoke again, quiet, but firm.

"…But I want to be there during the interview with Ayaka-san."

Minori turned, blinking in surprise. "Eh? Haruka-chan?"

"I'm not against it, and if Ayaka-san is considering it, then I trust her judgment. But if this person is going to be working with us… I want to see for myself."

Airi raised an eyebrow, clearly caught off guard by the sudden assertiveness. "Whoa… didn't expect that."

Shizuku looked at Haruka with soft curiosity. "Is it because you're worried?"

Haruka's lips pressed into a thin line for a moment before she exhaled.

"…I just want to make sure he understands what it means to support an idol group. What it means to support us."

Her tone wasn't harsh—it was careful, grounded in something deeper.

Minori looked at her quietly, then nodded with a small smile. "Okay. I'll let Ayaka-san know."

Haruka gave a single, resolute nod. "Thank you."

Airi flopped back onto the floor with a groan. "Man, I feel like this is gonna be more intense than any of our actual auditions."

"Maybe, but I think Yuu-kun can handle it."

Shizuku giggled softly. "Let's make sure he survives it first."

As the light from the studio window stretched a little longer across the floor, the four girls settled into a brief, reflective silence.

Somehow… it already felt like things were beginning to shift.

[Yuu Hazuki's Perspective]

The next day arrived like most others, quiet, with the soft hum of life easing gently into motion.

Morning sunlight filtered through the blinds, casting pale slats across the floor in muted gold.

The air was warm already, humming faintly with the distant song of cicadas and the low rumble of a delivery truck somewhere down the street.

Yuu sat at the edge of his bed, a half-laced sock forgotten in his hand. He blinked slowly, his other foot already dressed and tapping lightly against the hardwood floor.

The silence was peaceful.

Ordinary.

A small window of stillness before the rhythms of the day truly began.

Then his phone buzzed.

A short, clipped vibration from the desk.

He turned, expecting the usual morning ping—a login reminder from the rhythm game or some idle promotion notification.

But what greeted him was different.

[Unknown Number]

The screen glowed with a single message, neatly typed:

Good morning. This is Saitou Ayaka, manager of MORE MORE JUMP!. Minori Hanasato passed along your name regarding the part-time assistant manager position. I'd like to speak with you briefly, if you're available today. Please reply with a time that works for you.

- Ayaka

Yuu stared.

The sock slid from his fingers.

For a second, he simply… processed.

The name Saitou Ayaka stood out like bold text in his mind.

Not because she was famous or known beyond idol circles, but because she was real. Tangible. A functioning adult in this fabricated, shifting world. A figure behind the curtain.

And she wanted to talk to him.

He sat a little straighter, the atmosphere in his bedroom subtly shifting.

The air felt heavier now, not unpleasant, but weighted, like the moment before stepping onto a stage.

Slowly, he reached for his phone.

His thumb hovered above the screen for a second longer than necessary before he began to type.

Yuu stared at the message a moment longer, his eyes scanning the words again as if they might change under closer inspection.

Minori actually went through with it...

Part of him wanted to pretend this wasn't a big deal.

That this was just another odd detour in a life that had long since stopped making logical sense.

But this was different.

This wasn’t a conversation inside a SEKAI, or a chance meeting with a character guided by emotion.

This was a real person, asking for his time.

So don’t be careless about it.

He sat up fully now, brushing his fingers through his hair as he gathered his thoughts. The screen still waited patiently in his hand, cursor blinking at the end of Ayaka’s neatly worded message.

After a pause, he began to type—carefully, deliberately:

Good morning, Saitou-san.
Thank you for reaching out. I’d be happy to speak with you. Would the afternoon be alright? I’m available after 3:00 PM.

Best regards,
Hazuki Yuu

He read the message three times, checking for tone, punctuation, anything that might make him sound unprofessional or too casual.

Once satisfied, he hit send.

The soft whoosh of the message being delivered echoed quietly in the room.

Then, silence.

Yuu leaned back, eyes fixed on the screen as if the response might come instantly.

Part-time assistant manager for an idol group... huh.

He rested his head against the back of his chair and let his eyes close for a moment.

Yuu sighed, dragging a hand through his sleep-tousled hair.

"Alright..." he muttered to himself, stretching his arms with a quiet groan. "Time to at least make myself look decent later."

He glanced toward the mirror near his desk, his reflection half-shrouded by sunlight, and frowned at the vague mess of bed hair, uneven collar, and the sluggish expression still lingering on his face.

"...Yeah, I need food first."

He stood, rubbing the back of his neck as he headed toward the door.

His stomach grumbled faintly.

And just as he reached for the handle, a thought flickered through his mind—

A different world.

The time before all this.

[Flashback]

The rush of people.

The white noise of the city.

Concrete underfoot and a convenience store breakfast half-eaten in his lap as he sat on the stone bench outside campus.

Back then, the days moved in fast-forward, lecture halls, late-night group chats, and job-hunting anxiety.

Familiar ones.

“Hazuki-kun,” came the voice of his friend, precise and crisp, tugging at the collar of a white shirt that looked ironed within an inch of its life, “if you’re gonna walk into an interview looking like that, you might as well wear a sign that says, ‘Please reject me politely.’”

Yuu had blinked mid-chew, the onigiri puffing out his cheek like a squirrel’s. “…What’s wrong with how I look?”

“Your hair’s doing that weird bird-wing thing again,” they replied, deadpan. “Your shirt’s half-tucked, your tie’s barely a knot, and you’ve got bags under your eyes like you’re storing groceries.”

A smirk followed, along with a gentle nudge to his shoulder.

“Come on, man. At least pretend you want the job.”

He’d laughed because it was true.

And later, after finishing his breakfast, he’d tugged his collar straight.

“…Also,” the friend had added, leaning in with mock exasperation, “wipe that rice grain off your lip before you go in.”

Without waiting, they reached over and brushed it away with a knuckle, muttering something under their breath about hopeless boys with decent hearts.

Yuu had only rolled his eyes and finished the onigiri.

[Back to present]

Yuu blinked.

The memory dissolved like breath on glass, but its warmth lingered in his chest, just a little.

“…I guess I’ve always been like this, huh?” he murmured to himself, hand still resting on the doorknob.

Then he pushed it open and stepped out into the hallway, the scent of breakfast from downstairs guiding him forward.

Another day, another thread pulled tight in a world slowly tying him to something new.

The house was quiet in the way homes usually are on lazy weekdays, distant sounds of cicadas humming through the cracked kitchen window, and the faint clatter of dishes as Yuu reheated leftover rice and eggs.

He ate without much ceremony, seated at the kitchen table, watching sunlight shift across the floor in slow arcs.

The hum of the microwave.

The clink of chopsticks.

Everything felt suspended, like time was biding its breath.

After breakfast, he washed his plate, wiped the counter, and stood idle in the hallway for a few moments before sighing and returning to his room.

He tried passing the time the usual way.

Three rhythm stages.

One after another, without pause.

The songs pulsed through his fingertips and wrists, complex patterns crashing like waves.

Bright colors.

Scoring ticks.

That strange, euphoric heartbeat that thudded against his chest as if borrowed from someone else.

Perfect Full Combo.

Stage Cleared.

But once the music faded, the silence returned, uninvited and weighty.

He stretched.

Tidied up.

Changed into clean clothes.

By noon, the sunlight had brightened into something near-blinding, heating the windows as cicadas screamed outside. Yuu lay on his bed for a while, staring up at the ceiling, eyes half-lidded, thinking of everything and nothing.

Eventually, he rose and headed out.

He wandered into the neighborhood through tree-lined sidewalks and past corner stores with little paper fans in the window.

A short stop by the convenience store yielded a cold tea and a melon pan.

He sat on a bench near the park, sipping quietly, watching a few kids playing ball across the field.

One of them tripped and immediately laughed, brushing dirt off his knees.

The others helped him up without saying anything.

Yuu smiled faintly at that.

Somehow, it reminded him of the girls in MORE MORE JUMP!, how they kept picking each other up after every fall.

Time ticked forward.

He didn't really do much.

Just walked, watched, thought.

And then, finally—

3:00 PM.

The air was softer by then, the light taking on a golden hue as the afternoon settled.

Yuu checked the message thread again, just to be sure. The address was correct, the time unchanged.

He stood in front of the small, modern office building tucked between a bakery and a karaoke bar—a plain white sign above the glass door that simply read:
"MMJ Production – 2nd Floor."

He inhaled once through his nose. Slowly.

Then climbed the stairs, each step echoing faintly behind him.

At the top, he paused before the frosted glass door, fingers flexing at his side.

This was… a little surreal.

Was he really about to walk in and talk business with idols and a professional manager?

"Just a meeting, Nothing official. Yet."

Still, his hand hesitated at the door handle.

Then he pushed it open.

The door gave a soft click as it opened, and Yuu stepped inside.

He expected a sterile office space. Maybe a cluttered desk, the tap of a stylus, and a sharp but polite introduction.

What he didn't expect—what made him stop halfway through the doorway—was the presence of someone else.

Standing beside Ayaka's desk, arms folded neatly and gaze fixed forward with quiet intensity, was Kiritani Haruka.

Focused.

Yuu blinked. His posture instinctively straightened.

Haruka?

Ayaka glanced up from the screen of her tablet and offered a calm, professional smile. "Hazuki-kun. Thank you for coming."

It made something tight coil in Yuu's chest. He'd seen this kind of gaze before—backstage, in rehearsals, in the fleeting glances she gave herself in the mirror.

She was guarding something.

He swallowed, shutting the door behind him. "I didn't realize this was going to be… an interview."

Ayaka chuckled softly. "It's not. Think of it as a conversation. Haruka-chan asked to be here."

That made Yuu pause.

"…She did?"

Haruka nodded once. "If you're going to be assisting with our unit, I want to be sure you're capable."

Her voice was smooth, but her words were blunt. She wasn't being rude—just precise.

Yuu nodded slowly, letting the tension roll off his shoulders as he stepped further into the room. "Fair enough."

Ayaka gestured toward a chair across from the desk. "Please, have a seat."

He did, the cushion cool against his back.

The small office was lit with soft natural light filtering through a frosted window, the faint hum of an air conditioner padding the silence.

Haruka remained standing beside Ayaka, arms still crossed, as if refusing to let herself relax.

Yuu met her gaze calmly.

"I'm not here to waste anyone's time, I'm not saying I know how to manage idols. But I've watched this unit more than anyone realizes. I've seen how you all move—not just on stage, but off. How you look at each other. How much pressure you put on yourselves."

His voice was steady, but quiet.

"I don't want to get in the way. I just want to help."

Haruka's eyes flickered. For a brief second, Yuu thought he saw something soften.

Ayaka leaned back, folding her hands. “Well, let’s talk, then."

Yuu inhaled slowly.

Then let the breath slip from his lips in one silent, measured stream.

The moment his eyes opened, something in him shifted.

It wasn’t visible—no dramatic spark or theatrical flare—but the stillness in the room bent just slightly around him, like a stage recognizing its lead.

His back straightened.

His expression eased, not blank, but calm.

Controlled.

Every small muscle relaxed with purpose, every blink was timed with care.

[Genius of Acting] — activated.

Even Haruka noticed it.

Her shoulders tensed, not out of suspicion, but surprise.

Her gaze sharpened, as if sensing something intangible shift in the air.

This was someone composed.

Precise.

Professional.

“Before we begin,” Yuu said, voice calm but steady, “I just want to say—thank you for giving me this chance. I know it’s not easy to trust someone outside the unit.”

He turned his gaze directly to Haruka.

Haruka’s lips parted slightly, caught off guard by how clear his words were.

How… genuine.

Ayaka raised an eyebrow, a soft hum of interest escaping her lips. “Well. That’s quite the entrance.”

Yuu smiled faintly, just enough to seem approachable, not smug.

Ayaka tapped her stylus lightly against the tablet, eyes narrowing in amused thought. “Let’s start with something simple, Hazuki-kun.”

Yuu nodded once, his hands folded neatly on his lap.

“What exactly do you think an assistant manager does?”

Yuu didn’t answer right away. Instead, he glanced toward the floor for a moment, as if sifting through mental notes.

Then he met Ayaka’s gaze evenly. “I think an assistant manager exists to fill in the gaps—to handle the invisible tasks no one else sees. Things that seem small, but make a big difference.”

He tilted his head slightly. “You’re juggling emails, interviews, rehearsal scheduling, costume requests, social media correspondence, fan club updates, venue coordination, and talent agency communication… I could keep going.”

Ayaka blinked, taken aback—not by the accuracy, but by the tone.

He wasn’t showing off.

Haruka, still standing, narrowed her eyes slightly. “And you think you can handle that?”

Yuu turned to her now.

“Not all of it. Not at once. But I can take some of the weight off. Carry the small things so you don’t have to trip over them later.”

Her arms tightened. “Why would you even want to?”

“Because I’ve seen how hard you push yourself. All of you. I might not be part of your unit, but I am someone who cares.”

Haruka’s eyes flickered, not softening, not yet, but something unreadable passed through her expression.

Ayaka leaned forward slightly, propping her chin on her knuckles. “Do you have any experience handling schedules or group logistics?”

"Yes, I learned to carry a lot of pens.”

Haruka finally moved, stepping forward slightly, eyes fixed on him.

“Do you know what being around us actually means?”

The question landed heavy in the air.

Yuu didn’t flinch.

“It means being around four people constantly striving to improve, despite their own doubts. Four girls trying to shine in front of the world even on days when it feels impossible. It means seeing them tired, vulnerable, frustrated—and never turning that into gossip.”

A pause.

“It means knowing when to speak… and when to step back.”

Haruka stared at him for a long moment.

Then, slowly, her arms loosened. Not dropped entirely—but a degree less guarded.

“…You really did watch us,” she murmured.

Yuu gave a quiet nod. “More than I realized.”

Ayaka smiled again, closing her tablet gently. “I think that’s enough questions for now.”

Haruka glanced at her, but didn’t object.

“We’ll consider this your first step, I’ll talk to the others and set a trial period. If they agree, you’ll shadow me for the next few sessions—quietly.”

“I understand."

“And, don’t disappoint me.”

“I won’t.”

“You can leave now. Please make sure to come here again tomorrow.” Ayaka said as she reached for her tablet.

“Oh… uh, I know this is sudden, but… I’m still a student.”

Ayaka looked up, a flicker of realization crossing her face. “Ah. Of course. Don’t worry, I’ll adjust your schedule around your classes. You won’t miss anything important.”

Relief softened Yuu’s shoulders. “Thank god…” he muttered, bowing politely before heading for the door. “Thank you again for your time.”

As the door clicked softly shut behind him, a gentle quiet settled into the room.

[Ayaka and Haruka's Perspective]

Then, slowly, Haruka exhaled—her tension unwinding like a ribbon from her chest.

“…For some reason,” she murmured, arms folding loosely, “he really reminds me of you, Ayaka-san.”

Ayaka looked up from her tablet, one brow arching curiously.

Haruka offered a rare, soft smile—one touched with something close to nostalgia. “Polite. Watchful. Reserved, but reliable. You used to carry that same energy when you first joined us.”

“Did I?” Ayaka chuckled, brushing a lock of hair behind her ear. “Well, that boy’s still got some growing to do… but I can see it.”

She paused, tapping the edge of the tablet thoughtfully.

“Think he’ll ever show his fanboy side once he opens up?”

Haruka smirked. “Probably. Once he relaxes, I wouldn’t be surprised if he starts asking for autographs.”

Ayaka leaned back in her chair with a small laugh. “I mean, hey—I’m still a fangirl myself.”

“Oh?” Haruka’s tone teased, light and dry. “Let me guess… still obsessed with—?”

“Shizuku-sama,” Ayaka declared dramatically, placing both hands over her chest as if reciting a vow. “Every time she ties her hair up before a rehearsal, I lose ten years of emotional maturity.”

Haruka shook her head with a quiet chuckle, the edge in her posture easing away.

And for a moment, the room—once heavy with expectation—was filled with nothing but warmth.

Friendly. Familiar.

A place where two professionals could laugh quietly between responsibilities, and where, perhaps, one more person would soon belong.

[Back to Yuu’s Perspective]

The hallway outside the manager’s office was quiet—too quiet.

The polished floors reflected the overhead lights in a soft glow, and each step Yuu took echoed faintly against the walls, too loud for a place that wasn’t meant to feel like a stage.

And yet…

It did.

His heart was pounding against his ribs like it wanted out. Each beat rang like a drumroll, building toward something uncertain.

He kept walking.

Steady. Calm.

Or at least, he tried to be.

[Warning: Genius of Acting is wavering. Automatic deactivation imminent.]

The quiet message pulsed at the edge of his mind—his inner monologue cracking.

“...Hahh…”

Yuu slowed, pressing a hand to his chest. His palm was damp with nervous sweat.

Breathe.

He inhaled deeply, holding the air in his lungs like armor. Then let it go.

Again.

Inhale.

Exhale.

Inhale.

Exhale.

Each breath steadied him.

Slightly.

He wasn't sure why he was reacting like this.

"…Get a grip," he muttered under his breath.

"I hope there are skills that'll actually help me in this job," Yuu muttered under his breath, slipping his hands into his pockets as he began the walk home.

He walked without rushing, letting his thoughts wander.

What exactly were the qualifications for being an assistant manager to a rising idol group?

He knew how to listen.

He knew how to read the room.

He knew how to keep a secret.

And, lately… he knew how to feel the heartbeat of a Stage SEKAI.

But none of those came with a certification, and certainly not with a training manual.

Yuu tilted his head back, watching as a pair of swallows darted across the sky.

"…Maybe I'll figure it out myself."

Chapter End Notes

Fact about Yuu Hazuki #1:
Yuu possesses a unique status interface, resembling something out of Solo Leveling or Sword Art Online. Unlike the standard PROJECT SEKAI game UI, his version is custom-built by [????]

Through this interface, Yuu can interact with features such as:
— [Gacha]
— [Events]
— [Convert]
— [Skill Tree]
— [Skill List]
— [Song Stages]

This system is not visible to anyone else, only to Yuu. He doesn't know why he has it, but the world seems to know him.

It isn’t just a visual overlay; it’s part of the world now… and perhaps, something that shouldn’t exist.

Supporting the Stars (Part 3)

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry that I'm neglecting as a writer, but right now I have tons of responsibility.

(I'm training my umamusume while trailblazing while proxying around while being a good shikikan)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The morning passed like a quiet prelude, but Yuu Hazuki's mind was anything but still.

"Hazuki-kun, MEIKO-san is calling us over to the Street SEKAI... Are you coming?" Toya asked, his voice calm as always.

The hallway of Kamiyama High buzzed softly around them with the echo of students shuffling between classes.

Light from the high windows pooled against the floor in warm ribbons, but to Yuu, everything felt like static behind his rushing thoughts.

Sorry, I'm… kind of busy right now."

Toya blinked, then offered a polite nod, no judgment in his eyes.

"I see. I'll let the others know."

Yuu offered him a fleeting smile, already swinging his bag over one shoulder. "Yeah. Thanks, Aoyagi-kun."

Toya watched him for a beat longer, then turned and walked off, leaving Yuu alone in the corridor.

Yuu adjusted the strap on his bag, inhaling deeply.

Today was it his first official day as MORE MORE JUMP!'s part-time assistant manager.

And while the title sounded simple enough…

He had no idea what he was actually supposed to do.

The MORE MORE JUMP! building stood nestled in a quiet part of the entertainment district, modest on the outside but polished within.

He tightened his grip on the strap of his bag, heart thudding with a mixture of anticipation and nerves.

By the time he reached the entrance, the large studio windows gleamed in the sunlight. The glass doors slid open with a mechanical sigh, ushering him into the cool interior where polished floors

reflected the overhead lights and faint music drifted from deeper inside.

He passed a few staff members on the way in, people he didn't know, not yet, but they offered polite nods, and he returned each one with a small bow.

The front desk greeted him with a chirp from the receptionist, who recognized him immediately.

"Ah, Hazuki-kun! Ayaka-san said you'd be starting today. She's in the studio right now."

"Thank you," he said, bowing lightly before continuing down the corridor.

Yuu approached the studio.

The door was already slightly ajar, and through the narrow gap, he could hear the gentle hum of activity—shoes brushing against the floor, the soft thump of music fading out, and the murmur of familiar voices.

He paused just before the entrance.

A quick breath in.

Hold.

Out.

Then, with a calmness that didn't quite reach his chest, he pushed the door open and stepped inside.

The room was bright and wide, sunlight flooding through high windows and pooling across the gleaming hardwood floor.

Large mirrors lined the far wall, catching the reflections of the girls inside as they moved between stretches and water breaks.

Airi stood near the speakers, adjusting the volume knob. Shizuku was crouched by her bag, adjusting the ribbon on her wrist with careful fingers. Haruka stood nearest the mirror, towel around her neck, gaze focused and silent.

And in the middle of it all, Minori.

She turned the moment she heard the door creak open, eyes lighting up instantly.

"Yuu-kun!" she called, waving him over with an excited smile.

The other girls turned as well—some surprised, some curious.

Airi raised an eyebrow. "So you really did drag him here."

Minori puffed her cheeks. "I didn't drag him! He came on his own."

Shizuku smiled softly and gave a small wave. "Good afternoon, Hazuki-kun."

Yuu gave a polite bow as he stepped in. "Good afternoon. I'll be assisting from today… I'll try not to get in the way."

Haruka tilted her head slightly, arms crossed.

Her expression was hard to read.

"…We'll see how you do," she said, not unkindly. "Let's just start with watching."

Yuu nodded.

He knew he had a lot to prove, not just to Ayaka, not just to the girls, but to himself.

Still… as the door clicked shut behind him and the music resumed, he felt the weight of the moment settle across his shoulders.

Yuu stepped quietly across the studio floor, his footsteps muffled against the polished wood.

He made his way toward the far corner of the room where Ayaka stood beside a collapsible table, her tablet in one hand and a pen clipped behind her ear.

"Good afternoon."

Ayaka didn't look up immediately, still scanning the screen in her hand. "Yeah, you're quite early," she said, tapping something into a form before finally glancing up at him.

er eyes softened just a touch. "Good. Shows you're taking this seriously."

"Thank you…" Yuu murmured, adjusting his bag strap. He turned his gaze to the studio space beyond, where the four girls of MORE MORE JUMP! were finishing up their pre-rehearsal stretches, chatting quietly among themselves.

They looked… different when seen like this.

No stage lights.

No filters.

Just four girls preparing to push their bodies to the edge in order to perform something they loved.

"…So, uh…" Yuu scratched the back of his head, trying to keep his voice steady. "What should I do?"

Ayaka looked at him for a beat longer, then slid her tablet onto the table with a soft click.

"For now, just observe," she said, arms folding loosely over her chest. "Keep an eye on timing, if they're following choreography cues correctly, and let me know if any of them look too fatigued to continue. Especially Haruka."

"Haruka?"

"She's been overexerting lately, She won't say anything out loud, but watch her pacing. If she starts cutting her breaks short, tell me immediately."

"Got it."

Ayaka gave a short nod. “Also, if someone drops something, you pick it up. If water bottles are missing, go grab extras. If one of them forgets their towel, get an extra one.. You’re here to support, not to lead.”

Yuu nodded more firmly this time, his posture straightening just slightly.

“Understood.”

Ayaka glanced sideways, a corner of her mouth curling up ever so faintly. “Good. Then let’s see if you’ve got the eyes of a proper assistant.”

And just as the music kicked back in—upbeat, bright, laced with layers of vocals, the girls took their positions.

Yuu stood quietly beside the table, already watching.

Already learning.

The soft shuffle of sneakers against the studio floor echoed beneath the upbeat rhythm playing through the overhead speakers.

One by one, the girls of MORE MORE JUMP! moved in sync with the choreography, their forms sharp and fluid beneath the glow of the ceiling lights.

Their instructor stood at the front of the room, calling out cues with precise clarity.

Her movements were crisp, professional, and relentless as she demonstrated each step.

The girls mirrored her with focus.

Yuu stood near the back, arms loosely crossed, his eyes scanning the room like Ayaka had instructed.

He was paying close attention.

Not just to their form, but to the small details, the quick glances exchanged between the girls, the way Haruka’s hand hovered near her side for a second too long, or how Minori’s breathing quickened with every repeat.

Still, amid all that careful observation, something strange began to stir within him.

He slipped a hand into his pocket and pulled out his phone, clicking the screen.

4:50 PM.

Rehearsal had been going for nearly an hour, but his heartbeat felt as if it had only just begun to race.

Ba-dump.

He watched as the girls leaped into the next formation, ponytails swaying, fingers slicing the air with practiced elegance.

Ba-dump.

It wasn't adrenaline.

Not exactly.

Not anxiety either.

There was just something about the way they moved.

The effort in every breath.

The unspoken harmony between them.

They weren't idols on a distant screen or characters behind glass anymore.

They were right in front of him.

Real.

Flawed.

Human.

And yet—brilliant.

His heart kept beating harder the longer he watched, unsure of what exactly he was feeling.

Admiration?

Nervousness?

Awe?

Yuu didn't know.

He only knew that every time he saw them dance like that, especially Haruka, who was fighting so hard to maintain perfection, it felt like something within him was being pulled forward.

Like some part of him wanted to reach out, just to understand why.

At exactly 5 PM, the sharp clap of hands cut clean through the studio's rhythm.

The music halted mid-beat, echoing briefly before fading into silence.

"Break time," the choreographer called, her voice firm but not unkind.

The girls exhaled in near unison, their bodies releasing the tension they'd been holding onto like a taut string finally allowed to relax.

Airi dropped to the floor with a dramatic groan, tossing her towel over her head. Minori stumbled over to the wall, clutching her water bottle like it was her last lifeline.

Shizuku, ever composed, walked over to a nearby bench and began fixing her ribbon once more.

Haruka remained standing a few moments longer, her breathing even but her eyes sharp, watching the others before finally allowing herself to sit.

Yuu looked up from his spot near the corner.

He hadn't realized how long he'd been standing still, how tightly his fingers had been curled around his phone.

The stillness in the room was different now.

Not empty, but earned.

Filled with quiet huffs of breath, the shuffle of towels, the hum of the AC overhead.

He stepped forward a little, uncertain if he should approach or just observe.

Then again, that was part of his job now, wasn't it?

To see what others didn't.

To support from the sidelines.

Even if his heart was still trying to make sense of its own rhythm.

Minori tilted her head, her ponytail swaying slightly as she offered a small, curious smile. "You spaced out there for a second."

Yuu blinked again, grounding himself in the present. The sound of breathing, the rustle of uniforms, the scent of sweat and citrusy fabric spray from the girls' towels—it all settled back in.

"Oh, right. Sorry. I was just… thinking."

"Thinking about what? You looked so serious."

Yuu glanced toward the others—Haruka still sipping water in the corner, Airi bantering half-heartedly with Shizuku on the bench—and then looked back at Minori.

"They're really something, all of you."

Minori blinked. Then her cheeks warmed slightly, and she gave him a small but bright smile.

"You really think so?"

Yuu nodded.

"It's not just about the dancing. It's the way you move together. Like… every step is backed by something more. Something I can't put into words yet."

"That's the nicest thing anyone's said all day!"

"Well, I guess I'm earning my title, then. Assistant manager, right?"

"More like… emotional support manager!"

Yuu stood quietly by the wall, his gaze lingering on the subtle motions across the dance floor—tired shoulders relaxing, towels dabbing sweat, soft chatter returning as the room exhaled from the intensity of practice.

He didn't even notice her approach until a voice broke through his thoughts, light and curious.

"So? How was it?"

Yuu blinked.

"Huh?"

Minori stood just a few steps away, smiling up at him with that ever-bright warmth of hers.

"You spaced out there for a second," she said.

He paused. Then nodded, as if remembering where he was.

The ambient sounds returned, the whir of the AC, the distant click of a water bottle cap, the faint scent of citrus from the fabric spray they used on their towels. He grounded himself with a breath.

"Oh. Right. Sorry. I was just… thinking."

Minori leaned forward slightly, her fingers laced behind her back, eyes sparkling. "Thinking about what? You looked so serious."

Yuu cast a glance across the room. Airi was laughing at something Shizuku said, waving her towel like a flag. Haruka remained in the corner, drinking water with quiet dignity, her gaze sharp even during the break. And then, slowly, he looked back at Minori.

"They're really something. All of you."

She blinked. Then blinked again. Her cheeks turned a soft pink, and the corners of her lips curved into a bashful smile. "You really think so?"

He nodded.

"It's not just about the dancing, it's the way you move together. Like… every step has meaning. Like you're carrying something with you. I can't really put it into words yet. But it's there."

Minori's eyes widened just slightly before she gave a breathy laugh and placed both hands to her cheeks, trying to hide the growing blush.

"That's the nicest thing anyone's said all day!"

"Well, I guess I'm earning my title then. Assistant manager, right?"

"More like… emotional support manager."

"I'll add it to the résumé."

Minori stepped a little closer, looking down at her shoes. Her voice softened. "I'm really glad you're here, Yuu-kun. You notice things that… even I sometimes miss."

Yuu didn’t reply right away. But his smile said enough.

The sharp clap of the choreographer’s hands sliced clean through the moment, echoing crisply across the mirrored walls of the studio.

“Alright, break’s over, everyone!” she called, her voice brisk but encouraging. “Back to positions!”

The girls stirred instantly, years of habit kicking in like muscle memory.

Yuu stepped aside, watching them regroup as the choreographer began counting down.

The air shifted again—lighter moments folded into disciplined focus, chatter replaced by stillness and syncopated footfalls.

And just like that, the music returned.

And then just like that... they practiced... and practiced... until the rehearsal studio had finally gone quiet.

Hours had passed since the last music track faded into silence, leaving only the soft hum of the ceiling lights and the echo of footsteps that had long stopped.

The air was heavy with the scent of effort, floor cleaner, dried sweat, the faint citrus tang of fabric spray still lingering in the corners.

The mirrors now reflected only emptiness, dim light, and the ghost of motion.

Yuu stood alone at the center of it all, clipboard in one hand, his jacket draped over the other.

A long sigh slipped from his lips as he checked the last few items Ayaka had logged.

Spare towels returned.

Stage props stored.

Audio systems are powered down.

He rubbed his eyes, feeling the fatigue settle deep into his shoulders.

“Being an assistant manager sure is tough," he muttered under his breath as he made his way toward the vending machine at the far end of the hallway.

Just as he slid a coin into the slot, a quiet voice answered him.

“It sure is…”

He flinched, startled by the sudden reply.

Turning, his eyes widened slightly.

Standing a few steps away, framed by the cool glow of the hallway lights, was Haruka Kiritani.

Standing a few steps away, framed by the cool glow of the hallway lights, was Haruka Kiritani.

She hadn’t changed out of her practice outfit; her sleeveless top clung slightly to her frame, a towel draped neatly around her neck.

Her dark hair, still damp with sweat, framed her face in loose strands that stuck to her cheek.

But even so, she stood with the same immaculate posture she always carried.

“Kirita—uh, Haruka-san? Why are you still here?”

She calmly inserted coins into the vending machine, eyes never straying from the panel.

“I was reviewing the footage. There was a misstep during the bridge in our second run-through. I couldn’t leave without understanding why.”

The machine clunked, and a cold bottle of barley tea dropped into the tray.

She reached down and picked it up, pressing the cool plastic against her cheek with a practiced flick of her wrist.

“Right… of course you do.”

Haruka turned her gaze to him. Her expression remained neutral, but not cold.

“And you? Still here this late?”

“Just making sure everything was logged properly, Clean-up, reports, Ayaka-san’s notes. I figured I’d do a final pass before heading home.”

Haruka nodded slowly, then unscrewed the cap and took a sip of her tea. She exhaled softly afterward, just barely a sign of weariness.

“You’re taking this seriously. That’s good.”

Yuu gave a soft laugh, letting his shoulders drop a bit.

“Thanks. I think I’m still winging it half the time.”

“You’re doing well,” she said, glancing at him. “Minori was right about you.”

The words caught him off guard.

“Huh?”

Haruka didn’t elaborate immediately.

“You might not see it yet, but you’re already part of this team.”

For a moment, Yuu didn’t know what to say. Then he gave a small, lopsided smile.

“Hmm… I guess I am, huh?”

He stood straighter, mirroring her posture slightly as he tapped the clipboard against his thigh.

“Well then, as part of this team—Haruka Kiritani—I order you to head home and get some rest. As assistant manager, it’s also my job to make sure you girls aren’t overdoing it.”

That earned the faintest flicker of amusement across Haruka’s face.

It wasn’t a laugh. But it was close. A small breath of something softer.

She turned back toward him and gave a single, elegant nod.

“…Understood, Hazuki-kun.”

"Then, as my assistant manager..." Haruka began, her voice light yet deliberate as she faced him with an unreadable glint in her eyes. "Will you escort me back to my home?"

Yuu blinked, caught completely off guard by the request.

His brows lifted slightly as his brain tried to process the casual weight of her tone.

“I mean… I can,” he said slowly, scratching the back of his head. “But I’d really rather avoid causing a scandal.”

Haruka smiled faintly, as if she had been expecting that answer.

“Don’t worry. I’ll go change first. Do you mind waiting?”

Yuu gave a small nod.

Without another word, Haruka turned and disappeared into the changing room, her towel still draped around her shoulders like a mantle.

The soft click of the door echoed down the quiet hallway, leaving Yuu alone once again beside the humming vending machine.

He exhaled, slumping just a bit, the clipboard still clutched loosely in one hand.

The night had been long. His head was buzzing from the constant back-and-forth, the reports, the faces, the pressure of trying not to mess up.

But for some reason… it was this part, the small, unexpected conversations, that left him the most disoriented.

A few minutes passed.

Then the door creaked open again.

Haruka stepped out in casual attire, her idol uniform gone.

She wore a loose hoodie in soft gray, her hair now tied.

Round glasses sat on the bridge of her nose, and her usual composure was softened by the simple disguise.

She could have passed for any other high school girl walking home after cram school, calm, low-profile, unbothered.

“Are those real glasses?”

Haruka shook her head once.

“I see. So it’s a disguise… That’s actually pretty clever.”

“Idols can’t avoid attracting attention in public,” she said, adjusting the strap of her bag. “It’s better to blend in.”

“That’s true…”

She glanced at him then, a teasing edge curling into her smile.

“And with this look,” she added, gesturing loosely at her outfit, “everyone will just think I’m a plain girl walking with a plain teen boy.”

Yuu gave a slow shrug, but before he could respond, she continued, with a sparkle of amusement in her voice.

“Now that I think about it… Maybe we could act like a couple?”

Ba-dump.

His heart leapt into his throat.

Yuu’s eyes widened, and his face flushed with the suddenness of it. He looked away quickly, one hand rising to cover his mouth in a half-hearted attempt to hide it.

“P-Please don’t joke like that, you’re making my heart race.”

Haruka’s chuckle was soft but unmistakably amused.

“Oh? Really?” she mused, her tone playful. “Fufu…”

She slung her bag over her shoulder with practiced grace and began walking down the hallway.

Her steps were light, almost effortless, and just before she turned the corner, she glanced back over her shoulder with a casual smile.

“Come on, assistant manager, you need to escort me, don’t you?”

Yuu stared for a moment, then sighed in resignation, lips twitching into a reluctant smile.

“Alright, alright,”

Chapter End Notes

Fact about Yuu Hazuki #2

Before finding himself in the strange, ever-shifting world of Project SEKAI, Yuu Hazuki lived a quiet but demanding life as a third-year college student. Majoring in Bachelor of Science in Biology, he was already in his second semester, an ordinary 20-year-old with crammed lecture notes, sleepless study nights, and convenience store breakfasts.

But here, inside this fabricated reality, time and age don't align. His appearance, his records, his school uniform… all mark him as a seventeen-year-old student, the same age as Aoyagi Toya. The world has rewritten him to fit the story.

Only Yuu remembers the truth.

And for now, he plays along.

When No One's Watching

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The night air greeted them as they stepped out of the agency building, cool and quiet beneath the soft glow of the streetlamps.

The city's hum had faded into a distant murmur, replaced by the rhythmic tap of footsteps against the sidewalk.

Haruka walked just slightly ahead, her hoodie pulled loosely over her hair, her hands tucked into her pockets. The faint scent of shampoo still clung to her, softened by the evening breeze.

Yuu followed at her side, his bag slung lazily over one shoulder, eyes flicking between the street ahead and the girl beside him.

For a while, neither spoke.

The world around them was still, traffic sparse, shops closing, the occasional buzz of a vending machine or a passing cyclist filling in the silence.

It was… peaceful.

Simple.

And yet, there was something weighty in the quiet between them.

Yuu glanced at Haruka again.

She hadn't said much since they left.

But there was a slight tension in her posture, a tightness in her shoulders that hadn't been there earlier.

He knew that look.

He'd seen it in mirrors before.

He kept walking, waiting for her to speak first.

And slowly, she did.

Yuu cleared his throat, the sound barely louder than the soft crunch of their shoes on the pavement.

"So… you go to Miyamasuzaka, right?"

Haruka turned her head slightly, surprised by the sudden question. "Mm. Yeah, I do."

"What's it like? I've only ever seen the outside. It feels... strict. Fancy. Like I'm not supposed to breathe near the front gate without permission."

A soft laugh escaped Haruka's lips.

"It's not that dramatic. Though… I guess it can feel like that sometimes. The teachers are really serious, and the students… well, most of them are."

"Most?"

"There are exceptions, I'm sure you'd be one of them."

Yuu gave a mock scoff. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"Just a feeling."

He grinned, the tension in his shoulders easing.

"Kamiyama High isn't all that different, honestly. But the expectations at your school feel… heavier."

Haruka didn't respond immediately.

Her steps slowed just a little, enough for her pace to match his exactly.

Then, almost as an afterthought, she said, "It's not the school that makes it heavy. Sometimes I think… It's just me."

Yuu turned his head slightly, watching her from the corner of his eye.

She wasn't smiling anymore.

"I know the others don't say it out loud, but I can tell they get worried when I'm too serious. Too… strict."

"You're the most experienced. It's not strange you'd take it seriously."

"Still. Sometimes I wonder if I'm dragging them down."

The breeze passed between them, cooler now.

Yuu exhaled slowly, eyes fixed ahead.

"…You're not."

Haruka looked at him, eyebrows lifted slightly.

"You're not dragging anyone down, for anything, you're holding the line so everyone else can keep up. Even if they don't say it, they're probably relying on that."

Haruka didn't answer at first.

Then she smiled—faint, but touched with something vulnerable.

"…You really say things like that so easily, huh?"

"Only when I mean them," Yuu replied, looking away to hide the warmth rising to his cheeks.

Haruka's voice broke the silence, gentle but edged with something quieter beneath.

"Say, Hazuki-kun… I have a story to tell you. Do you mind listening to me?"

Yuu turned to glance at her.

The way she asked.

Not casually, not playfully... It's different.

More like a request than a question.

He gave a small nod, his voice low. "Sure… but I get the feeling it's going to be a long one."

Then, without thinking too hard about it, he reached out and gently took her hand.

Haruka blinked, eyes widening. "Huh?"

"Come on," Yuu said with a small smile, tugging her lightly toward him. "Follow me."

Her feet moved before her mind could catch up, letting herself be guided as they stepped off the main sidewalk. The warmth of his hand lingered, even as he let go a moment later.

The two of them walked side by side, weaving past the occasional passerby, the dim glow of storefront signs reflecting in puddles, the gentle murmur of late-night chatter around them.

The world had quieted now, soft and hushed, like a stage with its curtains drawn halfway closed.

Eventually, they turned a corner and emerged at a small, tucked-away park.

The playground sat in a pocket of shadows and amber streetlight, empty save for the soft rustle of trees overhead. A swing swayed faintly in the breeze, creaking just once before falling still.

Yuu walked ahead and lightly tapped the metal bar of the jungle gym before looking back at her.

"This spot's quiet, Good place for long stories."

Haruka followed, her footsteps light on the gravel.

She gave him a look, half-curious, half-amused, as she settled onto one of the nearby benches, brushing her hands against the hem of her hoodie.

"You're surprisingly good at this." She murmured to herself.

"It's just… nice to have moments like this, right?"

She looked up at the sky, the moon just barely visible between shifting clouds.

"…Yeah. It is."

Haruka closed her eyes.

The soft rustle of trees overhead filled the silence, and for a while, the only sound between them was the hush of wind against leaves and the distant chime of a train crossing far away.

Then she began to speak.

"…There was a girl named Mai. She was in ASRUN with me."

The way she said the name carried weight, like handling something delicate and worn by time.

"She told me once… that the reason she became an idol was because she saw me on stage. Just once. And that was enough for her to want to stand beside me."

Yuu listened quietly, his gaze turning toward her without interrupting.

"She worked so hard, Always chasing, always trying to catch up. I think… I reminded her of a version of herself she wanted to be."

Her voice softened.

"And I… admired that about her."

She took a slow breath, then leaned forward slightly, her hands clasped between her knees.

"But after three years, things started to change. She began falling behind in practice. The choreography wouldn't stick like it used to. She'd space out during music drills. Our coach thought it was fatigue, but…"

A bitter laugh slipped through her breath.

"I thought I could help her. I told her to keep practicing. That if she just pushed through it, she'd get better. I really believed that. Because that's how I got better."

She paused.

The light in her eyes dimmed with memory.

"But I was wrong."

The scene around them dimmed in Yuu's mind as Haruka's words folded into the rhythm of memory.

[Flashback Begins]

A studio lined with floor-to-ceiling mirrors, brightly lit and sterile.

Mai stood across from Haruka, her shoulders heaving with exhaustion, hands clenched at her sides. Her voice was hoarse, strained from too many practices back-to-back.

"I can't… I can't keep up anymore, Haruka!"

"You can, I know you can! Just a little more—"

"I trusted you!"

The words hit like a slap, sharp and cracked.

Mai's face twisted, anger, pain, and something deeper swimming behind her eyes.

“I listened to you. I practiced until my throat bled. I kept believing I’d get better.”

Haruka stepped forward, but Mai stepped back.

“Now look at me, my voice is ruined. My career’s gone. And you—you just stood there and told me to try harder.”

Silence.

“Maybe you were never trying to help me,” Mai said bitterly. “Maybe you just didn’t want to admit that not everyone’s like you.”

[Flashback Ends]

Haruka’s voice returned to the present, barely above a whisper.

“She damaged her vocal cords. Had to stop singing entirely. And I—”

She stopped, teeth catching the edge of her lower lip.

“—I believed I was the reason she lost everything.”

Yuu didn’t speak.

He let the stillness stretch between them, respectful and patient, while Haruka steadied herself.

“I couldn’t go back on stage after that. I couldn’t even look at one. The moment the lights hit me, I felt like I didn’t deserve to be there. That maybe I never did.”

She looked up now, the corners of her eyes shimmering faintly beneath the playground light.

“I turned down the offer to form a new group. I told Minori, Airi, and Shizuku they’d be better off without me.”

Yuu swallowed, the weight of her words settling into him.

“But… Mai came back. She apologized. Said she regretted blaming me. That she’d been angry. Scared.”

A slow breath left her.

“She didn’t ask me to come back. She just said she wanted me to know she didn’t hate me anymore.”

Haruka leaned back on the bench, lifting her eyes to the stars.

“I think that’s when I realized… being an idol isn’t about being perfect. It’s about showing up. Flawed, scared, tired—but still shining.”

She turned to Yuu.

“That’s why I’m here again. That’s why I can dance now. Because someone believed in me when I didn’t.”

There was silence again, thick and full.

Then—

“I’m glad you told me."

Haruka blinked.

“Not because it’s some big confession, but because you trusted me enough to say it.”

He offered her a small smile.

Haruka looked at him for a long moment, then gave a small, grateful nod.

The wind picked up again, brushing gently past them both.

The breeze tugged softly at the edges of Haruka's hoodie, strands of her hair brushing across her cheeks. Her gaze had drifted back to the empty playground ahead, but her voice, quiet and fragile, cut through the hush.

"Say... Hazuki-kun..."

"If I ever fall down the stage... or if the others do… will you pick me up?"

Yuu blinked, caught off guard not by the question itself, but by how gently it was delivered.

There was no drama behind it.

Just a calm, sincere request whispered beneath the stars.

He turned to look at her fully.

Haruka wasn’t looking at him.

Her eyes stayed fixed ahead, focused, but distant, as if already picturing some future where everything they’d built began to crumble again.

But her hand, resting loosely between them on the bench, trembled faintly.

Yuu took a breath.

“Of course I will, that’s part of the job, isn’t it?”

Haruka’s lips curved into the faintest smile. “Even if we fall hard?”

“I’ll still be there, even if you fall so hard you leave cracks in the stage.”

That made her laugh—a small, quiet sound, but it reached her eyes this time.

“Then I’ll rely on you,” she said.

“Please do, Because the truth is... watching you all work this hard, it makes me want to work just as hard to protect it.”

Haruka looked at him again, eyes soft, searching. For a moment, it felt like everything else, the wind, the rustling trees, even the distant world of idols—had faded out, leaving only the two of them in a small, suspended moment.

"…You're not what I expected, Hazuki-kun."

"I get that a lot."

Another smile—this one lingering longer—before Haruka stood from the bench and stretched, her arms rising skyward.

"Alright. Walk me the rest of the way, Assistant Manager."

Yuu stood as well, adjusting his bag on his shoulder.

"Yes, yes. As ordered, Kiritani-san."

With soft footsteps echoing over the quiet pavement, the two made their way down the dimly lit street, the city's glow casting long shadows ahead of them.

The evening air had cooled, carrying the faint scent of asphalt and jasmine from a nearby garden, the sounds of distant traffic murmuring like a lullaby.

Eventually, they reached a small intersection marked by a lone streetlamp, its flickering light bathing the sidewalk in a pale amber hue.

Haruka slowed her pace, then came to a stop just before the crosswalk.

"You can drop me off here."

Yuu stopped beside her. "Are you sure? It's still a bit of a walk."

Haruka gave a faint nod, her hands slipping into the pockets of her hoodie.

"It's fine. I've done this walk plenty of times. Besides, this is where the girlfriend in disguise parts ways with her manager escort, right?"

"Don't start with that again."

A light laugh escaped her lips. "I'm just teasing."

For a moment, they stood in silence, caught between the gentle hum of the streetlight and the hush of the hour.

Then Haruka stepped forward, the crosswalk signal beginning its silent countdown.

She paused just once more to glance back at him, the faint wind tugging at the edge of her hoodie.

"Good night, Hazuki-kun."

Yuu raised a hand in farewell. "Good night, Kiritani-san. Get some rest."

Haruka smiled, soft, real, and then turned away, her figure slipping across the street like a fading melody.

Yuu stood there for a while, watching her silhouette grow smaller beneath the city lights, until she turned the next corner and disappeared.

“Hah… That isn’t good for my heart…”

Yuu muttered the words under his breath, a faint flush still clinging to his cheeks as he rubbed the back of his neck.

The chill of the night nipped at his skin, but his chest still felt warm, stirred by the lingering echoes of Haruka’s smile, her voice, the faint squeeze of her presence beside him under the city lights.

He exhaled slowly and turned on his heel, hands in his pocket, as he made his way home through the sleeping neighborhood.

Streetlights shimmered like small stars above him, the quiet hum of his steps grounding him after such an unexpectedly personal evening.

When he finally reached the front of his house, he slipped off his shoes at the genkan with a soft thud and placed them neatly to the side.

His body felt heavy, not from fatigue, but from everything he was still processing.

The hallway was dimly lit, and the silence inside was broken only by the low hum of the television playing in the living room.

Yuu padded softly across the floor, peering into the room.

“Mom…” he whispered, spotting her curled up on the couch, fast asleep, a throw blanket half-fallen from her shoulders. The gentle flicker of the screen reflected against her face, casting long shadows across her features.

He reached for the remote to turn the TV off, but paused as his eyes caught the image on screen.

It was a live concert.

No—the live concert.

MORE MORE JUMP’s past show.

Haruka stood front and center, bathed in dazzling light.

Minori danced beside her, smile wide and infectious.

Airi and Shizuku followed, their voices harmonizing as their arms swept out in perfect unison.

The crowd roared behind the screen.

Glowsticks.

Cheers.

Flashing lights.

A wave of color.

It was overwhelming and beautiful.

Yuu stared, breath held for a moment, he didn't realize he was holding onto.

This was the Haruka he saw now in bits and pieces. The one who gave everything. The one who carried something so heavy behind every perfect step.

He slowly sank onto the floor, legs folded, eyes fixed on the screen.

"…You really were shining," he murmured.

But even stars had shadows.

And he was beginning to see them.

Chapter End Notes

Fact about Yuu Hazuki #3
Yuu Hazuki likes every character in Project SEKAI. He genuinely appreciates all their strengths, personality, and flaws, but of all the people he's met so far, there is one he secretly has a crush on…

…though he hasn't quite figured it out himself yet.

Imprisoned Marionette (Part 1)

[Kanade Yoisaki POV]

1:00 AM
Kanade's Room – Dimly Lit

Clack... clack... clack...

The quiet sound of typing echoed through the room, interspersed with soft whirrs of her PC fan.

Yoisaki Kanade sat at her desk, expression faintly tired, yet determined.

Her eyes stayed locked on the monitor, its pale glow reflecting against the dark circles under her eyes.

With one final keystroke, the music file rendered.

The waveform was visualized across her screen like a fragile heartbeat.

"...The demo of the new song is done," she murmured under her breath.

A breath escaped her lips—not relief, not satisfaction. Just... stillness.

She leaned back slightly, brushing her bangs from her eyes.

“It’s... well-calibrated. But...”

Her thoughts wandered, unbidden, back to a memory long buried within the white fog of the EMPTY SEKAI.

[FLASHBACK – The EMPTY SEKAI]

A voice trembled through the desolate void, frustration laced with raw desperation.

"I'm tired! I look and I look and I look and I look! But I just can't find it... Then, when I look again, it's just not right, and I fall into despair... What am I even supposed to do?!"

Kanade stood before her, gaze unwavering.

“I’ll keep composing.”

“Huh?”

“Even if this song isn’t able to save you, I’ll keep composing until I find the one that does. I’ll keep composing... until you can find yourself.”

Kanade slowly closed her eyes, the image of her still vivid in her mind.

"Can this song really save you... Yuki?"

A sudden soft chime broke the silence.

[Notification: NIGHTCORD – 25:00]

Ping.

Kanade straightened up, blinking as her hands returned to the keyboard.

The group chat was already stirring.

[25:00 - Notification: Nightcord has started a call.]

She inhaled quietly, reached for her headset, and clicked into the call. The familiar chime echoed through her headphones.

"Heeeey~♪ How's everyone doing? Those songs aren't gonna write themselves!" Amia first spoke on the call

Kanade flinched slightly. It was late, and her ears were still ringing from hours of silent focus.

"Not so loud, Amia..." came Enanan's tired voice, heavy with exhaustion.

"Come on, Enanan, where's your enthusiasm? Be a bit more excited! We're making a new song today!"

"I can't. I still haven't recovered from the all-nighter I pulled to finish the drawings." A tired sigh followed. "Weren't you up all night with me as well, Amia? Where are you getting all that energy from, you stamina freak?"

"'Stamina freak'?! That's a terrible thing to call someone as cute and adorable as I!" Amia huffed with mock indignation, but her smile was audible. "But well, it's tiring to be cute these days, so I do need a lot of stamina! I'll take it as a compliment~ ♪"

"Whatever."

A pause.

"Where's Yuki?"

"Huh? Oh yeah, I didn't hear her," Enanan muttered, glancing at the corner of her screen. Her voice was tinged with confusion, though not surprise.

"Hm?" Amia leaned closer to her monitor. "But she's logged in, though…" She clicked a few times, confirming the status icon next to Yuki's name.

Kanade's voice came calm and even, cutting gently through the slight static of the call.
"Yuki, are you there?"

A pause.

"...Yes," came the soft, quiet reply.

Kanade gave a small nod to herself. "Okay, good."

Enanan let out a sigh, slumping into her seat on the other end of the call. “Sheesh, you could’ve spoken up sooner, don’t you think?”

“I’ll remember to do that next time,” Yuki said flatly, not sarcastically.

“Seriously, you…” Enanan began to grumble again, but her voice trailed off, exasperated but not unkind.

“There, there~!” Amia chimed in, her tone sparkling with cheer. “Why don’t we talk about the new song? I can’t wait to hear the demo ♪”

“I’m sending it over now,” Kanade said.

There was a brief rustle of digital movement as the file transferred.

And then—silence.

The air hung still as each member of Nightcord @25:00 listened, the quiet punctuated only by the gentle breathing picked up by their microphones.

The song,Kanade’s latest composition, unfolded in layers: delicate piano strains, a ghostly melody, harmonies that swelled and retreated like the tide.

It was both cold and warm.

Distant, yet personal.

A quiet desperation hidden beneath calm chords.

When the final note faded out, it took a moment before anyone spoke.

"...It’s so beautiful," Enanan breathed, her voice soft, almost reverent. “You’re awesome, K.”

“Yeah!” Amia chirped brightly. “There were already a few images floating through my mind while I was listening! I’m gonna try out all sorts of special effects during the hook ♪ . It’s gonna be so good with the visuals!”

“Okay, good. What about you, Yuki?”

A beat.

“What do you mean?” Yuki asked, her voice as flat as always.

“How did the song make you feel?” Kanade clarified gently.

There was a pause again.

“How… I thought it was very Kanade,” Yuki answered after a moment.

“I don’t think that’s what she meant,” Enanan cut in, half-sighing. “Was it good? Bad? Did you like it? Or hated it?”

“I didn’t hate it.”

“So you liked it then?” Amia pressed with a hopeful lilt.

“Not really, I think?”

“Huh?” Enanan blinked.

“If you liked something, you would feel that way, right? I didn’t feel that way.”

“I see…” Kanade murmured.

There was a short pause in the call.

Then Enanan’s voice cut in, sharper this time.

“Yuki, that’s not a very nice thing to say to K."

“I was just answering her question honestly."

Kanade finally spoke up, quiet but composed. “I’m fine, Enanan. Thank you, though. And you too, Yuki. Thank you for being honest with me.”

Mafuyu responded after a brief silence.

“...Sure.”

Then, another pause.

“I’m heading off for bed first,” she added, still with that same calm, glassy tone. “Good night.”

“Good night."

“Bye, Yuki~!” Mizuki sang cheerfully.

Disconnect.

The quiet sound of the call ending was followed by a brief, weighty silence. Then Ena let out a sigh sharp enough to cut glass.

“She’s finally gone. It’s so tiring to deal with her.”

“Whoa~,” they said, feigning shock. “Dropping snide remarks the moment she logs off? Who’s a scary selfie girl? Enanan, that’s who!”

“H-Hey! Who are you calling a scary selfie girl?” Ena barked back, flustered.

Mizuki giggled, clearly enjoying the teasing. “Isn’t it cute how it just rolls off the tongue? Scary selfie girl~!”

“You’re making me sound like some kind of monster,” Ena grumbled. Then, quieter, more honestly, she added, “...Look, I know it’s not Yuki’s fault that she’s like this.”

“Oh?” Mizuki tilted their head in mock surprise. “You do? That’s unexpected.”

“But that doesn’t mean I know how to handle it,” Ena said. Her voice dropped, losing its usual edge. “When we talked in SEKAI, she really got on my nerves. But at the same time… I think I kind of understood her. Somehow.”

She paused.

“Still,” she continued, “can either of you say you really get what’s going on in Yuki’s head? Or how she truly feels about what we’re saying?”

A moment passed. Then Kanade’s voice came through, quiet and hesitant.

“I…”

Mizuki cut in, more subdued now. “Well… the thing is, she’s being a lot more honest with us than she used to be, right? That has to mean something.”

“Yes, but…” Ena’s voice trailed off, her frustration lingering.

Kanade sat at her desk, still staring at the glowing screen, her hands unmoving. The words lingered in her mind, unspoken, but burning.

(Enanan is right… We still don’t really understand Yuki very well. Not completely. And if I can’t understand her… there’s no way I could compose a song that would ever reach her, much less save her.)

She murmured to herself, barely audible over the soft whirr of her PC fan.

“I need to try harder… to understand her feelings.”

Morning arrived.

Light filtered weakly through the curtains of Kanade’s room, casting a pale glow across the floor strewn with music sheets and empty teacups. She blinked slowly at the screen in front of her, rubbing her tired eyes.

A song that will save Yuki...
I’ll keep composing.

She had said that to herself last night.

A bold declaration made in the quiet dark.

I made that bold statement out of desperation… but… I still don’t know what kind of song would save her. Still, I just have to compose one…

Her fingers lingered above the keyboard.

“There’s no meaning to my existence otherwise.”

Ding dong.

Kanade flinched slightly at the sound of the doorbell.

. Then she blinked, recalling the date.

“Oh, right,” she mumbled to herself, slowly standing from her chair. “Today’s the day Ms. Mochizuki comes over to clean.”

Yoisaki House – Kitchen

Kanade opened the door to find a smiling figure standing politely with her hands folded.

“Hello, Ms. Mochizuki.”

“Good morning! Today is cleaning day, right?” Honami said cheerfully, already slipping off her shoes.

Kanade nodded. “Yes. Please do the kitchen today… and the bathroom, too.”

“You got it. I’ll get started right away.”

Honami began setting down her supplies, but then paused and turned back toward Kanade.

“Oh, by the way, I brought some flavored teas with me today. Would you like a cup later?”

“Yes,” Kanade said softly. “Thank you…”

“Great! I’ll make the tea once I finish cleaning. I’ll let you know when it’s ready!”

Kanade offered a small nod, then turned away, her steps slow and soundless as she made her way back to her dim room. The click of her door closing was the only sound left behind.

An hour passed.

Kanade, now hunched over her desk, gave a small sigh of relief. “I think I’m done brushing up the bass part.”

She leaned back slightly in her chair, letting her eyes drift toward the wall.

“Ms. Mochizuki should be almost done with her work, too…”

Her gaze softened.

Grandma really surprised me when she arranged for a home care service… but now I think it was the right thing to do. A dirty room lowers my work efficiency. And… her cooking is really good, too…

Knock knock.

“Ms. Yoisaki, I’ve finished cleaning! Would you like some tea?”

Kanade rose from her chair with a quiet breath. “Coming…”

Kitchen

As she stepped into the freshly cleaned kitchen, a sweet aroma greeted her nose. She paused.

"…It's so fragrant."

Honami beamed. "I know, right? This one's white peach-flavored tea. Please, enjoy!"

Kanade took the cup gently and sipped.

"…Thanks. It's really good."

"Really? I'm glad you like it! That's a relief."

"…Relief?"

"Mm-hmm," Honami said with a small smile. "Because you seemed a little down today. I'm just relieved to see you smile."

Kanade blinked. Her expression barely changed, but something in her chest tightened, like a quiet warmth blooming under cold water.

"…You're an amazing person, Ms. Mochizuki. You're good with housework… and you even show concern for me."

"Oh—no, I just… I like doing housework, that's all," Honami said, flustered. "I'm really glad I took up the suggestion from my mom's friend to work part-time as a housekeeper. Being a helper is so much fun."

"…It is?"

Honami nodded. "Helping someone in need and making them happy makes me happy too. Though… that does mean I tend to be a bit of a busybody sometimes."

Kanade stared at the amber liquid in her cup.

"…Could I ask you for advice on something?"

"Of course. What is it?"

"There's someone I'm trying to help… but sometimes I just don't know what to do." She hesitated. "What would you do in a situation like that?"

"Well…" Honami tapped her chin. "First, I'd listen carefully to what that person has to say. Different people want to be helped in different ways, after all."

"…What if that person doesn't understand how they want to be helped?"

"Then… I'd listen harder," Honami said with a gentle laugh. "Get to know them more. You might be helping them just by understanding their feelings and what's weighing on their heart."

Kanade listened, unmoving.

"There are some people who try to carry everything by themselves, so they don't trouble others. But for someone like that, just having someone be there for them can already become a bright spot. It can give them happiness."

“…Get to know the person more, huh…”

“Oh, but be careful, some people don’t like being asked too much about personal things..." She paused, then laughed a little to herself. "Um, I’m sorry, that probably wasn’t very good advice…”

“No, It was. Thank you, Ms. Mochizuki. I think… I’ll try to get to know that person better.”

“I hope you can give them the help they need.”

“…I hope so, too.”

Kanade placed the cup down gently and stood.

“…Thank you. See you next week.”

“Of course! Have a good day, Kanade-chan~!”

Honami paused just as she reached the front door, her hand resting lightly on the handle. She turned back, her expression thoughtful.

“By the way, Ms. Yoisaki… Are you, by any chance, interested in dolls or puppets?”

Kanade blinked, the question catching her off guard.

“Dolls…?” she repeated quietly.

Honami nodded, her smile brightening. “Yes. There’s a doll exhibit happening at a nearby gallery. I was thinking, maybe you could stop by if you’re ever in the area?”

She reached into her bag and retrieved a slim envelope. “A friend gave me some tickets. He thought I’d enjoy it, but I already have plans this week, so I won’t be able to go. There are four tickets in total. He just handed them to me out of the blue.”

Kanade tilted her head slightly. “A friend of yours?”

Honami laughed, a little sheepishly. “Yeah. He’s a mystery, honestly. A little strange, but in a good way. When I looked it up later and saw it was a doll exhibit, I thought of you. You once told me that looking at artwork sometimes helps you come up with music, right? So maybe dolls could give you a new kind of inspiration.”

Kanade’s gaze drifted down to the envelope in Honami’s hand. The thought of a room filled with silent, crafted figures was oddly compelling. Her fingers twitched with curiosity.

“You don’t have to go, of course,” Honami added quickly, waving a hand. “I just thought it might be nice. But if it doesn’t sound interesting-”

“I’ll take them,” Kanade said quietly, stepping forward to accept the tickets. “Thank you.”

Relief and delight flickered across Honami’s face. “Great! I hope you find it inspiring. Or at least interesting.” She opened the door, a soft summer breeze slipping through. “Well then, see you next week.”

Kanade gave a small nod. “See you.”

The door closed with a gentle click.

Silence fell again in the house, broken only by the distant hum of her computer still running in her room.

Kanade stared down at the envelope in her hand, then turned it over slowly.

"…A doll exhibit," she murmured. Her voice, quiet as ever, carried a note of wonder. "I wonder what kind of inspiration something like that might hold."

She clutched the envelope a little tighter as she returned to her room.

Imprisoned Marionette (Part 2)

The faint hum of Kanade's laptop was the only sound filling her dimly lit room, save for the occasional ping from Nightcord. One message after another began to appear in the group chat window, glowing faintly against the screen.

Mizuki:
Time to get cracking, everybody!

Ena:
Yeah, yeah. By the way, K, I've completed a few design drafts. Can you take a look?

Kanade adjusted her posture, fingers hovering over the keyboard.

Kanade:
Okay. How's your progress, Yuki?

Mafuyu:
I have a few versions ready for you to check as well.

Kanade:
Okay, just a moment.

Her eyes scanned the screen, then clicked open Ena's illustration files first.

(Let's see what Enanan's been working on...)

A few sketches loaded onto her screen. They weren't polished yet, but each brushstroke bore Ena's distinct perspective. The expressions of the characters, the colors, everything reflected her interpretation of the song's atmosphere in a way Kanade couldn't articulate aloud.

(They're good.)

(You can feel her ideas in them… her personal reading of the music.)

She moved on to the lyric file attached to Mafuyu's message.

(Now for Yuki's lyrics...)

The lines were sharp, thoughtful, her word choices as careful and refined as always. But this time, something was different.

(Her past lyrics, back when she called herself "OWN," were like knives, honest and suffocating, full of something bitter and raw.)

(Now, though... it's gentler. Quieter.)

(Her words still draw me in, but they don't reveal much. It's like reaching out to someone just beyond a veil, so close, yet impossible to touch. I feel like I understand her more through her lyrics than I do in actual conversation, but... her heart is still distant.)

(I want to get closer to it.)

A soft chime interrupted her thoughts.

Ena:
Man, my shoulders are so stiff now. Hey, mind if we take a break?

Mizuki:
We should! K and Yuki, okay with that?

Kanade:
I'm okay.

Mafuyu:
Okay.

Mizuki:
Thanks! Speaking of stiff shoulders, I've been getting them a lot recently, too. I wonder why?

Ena:
Probably just a lack of exercise in your case? You don't even attend gym classes, right?

Mizuki:
I do—when I'm actually at school! That said, that's not very often... But I'm still more active than K!

Ena:
That's not really an accomplishment.

Mizuki:
Touché. It's true I rarely go outside, though. All the fashion brands I like are available online, and I can watch all the anime and movies I want from home. But I wouldn't mind going out for something... unique. Something fun.

Kanade stared at the chat a moment, then her fingers began to move again.

Kanade:
Oh, in that case, do you want a doll exhibit ticket?

Ena:
Doll exhibit?

Mizuki:
Doll exhibit, huh? Like antique dolls and stuff?

Kanade:
Apparently. The one on the ticket looks like something you'd like. Lots of doll types will be on display—mechanical dolls, marionettes, and more. I thought it might be a good source of inspiration.

Mizuki:
Oooh, now that sounds interesting! I've always wanted to make vintage-style dresses. This could help with design ideas!

Kanade hesitated, remembering the quiet envelope still sitting on her desk. The memory of Honami's words returned, echoing softly in her mind.

Mizuki:
Hey, in that case, why don't we all go?

Kanade:
All of us?

Ena:
Why? I doubt K received four tickets, anyway.

Kanade glanced at the envelope again. She typed slowly.

Kanade:
Actually... I got four tickets.

Mizuki:
Then it's perfect♪ Fate wants us to go together!

Ena:
And I'm asking why we have to go together. I'm not into dolls or puppets.

Mizuki:
Aww, come on. It's not every day we get to hang out with K in person, you know?

Ena:
That's true...

Mizuki:
Besides, what if they spark ideas for your art? You always say you need to take in inspiration to make better illustrations.

Ena paused a long while before replying.

Ena:
Yeah, I guess. I've never really paid attention to dolls before, so it might be something new.

Mizuki:
See? That's the spirit! And Yuki's coming too!

Mafuyu:
I am?

Mizuki:
You never know—maybe the exhibit will help you write even better lyrics. And more importantly, it could be fun. Genuinely fun. Don't you think so?

As the conversation scrolled, Kanade stared at her screen. Her hand hovered above the keyboard, motionless. Then a voice echoed in her mind, Honami's voice.

"Then, I'd listen harder. Get to know that person more."

Kanade took a breath and typed.

Kanade:
Hm... Would you like to come with us, Yuki?

Mafuyu:
Anything’s fine.

Mizuki:
Then you’re coming! Now, what day works best? Yuki and Enanan have school on weekdays, so how about next Saturday?

Mafuyu:
I have cram school until noon on Saturday. I need to be home by 5:00 PM.

Mizuki:
Which means you can join us from noon until 5:00?

Mafuyu:
If that’s okay with everyone.

Mizuki:
Of course it is! Then it’s settled—Saturday at noon it is♪

Ena:
Saturday noontime, got it.

Kanade remained quiet as the others continued chatting and making idle jokes. She leaned back slightly, letting her thoughts drift.

(Maybe… this will help me understand her better.)

The chat remained active for a while longer, but for Kanade, the idea had already taken root, a simple outing, yes, but maybe, just maybe, it would bring her closer to the quiet truth behind Yuki’s eyes.

Saturday – Asahina Household, Living Room

"I'm heading for cram school now, Mom." Mafuyu stood by the doorway, her school bag neatly slung over one shoulder, posture as straight and pristine as ever. A pleasant smile, carefully rehearsed and polished through years of habit, curved her lips. "I’ll be out for a little while after class, but I’ll be home by around five."

Her mother glanced up from the table, where she was sipping a pale cup of green tea. "Oh? Where are you going after class?"

"To the art gallery," Mafuyu replied softly. "An acquaintance of mine received complimentary tickets and invited me."

"How wonderful," her mother said, voice light with polite interest. "What kind of exhibition is being held?"

Mafuyu hesitated just for a second—barely noticeable—before answering. "It's about dolls."

Her mother blinked. "Dolls?"

"Yes," Mafuyu confirmed. "There'll be many kinds on display... antique dolls, mechanical ones, and marionettes, I think."

Her mother's smile remained gentle, but Mafuyu could see the faint shift behind her eyes. "That sounds lovely," she said at last, setting her cup down with a quiet clink. "Still, wouldn't something a bit more educational or emotionally enriching suit you better? Paintings, for example. There's a new exhibit on Vermeer and Monet opening soon. Their works are so moving… so full of soul. You've always appreciated that, haven't you?"

Mafuyu tilted her head slightly. "I see. Shall we go see the paintings together another day, then?"

Her mother's smile returned in full. "Yes, another day. Since your friends were thoughtful enough to invite you today, it wouldn't be polite to refuse. Have a good time, and work hard in class, alright?"

"I will. Bye," Mafuyu said, bowing her head respectfully.

She stepped out the door, the quiet click of it closing behind her sounding oddly final.

The moment she was alone, the practiced smile slipped from her face like a discarded mask.

Her eyes dulled, her posture loosened—still composed, but without the faint sparkle she always wore at home.

Her lips parted as she walked down the stone path to the street, muttering to no one in particular.

"Emotionally enriching..."

She let the words hang in the air for a moment before exhaling.

"It doesn't matter what the exhibition is about. I won't feel anything."

Her voice was as empty as her expression.

Kanade's quiet voice from a few nights ago echoed in her mind.

"How did the song make you feel?"

Mafuyu's pace slowed.

"I don't..." she whispered, almost to herself.

"...feel anything."

She kept walking.

[Scramble Crossing – Shibuya]

The screens above blared advertisements and music videos, casting flickers of light over the sea of people crisscrossing the famous intersection.

Footsteps blended with the low hum of conversation and the occasional honk of impatient taxis. The chaos of Shibuya moved as if in rhythm; everybody had somewhere to go.

Kanade stood at the edge of the crossing, hugging her tote bag close, her eyes scanning the crowd. The straps of her cardigan fluttered slightly in the breeze.

Did I come too early...?

She fidgeted with the hem of her sleeve, brushing a loose thread between her fingers.

Then, just ahead, faintly framed by the drifting crowd, came a figure she recognized.

"...Yuki," Kanade called out, then quickly corrected herself. "I mean... Mafuyu. Over here."

Mafuyu’s gaze shifted to her. She approached without hurry, stopping beside Kanade with all the grace of a porcelain doll.

"...You're alone?" Mafuyu asked, her voice barely above the city noise.

Kanade nodded. "Yes. Ena and Mizuki haven’t arrived yet."

"I see."

A hush settled between them. Neither reached for small talk. The sounds of the city filled the space where words might have gone.

"...Um—"

"I'm heeere!" a voice sang out, cutting through the silence like a sudden breeze.

Mizuki weaved through the crowd, arms raised in greeting. The contrast between her bright expression and the bustling gray of Shibuya was like someone turning on a neon sign in a dim room.

"You're both so early!" she beamed.

"Mizuki," another voice called, chasing just behind. "Don’t just run off like that."

Ena emerged next, breath short but sharp-eyed, brushing her bangs from her face as she caught up.

Kanade blinked. "You two came together?"

"Nah," Mizuki replied, resting her hands on her hips. "Just bumped into each other on the way. Honestly, I’m utterly flabbergasted that Ena didn’t oversleep today, though."

"Are you trying to say I’m always late?" Ena narrowed her eyes.

Mizuki tilted her head playfully. "Am I wrong?"

"Do you want me to prove you wrong?"

"Well, anyway, let's go for that doll exhibit!"

With that, the four began walking in step, the noise of Shibuya fading behind them as they headed toward the quiet corridors of the doll gallery.

[Doll Exhibition – Gallery Hall]

The gallery's entrance opened into a wide, softly lit hall, the air tinged with a faint scent of wood and old textiles. Velvet ropes guided the flow of visitors, and classical music murmured gently from hidden speakers, adding a sense of quiet grandeur to the space.

Ena paused at the threshold, arms crossed. "Huh. This is a pretty big venue," she remarked, scanning the vaulted ceilings and marble floors. "I thought it'd be a lot smaller."

"Yeah," Kanade nodded beside her, eyes wide as she took in the elegant displays and ornate lighting. "It's... impressive."

"Wow...!" Mizuki's voice rose in wonder as she darted forward, practically bouncing on her heels. "The dolls are so cute! Look at them! And this one even has furry ears! How do you even make puff sleeves that tiny?!"

She pressed close to a glass case, hands cupped beside her face, marveling at the delicate craftsmanship of a doll clad in a pale blue dress.

"Hang on, this design would look super good on you, Kanade!" she grinned, twirling dramatically toward her.

"M-Me?" Kanade blinked.

"Shut up, Mizuki," Ena cut in, dragging a hand across her face. "We don't need a running commentary on every single thing you see, okay?"

"Yes, ma'am!" Mizuki saluted theatrically. "As you wish~!"

"For crying out loud…" Ena muttered, walking ahead.

Kanade stepped closer to a doll perched atop a miniature settee, its glassy eyes seeming to follow her as if it breathed its own quiet life.

"It's... amazing," she murmured. "Each doll has its own world."

"World?" Mafuyu echoed softly, her voice as calm and blank as her face.

"Yes," Kanade nodded. "You can tell what sort of world they live in just by looking at them. Their clothes, their posture, even their expression—it all says something."

"Right," Mafuyu replied, her gaze fixed on a porcelain child in a vintage dress, hair perfectly curled.

Kanade turned toward her and froze.

"...Ah."

"What's wrong?" Ena asked, tilting her head.

“Mafuyu’s expression just changed,” Kanade said slowly, brows drawing together.

“Did it?” Ena leaned over to look but shrugged. “Looked the same to me.”

“Anyway,” she added, brushing her bangs aside, “hurry up. Let’s go further in.”

“...Yes,” Mafuyu replied, her voice faint.

Footsteps clicked softly against the polished floors.

Why did she have that look on her face just now? Kanade thought as she followed behind. There was something… fleeting. Like a crack in her mask. I need to understand her better—her feelings, her thoughts.

But how...?

“Why does this one look so lifelike?” Ena said, kneeling slightly to peer into a case. “Is it the complexion color?”

“Hmm,” Mizuki mused, crouching beside her. “Maybe the eyes. Look how the light catches them. They sparkle, like they’re about to blink...”

“Oh, hey—there are more works from the same artist over there,” Ena pointed, already moving toward the next display.

“Let’s go see! Ooh, there’s even a shop here!” Mizuki clapped her hands. “I have to check it out later~!”

Kanade’s gaze remained on Mafuyu, who had drifted to the edge of the display, her posture rigid.

“Is there anything that catches your eye, Mafuyu?” Kanade asked gently.

Mafuyu didn’t turn her head. “Not really.”

“I see...”

“I’m going to the washroom,” she added a moment later, already turning away.

“Oh, okay.”

Kanade watched as Mafuyu slowly disappeared down the hall, her figure swallowed by the quiet hum of the gallery. There was something distant in her gait. Mechanical, almost.

The dolls around them stared wordlessly, their painted smiles frozen in time.

[Mafuyu – POV]
Gallery Hallway, Near the Restrooms

Mafuyu walked slowly, heels clicking faintly against the marble floor. The further she moved from the main exhibition hall, the quieter everything became.

The distant murmurs of other visitors faded into a soft hum behind her, replaced by the ambient hush of solitude.

She rounded a corner.

"…Hm?"

A display stood to the side of the corridor, tucked near a dim wall sconce, perhaps an overflow exhibit or a piece meant to be discovered.

Unlike the others, it wasn't surrounded by velvet ropes or visitors.

Mafuyu stopped.

Her eyes fell upon the doll inside.

Long, flowing blonde hair cascaded in thick, soft waves down its back.

A large bonnet, decorated with red roses and intricate lace, sat gently atop its head, tilted at a slight, deliberate angle.

The doll wore a black and white Victorian-style dress. The bodice was laced tight, corset-like, pressing against a tiny porcelain waist.

Puffy white sleeves ended in lace cuffs, and the skirt flared into layered petticoats edged with embroidery.

But what caught Mafuyu's eye were the legs, covered in red and black harlequin-patterned tights, twisted slightly as if mid-dance.

And above it all, thin strings held the doll aloft, suspended from a metal frame.

A marionette.

Mafuyu thought.

Her eyes narrowed faintly.

(Why does this one feel so… different from the rest?)

She stepped closer, her own reflection faint in the glass. The doll's glass eyes, a clear shade of blue, stared straight ahead, unblinking.

Empty.

Controlled.

Beautiful.

And then—

"You're such a good girl."

A woman's voice. Gentle. Familiar. But not comforting.

Mafuyu gasped—sharp, audible.

Her hand flew to her mouth.

The voice wasn't loud. It hadn't echoed through the hallway. Yet it felt like it had been spoken directly into her ear, bypassing her senses and lodging somewhere deep in her chest.

She looked down, heart hammering, her breath quickening.

Cold. She felt cold.

"Uhm… Excuse me."

She flinched at the second voice. Male. Real.

Familiar.

Slowly, stiffly, she turned her head.

There, standing a short distance away, was—

"...Are you okay?" he asked again.

His eyes held concern.

Huh…?)

There was something vaguely familiar about the boy standing in front of her—messy dark hair, soft features softened further by concern, and those eyes… quiet, observant, almost too gentle for the world.

Mafuyu blinked.

Once.

Then again.

(I've… seen him before, haven't I?)

The boy tilted his head slightly, recognition blooming across his face. "Wait… Are you… Mafuyu Asahina-san?"

Her full name.

Spoken aloud.

"…Huh?" Her voice was barely audible. Thinner than she expected. "Hazuki…-san?"

"I didn't think we'd run into each other here. In a museum, of all places."

But Mafuyu couldn't respond.

Her vision swam. The room felt narrow, warped, like a hallway in a dream.

The distant hum of gallery murmurs grew muffled in her ears.

She was breathing too quickly.

Huff… Huff…

"Inhale… Exhale… Asahina-san…"

Hazuki's voice was still calm, but it felt distant, muted under the pounding in her ears.

Then, a new voice cut through it all.

"Mafuyu?!"

Footsteps, fast, hurried.

Kanade's voice. Clear and urgent.

She rushed into view and reached out, steadying Mafuyu by the shoulders. "Mafuyu, you're really pale! What happened? Are you feeling sick?"

Mafuyu's gaze drifted over to the display again.

"The… doll," she murmured, voice barely forming the words.

Kanade turned, following her line of sight to the marionette suspended in the case. "This one? You mean this doll here? What about it?"

"It makes me sick," Mafuyu whispered.

Kanade blinked. "Huh?"

More footsteps now. Heavier. Quicker.

"There you are!" Ena skidded around the corner, panting. "Whoa, what's going on?! Wait a sec—Hazuki-san?!"

"Yuu-kun?!" Mizuki's voice piped in from behind her.

Also—Mafuyu! Are you okay? You don't look good at all!"

Mafuyu was surrounded now. Eyes on her. Voices colliding around her like static.

Huff… Huff…

But she steadied herself.

Raised her chin.

"I'm fine now," she said, though her breath was still uneven. Her fingers curled slightly into the fabric of her skirt.

Yuu looked at her for a moment longer, then said gently, "For now… I think it's better if Asahina-san goes home."

"I'm fine... really," Mafuyu murmured, her voice thin as paper but insistently steady.

Kanade stepped forward, her brows furrowed with concern. “Mafuyu… did that doll make you feel something?”

“Huh? Doll?” Ena echoed, glancing at the marionette with a puzzled look.

She turned fully toward the glass case, where the doll still sat motionless, long blond hair curled beneath a rose-adorned bonnet, its glass eyes staring blankly ahead.

The strings above it trembled slightly from the central air conditioning, but it may as well have been alive with the weight it carried in Mafuyu’s gaze.

Kanade’s voice came again, softer this time, almost tentative. “Why did that doll make you feel sick?”

Mafuyu’s lips parted, but she didn’t speak at first. Her eyes remained fixed on the floor, and the silence that followed was heavy.

“…Because…” Her breath caught.

“I don’t know,” she finally said. “I only know that I felt sick.”

There was something about the way she said it, so distant, like she was looking inward and couldn’t find the words to match what she saw.

Mizuki took a half-step between them, smiling gently though the concern in their eyes didn’t fade. “Hey, Kanade… not that I don’t get why you’re asking, but maybe now’s not the best time? Mafuyu’s clearly not feeling great. Let’s take Yuu-kun’s advice and talk about it later, okay?”

Kanade’s fingers tightened slightly at her sides.

(But I was so close… so close to understanding what could have shaken Mafuyu’s heart so strongly.)

Her expression fell with a quiet sigh. “All right. Sorry.”

Mizuki turned to Mafuyu with a hopeful smile. “How about I walk you to the station, okay? Just in case?”

Mafuyu shook her head gently. “It’s fine. I can go home by myself.”

And without another word, she turned and began to walk.

Her steps were slow but firm, her figure gradually shrinking as she made her way down the corridor and disappeared around the corner. The others stood in place, watching her go—none of them daring to call out again.

The silence that followed felt stretched and hollow, filled only by the soft hum of the overhead lights and the muffled ambiance of the museum beyond.

Kanade’s voice was nearly a whisper.

“…Mafuyu.”

“More importantly…” Ena’s voice cut through the quiet as she narrowed her eyes at the newcomer. “What are you doing here, Hazuki-san?”

Yuu gave a half-smile, rubbing the back of his neck. “I got a ticket from a friend. Thought I’d drop by and take a look.”

Ena didn’t look convinced.

Kanade, still looking toward the direction Mafuyu had walked off in, slowly turned back to him. “Wait… Are you the one Mafuyu’s been talking about?”

“Oh—right.” Yuu straightened slightly. “I guess we haven’t been properly introduced yet. I’m Yuu Hazuki. I go to Kamiyama High.”

“Kanade Yoisaki,” she replied softly, dipping her head in a polite nod.

There was a small pause, the tension still lingering faintly in the air, when Kanade tilted her head. “By the way… Mafuyu mentioned meeting you in the Empty SEKAI, didn’t she? How exactly did you get in there?”

Yuu’s smile flickered, and he glanced to the side.

“Haha… I don’t know myself, actually,” he said with a shrug, trying to keep his tone light. (<-- Lying)

Mizuki stepped forward, eyes sparkling with playful suspicion. “Really now? That sounds super suspicious~”

Yuu gave a nervous chuckle, though his expression didn’t quite match the tone. “I guess I’m kind of a mystery even to myself.”

Ena crossed her arms, still staring at him with a mix of curiosity and scrutiny. “Well, at least you’re consistent.”

Kanade watched him quietly, her gaze calm but searching. Something about Yuu Hazuki didn’t quite add up, and yet, Mafuyu had spoken of him. Had opened up to him. That wasn’t something Kanade could ignore.

“…Still,” she said quietly, “thank you. For helping her back there.”

Yuu blinked. “I didn’t really do anything.”

“You were there, sometimes, that’s enough.”

Yuu remained quiet for a beat, his gaze drifting back toward the marionette that had left Mafuyu so shaken. The strings, the porcelain expression frozen in place, it lingered in his mind like an echo.

“…It’s probably not my place to say anything,” he said finally, voice low. “But… I’ve seen a lot of people deal with complicated feelings. And if I had to guess…”

He looked toward the others, his eyes lingering briefly on Kanade’s concerned expression.

“…Maybe Asahina-san saw herself in that doll.”

Kanade's brows furrowed gently. "What do you mean by that?"

Yuu shook his head slowly. "It's just a feeling. That's all."

The group fell silent. Even Mizuki, usually quick to break tension with a joke, kept still, watching Yuu with a faint trace of surprise.

Then, with a small exhale, Yuu turned on his heel.

"Well, I'm heading out," he said, offering a casual wave. "I already got a few dolls I wanted to take a closer look at."

"Ehh? Going home already?" Mizuki pouted, stepping forward with a bounce in their step. "Come on, let's hang out a little! We're already here!"

Yuu gave a half-smile, his tone light but unwavering. "I'll pass. No thanks."

"Booo," Mizuki whined, but didn't chase after him.

As Yuu walked off toward the venue exit, Kanade watched his back quietly, her thoughts churning.

(Mafuyu saw herself in that doll…?)

That unsettling image flickered in her mind again, pale strings, delicate lace, eyes devoid of light.

Kanade clenched her hands together, a quiet resolve stirring beneath her chest.

(I need to understand her better… before she breaks again.)

Imprisoned Marionette (Part 3)

[Empty SEKAI — Kanade's POV]

The moment her shoes touched the faintly glowing floor of the Empty SEKAI, Kanade was met with the familiar, almost suffocating silence.

She glanced around.

"...It's always so quiet here," she murmured, her voice swallowed by the still air. "I wonder where she is today… Hopefully, I can find her quickly."

Her footsteps echoed lightly as she moved through the pale, desolate space.

The air was cool, sterile, almost, and the colors of the SEKAI remained subdued, like a world paused in thought.

Then, just ahead, a soft silhouette appeared against the hazy backdrop.

"Kanade?"

She looked up. "Ah—Miku!"

Miku stood alone beneath the flickering light of an overhead lamp, a string of yarn twined between her fingers in a delicate loop.

"I'm glad I found you so quickly," Kanade said, walking over.

"Hello," Miku greeted with a faint smile. "You're alone today?"

Kanade lowered her gaze.

"…I see. Thank you, Miku."

Miku smiled softly.

"I'm sure you'll understand her. Little by little."

Kanade clutched the hem of her sleeve.

"…I want to. I really do."

There was no wind in the Empty SEKAI, and yet Kanade could feel something stir. Something fragile, suspended by invisible strings—just like that marionette.

Except this time, she hoped… the strings could be gently untied.

Kanade nodded. "Yeah… Hm? Are you playing cat's cradle?"

Miku looked down at her hands. The loop twisted again. "Yes. Mizuki taught me. They said it might help pass the time when I'm by myself here."

“I see,” Kanade replied softly, watching the pattern form and vanish with each movement. “That’s very like them.”

A gentle silence fell.

“Why are you here today?” Miku asked, finally letting the string fall from her hands.

Kanade took a slow breath. “I wanted to ask you something.”

Miku tilted her head slightly.

“It’s about Mafuyu,” Kanade said. “Her feelings. I want to understand them better. I think that might be the key to writing the song that could save her. I’ve tried talking with her about so many things, but… I still don’t understand. So I thought maybe you would know something. Since… you were with her, back then.”

Miku's expression softened. She looked down at her hands.

“I see... But I don’t know what Mafuyu is feeling right now either. This SEKAI was born from her heart, but that doesn’t mean I know exactly how it’s changed.”

Kanade’s shoulders sank slightly. “Oh… That’s true.”

Miku paused.

“But… we can think about it together.”

Kanade blinked. Then nodded. “Thank you, Miku. That means a lot.”

She hesitated. Her voice lowered. “I think… I was close to understanding something today.”

Miku looked at her. “What happened?”

“There was a doll exhibit. We all went—me, Mizuki, Ena, and Mafuyu. When Mafuyu saw one of the dolls there, her expression completely changed. She looked… disgusted. Like something in her chest turned over just from looking at it.”

Miku’s gaze sharpened slightly. “What kind of doll was it?”

Kanade thought for a moment. “It was… a beautiful one. Dressed in lace, seated on a golden, cage-like pedestal. Her limbs were jointed… and I remember now—she was held up by strings. A marionette.”

Miku’s fingers twitched slightly.

“Marionette…”

Kanade leaned forward.

“What is it, Miku? Did you remember something?”

Miku stayed still for a moment, her voice unusually quiet.

“…Maybe the doll reminded Mafuyu of herself.”

Kanade's eyes widened.

She stared at Miku, stunned by how perfectly the words mirrored the thought that had haunted her earlier.

"…Huh? Yuu Hazuki… He said the same thing."

Miku turned to her, eyes calm but knowing. "Really?"

Kanade nodded slowly. "Yeah… he said maybe Mafuyu saw herself in that doll."

The silence stretched.

With a soft shimmer of light, the boundary between the real world and the Empty SEKAI loosened.

Kanade took one final glance at the quiet space, the lingering image of Miku still playing cat's cradle tucked into the corner of her thoughts.

Then, without a word, she stepped through—returning to the quiet of her room, the warmth of the SEKAI replaced by the cool silence of reality.

But as the last traces of her presence vanished from the Empty SEKAI…

A voice echoed faintly.

"You can come out now."

From behind a pillar, a figure emerged with a slow, sheepish gait—dark-haired, his hands casually in his pockets.

"…Ah. It seems I've been caught."

Miku didn't smile. She only tilted her head.

"You were eavesdropping."

Yuu gave a small nod, not bothering to deflect.

"…I just wanted to make sure that everything's good."

His voice wasn't defensive.

Just honest.

Quiet.

Like someone standing in the rain with no umbrella—not asking to be forgiven, but simply willing to get wet.

Miku watched him carefully.

The glow of the SEKAI made his silhouette seem hazier than usual, as if he belonged both here and didn't.

“…You care about Mafuyu too, don’t you?” she finally asked.

He didn’t answer right away.

“…I don’t know what I am to her. Or if I’m even anything at all. But…”

He glanced toward where Kanade had stood moments ago.

“…If she’s going to fall apart, I want to be there when it happens. Even if I can't stop it.”

Miku’s voice cut through the quiet.

“Hazuki-kun… it sounded like you knew this would happen.”

He tilted his head slightly, “Oh? Why is that?”

“Just a feeling.”

Yuu gave a quiet chuckle and looked away, the faintest smirk tugging at his lips. “Who knows… I guess I’m just good at reading others.”

He said it like a joke, but his eyes didn’t laugh.

As Miku continued to watch him, Yuu lowered himself onto the edge of the stage beside her, his gaze drifting toward the still horizon of the Empty SEKAI.

(I'm glad everything’s according to the script...) he thought, folding his arms over his knees.

(For a moment, I was worried... If I intervened too much, I thought the story event might break.)

His fingers idly traced a loose thread on his sleeve.

(But Mafuyu... I'm sure she's going to be fine.)

The thought wasn’t just hope, it was conviction.

A belief grounded in the quiet way things had begun to shift. Like a string pulled gently on a puppet’s hand, just enough to change the way it reaches out.

Beside him, Miku said nothing. But something in the air between them had changed.

…Meanwhile…

Mafuyu slowly opened her eyes.

(What? Where am I? It’s all dark… I thought I was working in my room. But now— I can’t move? I can’t speak… or open my eyes?)

A strange, stifling stillness pressed against her.

And then, she saw—not with her eyes, but within her mind.

(Huh? Isn’t this… the doll exhibit we visited today? Why am I here?)

“Whoa, look at that, Ena! Isn’t it amazing?” Mizuki’s voice rang out in delight.

“Huh. It’s… very well done, yes. It almost feels alive,” Ena replied with a hesitant tone.

(Mizuki? Ena?) Mafuyu’s thoughts churned. (Why does it feel like they’re looking at me…?)

“Hey, this doll has strings attached to it. Is it a marionette or something?” Ena asked, stepping closer.

“Ooh, interesting! I wish we could make it move around. Probably not gonna be easy though, considering the size of this thing.”

“Don’t touch it, Mizuki. It looks too expensive to damage.”

“Hey, that doll over there’s super cute too~♪”

Hurried footsteps echoed in the hall.

“I told you to stop running around!”

(Have I… turned into a doll?) Mafuyu thought, a strange calm sinking in. (Is that why I can’t move? That’s… impossible.)

...

(...But I don’t mind. Being a doll... it means I don’t have to do anything. I don’t have to think anymore. I don’t have to keep searching for something I can’t find. I just follow the strings—do what I’m told. That’s easier. Everyone would be happier that way, right?)

“Mafuyu.”

A voice—soft, warm.

(Huh…?)

“Kanade…”

“You’re feeling something right now. Tell me what it is.”

“Why? Why do you keep asking?” Mafuyu’s voice cracked—not from sound, but from thought. “I can’t feel. How many times do I have to tell you that? And even if I did… nobody cares—”

“That’s not true.”

Another voice.

Yuu’s.

He stood beside Kanade now, both gazing at her with quiet resolve.

“Mafuyu… tell us what you’re feeling.”

They spoke in unison.

Her heart jolted.

And suddenly, light filled her vision.

Gasp!

Mafuyu sat up, breathing hard.

(...Huh? Was that… a dream?)

A soft chime rang in her ears—Nightcord.

"K?"

"Kanade…?"

"Yes, it's me. I thought you went to sleep."

"I guess I logged in… then fell asleep. That's why I had that weird dream."

"Dream? What kind?"

"I turned into a doll. That disgusting marionette we saw today. I couldn't move or speak. Mizuki and Ena were looking at me. Then you… and Hazuki appeared."

"I was in your dream too?"

"Only for a little while."

"And… what was I doing in it?"

"You said something to me, I think… but I don't remember what."

"Oh."

Kanade hesitated.

"And how did that dream make you feel?"

"You're asking that again?"

"Sorry… I just really want to know. I want to understand you better. If I can see the world through your eyes—even just a little—I'll be one step closer to writing a song that can reach you."

"…I can't help you with that. I don't understand myself either."

"But—"

"I just… don't get it. I live my life every day, but nothing brings me joy. Everything feels so far away. Like I'm not really part of it."

"And yet… I can tell something vital is missing. But I can't figure out what. How do you even describe that?"

"Oh…"

Kanade stared at the blinking cursor, her hands still on the keys.

(I feel closer to her like this than I ever do face-to-face…)

(If she can’t explain her feelings, then maybe—)

"How about you put it into lyrics?"

"Lyrics…?"

"Yes. I mean, lyrics are words, but they’re different too. You don’t have to explain yourself clearly or find all the right answers. Just… turn what you’re feeling right now into a song."

Mafuyu stared blankly at the glowing screen in front of her, fingers motionless on the keyboard. A faint hum from her computer filled the silence of her room, broken only by the soft flicker of the Nightcord window. Her breath trembled as she typed.

"Turn what I'm feeling now into song lyrics...?"

"Yes. Can you try that? I think those lyrics will help me get closer to you, like the time you were posting as OWN."

Mafuyu's gaze softened, but only slightly. The mention of OWN stirred something heavy in her chest.

A memory.

A moment.

A voice.

Her reply came slowly.

"No. I can't do it."

"Why not? When you were posting as OWN—"

"That was because... the messy lump inside my heart forced its way out on its own. I didn't consciously try to write anything. It just happened. I can’t recreate that on purpose."

A hollow ache lingered in the pit of her stomach.

She leaned back slightly, as if trying to distance herself from the conversation, yet her eyes never left the screen.

Kanade stared at her own screen, troubled.

(What can I do if even Yuki doesn’t understand herself?)

She thought back to earlier, to that moment in the SEKAI, under the pale light, when she spoke with Miku.

And to the words Yuu Hazuki had said so casually, yet with such piercing accuracy.

("Maybe... it's because the doll reminded Mafuyu of herself.")

That single line echoed in her head.

And then—

"Oh, I get it... What about that marionette, then?"

"What?"

"That marionette you saw at the doll exhibit made you feel sick, remember? You even dreamed about becoming one. Could it be... that you saw yourself in that marionette?"

Mafuyu’s breath caught.

A sharp jolt ran through her chest, as if those words had pulled a string taut inside her.

(I... saw myself?)

(That hollow, elegant doll... beautiful but trapped, lifeless in a cage...)

(Is that really how I see myself?)

"So, Yuki... try to remember what you saw in that marionette. And turn that into lyrics."

Another pause.

Longer this time.

"...I can't..."

Kanade didn’t stop.

"Understanding your feelings might be the key I need to write a song that will save you. So please..."

There it was again, that word.

Save.

Save me.

From what?

From myself?

Mafuyu lowered her eyes, the light of the monitor reflecting faintly in the glassy sheen of her irises. For a moment, she sat still.

A soft exhale escaped her lips, almost a sigh, almost a surrender.

"...I don't know how this will turn out, but... fine."

And for the first time that night, Kanade smiled.

"Okay!"

With a faint chime, the screen blinked once—and Kanade's icon vanished from the call.

Mafuyu was alone again.

The pale glow of her monitor cast long shadows on the walls, flickering softly like the last warmth of a dying ember.

Her fingers lingered above the keyboard, unmoving.

"That doll… it made me feel sick because…"

Her voice trailed off into the silence.

"…I don't know."

She lowered her gaze.

Her expression remained neutral, but her chest ached faintly with frustration.

Why don't I know?

Why did it feel so awful, so familiar?

Her thoughts spiraled, looping back to the same unanswered questions.

This is going to just end up like the last time, she thought bitterly.

Another futile attempt.
Another reminder that no matter how much she tried, she was always left with emptiness.

But maybe…

She exhaled slowly, stood up, and closed her eyes.

The world around her shifted.

When she opened them again, she stood beneath the pale, colorless sky of the Empty SEKAI.

A gray breeze blew past her, quiet and surreal, stirring the hem of her uniform.

Up ahead, beneath a structure, two figures sat quietly.

Miku.

And beside her, Yuu Hazuki.

Mafuyu stopped, her lips parting slightly in surprise.

"…Miku and… Hazuki-san?"

Miku looked up and offered a soft smile. “Hello, Mafuyu.”

Yuu raised a hand in a casual wave. “Yo.”

“…Hello.”

There was a strange sense of peace between the two, like the silence had weight, but not in a suffocating way.

It felt… calm. As if Mafuyu had walked into a still lake without ripples.

“Kanade visited a short while ago, too,” Miku said, her voice gentle.

“Kanade did…?”

Yuu nodded, eyes soft behind his unassuming expression. “Yeah. She said she wanted to understand your feelings.”

Mafuyu glanced away.

The familiar numbness curled in her stomach, like old instincts returning.

“My feelings…” she murmured, her voice flat. “It’s not like she can do anything even if she did. I don’t need something so unpleasant, painful, and utterly useless.”

The wind stirred again.

Miku turned slightly, looking at Yuu.

Yuu, in turn, met Mafuyu’s gaze.

“They’re not useless."

“…Huh?”

Mafuyu blinked.

She looked at him.

His tone hadn’t changed.

There was no judgment in his voice, no pity.

Just quiet certainty.

Mafuyu’s voice broke the silence, soft and hesitant.

“…What do you mean?”

“That feeling you had when you saw the marionette, the sickness in your chest, the way it stuck with you even after you left the exhibit… it meant something, didn’t it?”

Mafuyu’s gaze lowered. Her fingers curled at her sides.

“I don’t know what it meant.”

Yuu turned his eyes back to her. “But it still stayed with you. That’s enough.”

She blinked. “…Enough for what?”

“It means there’s something inside you that reacted. Something that hasn’t given up—even if you think it has.” His voice wasn’t dramatic, nor did he try to sound inspiring. He simply stated it as if it were a fact. “Feelings like that don’t come from nowhere.”

“I didn’t want to feel anything,” she whispered. “I didn’t ask for it. I didn’t choose that reaction.”

“You don’t have to choose it, it just means you’re still human. That there’s a ‘you’ in there somewhere, even if you can’t find her right now.”

She felt like he had reached into something she hadn’t realized was exposed.

“I don’t want to be human, I don’t want to keep feeling things I can’t understand.”

Yuu didn’t look away.

“…Yeah,” he murmured. “I know that feeling too.”

She looked at him sharply. “You do?”

“I didn’t say it was the same, but I’ve been lost before. I’ve wanted to stop feeling. Thought it’d be easier. Sometimes I still wonder.”

Miku stood quietly beside them, watching.

“But I think, he reason you hated that marionette wasn’t because it was disgusting. It was because it wasn’t feeling anything—and something in you still could.”

Silence again.

Mafuyu slowly lowered her eyes, her lashes shadowing her face.

“That’s not… fair.”

Yuu tilted his head.

She took a breath. “It hurts.”

“…Yeah, it does.”

The silence in the EMPTY SEKAI was thick, the muted sky hanging overhead like a shroud. But something was beginning to shift.

“Everything you feel,” Miku said gently, her voice barely louder than the hush of the wind, “is an important part of you. Even the things that are unpleasant and painful. So… they’re not useless.”

Mafuyu’s breath caught.

“Everything is… a part of me,” she murmured, her words trembling as they left her lips.

Then her eyes fell on something small beside Miku and Yuu—something she hadn't noticed until now.

"…Why is there a doll here?" she asked, blinking. "It's a marionette. But… there are no strings."

She took a step closer, the figure small and fragile on the ground.

Its arms were limp, its wooden joints slightly worn. Yet no strings dangled from its wrists or shoulders.

"Miku, what—?"

"This doll has always been in your SEKAI, Mafuyu. You just never noticed it until now."

Mafuyu looked at her, startled. "What do you mean…?"

"Done," Miku said softly, lifting her hands. "Look, Mafuyu… I made a ladder."

She stretched her fingers apart.

A simple cat's cradle string pattern rested between them, interwoven loops and lines that held a delicate form. A tiny ladder, like something a dream could climb.

"…I didn't know you could play cat's cradle."

Yuu let out a short laugh. "I've been teaching her a few tricks."

"Mizuki taught me first, it's fun. I cut off the strings from the marionette and used them to make this."

Mafuyu's breath caught in her throat. Her eyes flicked to the doll again, stringless, resting quietly at Miku's feet.

Miku continued, her tone thoughtful and light, like she was explaining a secret.
"Strings are so interesting. You can use them to tie things together. Do needlework. Manipulate dolls. Or…" she glanced at her fingers, "you can use them to make shapes like this."

Mafuyu lowered her gaze.

The marionette, freed of its strings, looked almost peaceful now.

No longer suspended, no longer controlled.

"…A marionette without strings isn't a marionette anymore," she whispered. "But… that also means the doll is now free."

"Hey, didn't I tell you to do the spider web next?" Yuu said, nudging Miku.

She pouted slightly. "Yuu-kun, it's hard."

"Pfft… alright, alright. I'll teach you again—one more time."

The two of them bickered playfully, their voices like ripples in a pond.

Mafuyu watched in silence, watching the rhythm between them, the gentle familiarity.

She looked down, her hands curling slightly at her sides.

“…Okay,” she whispered. “I understand now. Thank you… both of you.”

Yuu looked up and gave a small nod, his smile soft and content.

Miku’s expression was gentle as ever, her hands still laced in the string.

The next day — 2:00 AM
Mizuki’s Room
Nightcord Call — [Mizuki’s POV]

The soft hum of the computer fan was the only sound filling Mizuki’s dimly lit room. Pale pink fairy lights flickered faintly along the edge of the ceiling, casting long shadows on the walls. The screen before them glowed with the familiar layout of the Nightcord call window. Three avatars hovered in the corner, but one was conspicuously missing.

Mizuki leaned back in their chair, arms loosely crossed as they exhaled through their nose.

“Hmm… It’s already been an hour,” they muttered, glancing at the time. “But Yuki’s still not here. Maybe she’s not feeling well again…”

A pause. A twinge of worry crept into their voice.

“I just hope she doesn’t suddenly vanish like before…”

A soft ping echoed from the speakers. Ena’s voice rang through, sharp as ever.

“I’m less stressed when she’s not around.”

Mizuki giggled lightly, eyes narrowing with mischief. “You say that, but I know you’re worried about her deep down inside. Enanan’s a huge softie under that tough exterior.”

“Excuse me?!” Ena snapped, her voice indignant but flustered.

Before the teasing could go further, “So anyway, did Yuki say anything to you, K?”

A second ping.

Kanade’s calm voice entered the call, as quiet and steady as always.

“Sorry. I forgot to mention. I asked Yuki to write some new lyrics… based on the feelings she had when she saw that doll.”

Both Mizuki and Ena echoed, surprised and confused.

“That doll?”

“Ohhh! So that’s why she’s not here. You wanted her to turn those feelings of disgust she had from looking at the marionette into lyrics?”

“Yes."

“Okay, but… I still don’t get it. What was Miku even trying to say when she told Mafuyu she might be seeing herself in that marionette? What does that mean?”

Mizuki paused, “Hm… I can sorta understand what she meant. Kinda… sorta.”

For a moment, they didn’t speak. A heavy silence hung between the three until Mizuki’s thoughts drifted—unbidden—into memory.

“Don’t you think it’d be better to spend time with those who can challenge you rather than kids who always need your help?” Mafuyu’s mother had said, her voice distant but sharp, echoing in Mizuki’s mind. “Then you’d actually be learning something as well. Make sure you’re valuing your own time.”

“Okay, I will,” Mafuyu had replied, calm and obedient.

Too obedient.

Mizuki blinked, their eyes clouding briefly.

That memory always left a strange, uncomfortable knot in their chest.

“…Yuki’s really obedient to everything her mom says,” Mizuki said quietly, voice tinged with sadness. “And a marionette is basically a puppet, right? So maybe… she thought the marionette was just like her. Always under someone else’s control.”

Ena scoffed. “That’s just silly. If you don’t like being manipulated, just speak up.”

Mizuki let out a weak laugh. “Yeah… true.”

But the laughter didn’t reach their eyes.

Ping.

Mafuyu’s voice broke through the silence.

“Sorry, I’m late. K, I’ve finished the lyrics. Take a look.”

A beat passed.

The call went quiet.

“…Did you really write this, Yuki?”

Mafuyu’s reply came a little slower, “What do you mean?”

Mizuki let out a soft breath, almost a laugh, but tinged with genuine surprise. “Because… it’s completely different from your usual stuff! And it’s not like OWN, either. This one feels… alive! It’s like I’m seeing a version of Yuki I’ve never seen before!”

Ena chimed in next, more composed, but her words held the same weight. “Yes. It really is very different from before.”

(…It’s so annoying she can write something like this too,) Ena muttered silently to herself, scowling at the screen.

Kanade’s voice entered then, “Yuki, may I turn this into a song?”

There was a pause before Mafuyu replied. “What about the new song?”

“I want to give these lyrics a song right now."

Mizuki immediately lit up.

“Me too! It'll be fun to make a music video for this! Right, Enanan?”

“I guess,” Ena responded with a shrug in her tone.

That was enough to make Mizuki grin like a cat. “Wow, Enanan’s being compliant? You’re full of surprises!”

“Tch,” Ena huffed. “Because if I say no, you’ll just go on and on about my ‘tough exterior’ again, won’t you?”

Mizuki giggled, feigning innocence. “No waaay! I would never!”

Then Kanade’s voice, soft as ever but carrying a rare warmth, floated through the call. “I’ll write a song that’s perfect for these lyrics, Yuki.”

There was a long pause on Mafuyu’s end. Then, finally—

“…Sure.”

One Week Later

The soft hum of Kanade’s finished track faded gently into silence. A calm stillness settled between them as the last note reverberated through their headphones. Then—

“What do you think?” Kanade’s voice came through the call, quiet but expectant.

Ena spoke up first, her tone almost reluctant, almost.

“…I think it’s amazing. This wasn’t the kind of song I expected from those lyrics. Not at all.”

“It’s like—moody pop music or something,” Mizuki added, an excited lilt in their voice. “And that’s incredibly cute! You really outdid yourself, K!”

“Thanks,” Kanade replied softly. “What about you, Yuki?”

A pause.

Then Mafuyu answered, her voice slow, as if searching for the right words.

“I… I don’t know. Just that there’s this dull pain in my heart. But… it feels better than the pain I felt when I went to the SEKAI before. Warmer. I didn’t know my lyrics could… become a song like this.”

Kanade's response came without hesitation, a gentle firmness behind her words.

"Yuki, you said before that you can't feel or understand happiness and joy, but I think you're wrong. I think… you've just convinced yourself you can't. Otherwise, how could you write lyrics like these?"

Mafuyu inhaled sharply, eyes widening.
"…!"

Mizuki's voice brightened with encouragement. "So maybe it's better for you to express yourself more openly!"

"…Express?" Mafuyu echoed, hesitant.

"Yeah! Try expressing your feelings in different ways," Mizuki said eagerly. "Like how you did this time with your lyrics! Maybe even drawings, like Enanan does, though the best way is still to say it out loud." A small laugh followed. "But hey, I get it. Some things just can't be said in words, right? So if you feel something, anything at all, then just be honest and spit it all out! Think you can try that? At least when you're with us, okay?"

Ena clicked her tongue but didn't hide the softness beneath her bluntness. "That would be a lot better than awkward silence."

Mizuki gasped dramatically. "Enanan, can't you say it a little nicer?"

Kanade cut through their bickering with gentle clarity.

"The more we can understand your feelings, the closer we'll be to making a song that could save you. And maybe… maybe you'll find the true self you've been searching for all this time."

There was a quiet beat before Mafuyu spoke again, her voice barely above a whisper.

"…Express anything I feel honestly… I don't know if I can do that. But I'll try."

Kanade's voice came back softly. "Okay."

And as the others continued talking, Mafuyu sat still for a moment, hands resting against the cool surface of her desk.

Her gaze fell to the lyrics she'd written, words that had once felt hollow, now given sound and shape by Kanade's melody.

(I can feel… So I can feel, too. If that's true… then maybe, just maybe I'll be able to find it after all.)

Meanwhile...

[Yuu's POV]

A soft chime echoed from the screen, breaking the silence of Yuu's dimly lit room.

[Story Event – Imprisoned Marionette] Clear.

The words lingered for a moment before fading. Yuu leaned back in his chair, the glow from the monitor casting faint shadows across his face. He let out a long breath—part relief, part fatigue.

"…Well. That took longer than I thought," he murmured, rubbing the back of his neck. "But… I'm glad it went well."

The chair creaked quietly as he turned away from the screen, eyes drifting toward the bed behind him.

His voice lowered, almost challenging.

"Now then... Why don't you say something, too?"

There was a figure sitting on the edge of the mattress, waiting in perfect stillness, like a painting come to life.

The soft light from the monitor barely reached them, but it was enough.

Same hair.

Same face.

The one who had sent him into this world.

"Well, well, this is a surprise…"

Yuu narrowed his eyes.

The god leaned forward, his grin widening, like he already knew how this would end.

When the Curtain Finally Rises (Volume 1 Final)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Now then…" Yuu's voice cut through the silence as he turned to face the figure seated calmly on his bed. "Why don't you say something, too?"

The figure smiled—a twisted, knowing grin that mirrored Yuu's own face too perfectly.

"Well, well," he said, his tone eerily smooth and identical. "This is a surprise…"

Yuu didn't blink. His eyes narrowed. "I didn't expect you here."

The god—his god, the one who had pulled him into this strange existence—did not move. He simply sat there, legs crossed, the pale light from the window casting uncanny shadows across his familiar face.

"You cleared the event, You helped Mafuyu confront herself. You changed the outcome."

Yuu rose slowly from his chair. "That wasn't part of your plan, was it?"

"Of course it was, "It's a great scenario. Full of tension, pain, growth—deliciously unpredictable. And I'm sure you have plenty of questions. But before that…"

He snapped his fingers.

In an instant, the world shattered and reshaped itself around them.

The four walls of Yuu's bedroom peeled away into nothingness, the floor beneath his feet dissolved, and a cool wind swept past his face as he blinked—

—and found himself standing on the rooftop of Kamiyama High.

The familiar school fence swayed lightly in the breeze.

The sky above was an unnatural twilight, painted in tones of dusk and dawn at once.

"Let's head back to the rooftop, shall we?" the god said, voice rich with mischief. "I always liked this place. A good setting for a turning point."

Yuu said nothing at first. He was used to the surreal by now, but the presence of his other self, here, in the real world, was something else entirely.

Still, his gaze didn't waver.

"This event," the god mused aloud, strolling toward the edge of the rooftop with his hands in his pockets, "what was it again? Ah, yes—Kamiyama High Festival."

He glanced over his shoulder, eyes glittering with a cruel glint.

“This is where Mizuki Akiyama and Rui Kamishiro talked about themselves,” the god said, stepping leisurely to the edge of the rooftop, hands clasped behind his back.

The wind tousled his identical hair, Yuu's hair. “A quiet moment under the clouds. Vulnerability laid bare. Do you remember?”

Yuu didn’t answer.

“Mizuki Akiyama…” the god continued, turning his head just slightly, as if reading the sky itself. “The one who hides behind layers of color and laughter. I believe what Mizuki fears most... is the exposure of their authentic self.”

He raised a hand toward the horizon.

“They wear a mask around others. Vibrant, loud, unshakable—until the silence comes. Mizuki is terrified, you know... terrified that if they ever show their true self, no one will accept them. That they’ll be called too weird, too much. Cast out.”

Yuu’s brow furrowed. “What about it?”

The god’s eyes twinkled with amusement. “Oh, don’t interrupt. I’m on a roll.”

He tilted his head back, gazing at the surreal sky above, colors swirling like melting paint. “Ahh, right… You were there, weren’t you?” His grin widened, “That’s right. You were watching from the shadows. The one who keeps popping in and out of the story. Always where you don’t belong.”

The clouds churned violently overhead.

“The one who wasn’t supposed to be a character, and yet… acted like you belonged.”

Yuu took a step forward, expression unreadable.

The god laughed softly. “Do you really think you haven’t changed anything? Every little word. Every glance. Every time you stood beside them when you shouldn’t have… You’ve rewritten the script in ways even I didn’t foresee.”

“I may have interfered…” Yuu muttered, his voice low but firm. “But the story still continues.”

The god gave a lilting laugh, hands spread in mock surprise. “Aha?~ Really now? So you think rewriting the script, twisting the threads of fate, and poking your nose into stories not meant for you is fun?"

“What do you want me to do then? Sit back and do nothing?”

“Exactly!” the god snapped, smile widening into something venomous. “You’re a variable. A bug. An NPC who got too self-aware. You were never supposed to intervene. You were supposed to just fade into the background!”

A gust of wind howled across the rooftop.

Yuu’s fists clenched. “And whose fault do you think that is?”

The god paused.

“I didn’t want to be here,” Yuu continued, voice trembling with held-in frustration. “You threw me into this world. And now you’re blaming me for what I’ve done?”

There was a long silence.

Then the god shrugged. “Well… I won’t really blame you. After all…” He leaned in, whispering with a glimmer of mischief. “Someone above me seems to be enjoying the little scenario you’re creating.”

Yuu’s eyes narrowed. “Someone… above you?”

The god’s grin deepened. “Now then~ As a reward for your little show, I’ll give you something special. You get five questions. I will answer each one with complete honesty and the full scope of my knowledge.”

"...Strings attached?”

“Nope~ You made the one above very happy. So this is your prize.”

The wind died down.

Even the clouds seemed to be still.

Yuu stared at him in silence.

Five questions.

Five chances.

And one wrong move could tip everything.

Yuu drew a breath, steadying himself. The rooftop wind rustled through his hair, tugging at the hem of his uniform.

"...Who are you?"

The god blinked.

Then pouted.

“Oh? That’s your first question?” He gave a theatrical sigh, slumping slightly. “Honestly... I’m disappointed.”

He snapped his fingers.

The air shimmered.

No, it ripped like a heat haze, and the illusion of his appearance began to peel away. Gone was the face that mirrored Yuu’s.

In its place—

A figure now stood before him, draped in a sleek black suit.

Blue fire licked around the edges of his silhouette like it was alive, but made no sound.

His face was off.

Comically derpy, like a poorly drawn cartoon, but something in the way his head tilted, in the way his glowing eyes held Yuu's gaze, betrayed a gravity that chilled the air.

Behind that strange mask was something serious.

"I am," he said, voice now layered and echoing unnaturally, "an Agent from Above. I am the Narrator… and the Observer."

Yuu stared, his mouth slightly parted. "Narrator and Observer, huh..."

The blue flame was grinning. "Surprise?"

"Four more~"

Yuu narrowed his eyes, then took a slow, deep breath. He clenched his fists at his sides, grounding himself.

"…Why did you send me here?"

The figure let out a delighted hum.

"Hmmm~ That's a good question!" he clapped once, a soft snap echoing strangely across the rooftop. "At least now you're starting to think like someone with a role."

He spun on one foot, looking out over the simulated cityscape beyond the rails. "Why Project SEKAI…? Well~ this place is ideal for a story like yours. It's filled with emotions, regrets, identities struggling to be understood… A digital world built entirely on the weight of the human heart."

He turned to Yuu, his blue flames flickering brighter.

"Tell me—if you were dropped into a world of war, would you have grown this way? If you were dropped into a world of peace, would you have cared at all?"

"You were placed here because this is a stage. The stage. A place where dormant hearts are tested, and illusions breathe."

Yuu stared at him, throat dry. "So I'm just… what? A character you picked for a story?"

Yuu stared at him, his voice low. "So I'm just… what? A character you picked for a story?"

"Yep! Honestly, the one above me? Super bored. Just wanted something interesting to watch, so he gave me an order. Said, 'Do something new… or I'll delete you.'" He mimed a throat-cutting gesture with a grin.

Yuu's expression twisted in disbelief. "What kind of— That's a bullshit reason!"

"What are you talking about?" the god replied with a lazy shrug, blue fire crackling faintly around his suit sleeves. "Aren't you enjoying your life in this world?"

Yuu gritted his teeth, jaw tense.

The truth was… he didn't know how to answer that.

"Then…" he muttered, "my third question."

He closed his eyes for a moment, gathering the question carefully in his mind.

"…Was the Non-existent SEKAI created through my feelings?"

The being's expression lit up as he clapped once, echoing unnaturally against the rooftop.

"Very sharp~!" he chimed. "That's right! You're quite the lore enthusiast when it comes to Project SEKAI, huh?"

Yuu's breath hitched. He'd guessed… but hearing it confirmed twisted something deep in his gut.

"That space, the one beyond the limits of the game, where glitchless Miku first appeared—that's your doing. You made it. You birthed it. A void born not of code, but of longing. Loneliness. Doubt. A need to escape the world you tried so hard to understand."

He straightened, voice now chillingly calm.

"And that… was when the stage truly began."

(I see... So it was my fault all along...)

The thought echoed in Yuu's mind like a stone sinking into deep water, dragging the surface calm into ripples.

He clenched his fists.

The Non-existent SEKAI… the glitch… Miku's sadness… was all that really his fault?

The being in front of him chuckled, tipping his head like a puppet whose strings danced to unseen hands.

"Now, now, Enough with that reaction. You'll make me tear up~"

He leaned forward again, eyes narrowing with faux sympathy.

"Come on~ Ask it. Your fourth question."

Yuu exhaled shakily, steadying his voice. "Fine…"

He locked eyes with the being, gaze unwavering.

"My fourth question…"

He paused, voice turning sharper.

"Did you manipulate the other characters to follow a fixed path... even after I changed the story?"

The flames stilled.

For a moment, the being didn't smile.

A flicker of something unreadable passed through his eyes.

"Well, well," he murmured, tone softer now. "You really are asking the right questions."

He turned his back, walking slowly toward the rooftop fence as if giving the moment weight.

"I didn't need to manipulate them, but soon I might have to because the one above me wants to spice things up... After all their emotions were already written. Etched into the walls of their hearts. All I had to do was… press play."

"What... What are you talking about?"

"For example? What would happen if... one of the characters died? That would spice everything up right?"

Yuu's breath caught in his throat.

"…What?"

The being's voice dropped to a low hum, almost melodic. "I mean, come on. You've already broken so many things, little variable. Story flags, scene triggers, character arcs. Don't you think the world deserves a bit of drama in return?"

He spun around, arms raised like a conductor before an orchestra of chaos.

"Just imagine it!" he crooned, flames curling higher behind him. "An idol disappears. A best friend vanishes. Someone falls from this very rooftop. Ahh~ The tragedy! The questions! The tears!"

Yuu took a step forward. "Don't mess with them."

"Mess?" the being repeated, tilting his head. "You're the one who did that first. You interfered. You touched every story like a player slamming buttons on a broken controller. All I'm doing is… adjusting the difficulty."

"You said this was a reward."

"It is," the god replied, grinning widely. "The reward of knowing how powerless you really are."

Yuu's fists trembled at his sides.

"If you hurt any of them—"

"You'll what?" the being whispered, suddenly inches from Yuu's face, breath cold as frost and hot as fire all at once. "Fight me? Break the script again? Maybe you'll even try to become the protagonist of this story, hmm?"

He laughed—a hollow, unhinged sound.

"Well, go on, then!" he shouted, throwing his arms out. "Ask your fifth and final question, Yuu Hazuki! Let's end this season with a bang!"

The wind howled across the rooftop.

Yuu stared, heart pounding.

And then… he opened his mouth.

"Then... my final question."

The rooftop wind carried Yuu's words like a blade through the stillness.

Across from him, the Agent's grin widened. "I see~ I see~ Go on!"

Yuu's gaze didn't waver.

"Is it possible to make a bet... with the one above you?"

For the first time, the Agent flinched.

It was subtle, but undeniable. His eyes, once playfully lidded and filled with mocking glee, widened ever so slightly.

The air itself seemed to hold its breath. The ever-burning blue flames dancing along his suit sleeves dimmed, flickering with unease.

"...What did you say?"

"You said the one above you is watching this, that they're enjoying the story. Then if they're really just that, an audience, maybe, they'd be interested in a gamble."

The silence that followed was oppressive.

The sky above no longer shimmered with code.

It had gone flat, matte, like someone had pulled the curtain back and revealed an empty stage.

The Agent stood perfectly still, more puppet than man now, strings trembling in a wind no one could see.

"You... You don't understand what you're asking," he said finally, voice low and brittle, like glass on the verge of shattering. "The one above me doesn't make bets. They rewrite fate. They erase variables."

"And I'm willing to take that risk."

Yuu took a single step forward.

"I don't want to be just a variable anymore. I want to fight for the others. Not just play inside someone else's game."

The Agent stared.

For a long moment, he didn't breathe.

Then slowly, a grin spread across his face, no longer playful, no longer derpy or mocking.

This smile was something else.

Too wide.

Too sharp.

A little mad.

"...You really are broken," he whispered.

He raised his hand.

And with a SNAP—

BOOM.

The sky tore open.

A chasm of light and glitch split the heavens, and from it poured code like shattered glass,

Gravity itself bent under the weight of something greater.

The Agent laughed, a wild, unhinged laugh that echoed through the hollowed world.

"A bet, is it?! Very well!!"

He spun on his heel, arms flung wide, gesturing to the void beyond the broken sky.

“Can you hear that, O Watcher of Worlds?! This boy wants a seat at the table! Will you let him play?!”

Then—

Everything stopped.

The glitch froze in place like a paused animation. Not a single fragment moved. Not a whisper stirred the air.

And then—

A soft chime.

A holographic interface flickered into existence before Yuu, suspended in front of him like a judgment made manifest.

[What are you willing to bet?]

Yuu didn’t answer right away.

He closed his eyes.

Let the silence swallow him.

He thought of everyone in Project Sekai.

He thought of his family.

He thought of himself.

Of a world that never should’ve existed in his reality... and yet he did.

He opened his eyes.

They were calm.

Clear.

Unshakable.

“My existence."

The words struck like thunder.

Even the Agent flinched.

"...Oho~?" His voice cracked, the grin faltering for the first time since the beginning. "You’d really risk that?"

Yuu didn’t answer.

He didn’t have to.

Because for the first time since arriving in this broken world—

He wasn’t afraid.

After all…

“I’m the protagonist.”

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Chapter End Notes

HEY GUYS! IT'S ME, EXITCUE!

Thank you so much for joining me in this short journey of "Beyond the Stage" Project Sekai FANFIC

First of all, there is something I need to explain!

I thought that my readers were not real since there are only a few readers commenting and suggesting

"Beyond the Stage" Project Sekai Fanfic isn't DONE, there are still more chapters I have plans on! (No one suggested to me nor pressured me)

That's why I remember breaking a sweat when I saw a few readers reading this story... In fact that this series reached 100k Words (IKR Insane)
For the same reasons, I also removed any sections that were unnecessary or untangled (since I don't know how to cook those parts, so I just stuck with the best ones)

Actually, I tried to extend the storylines from the other groups, but I think my mind wandered. (I got the wrong recipe.)

Also, did you guys know that this story was inspired by a few manhwa? (Webtoon Na Kang Lim, The Novel's Extra, The Extra's Academy Survival Guide)

Anyways! THANK YOU GUYS! SEE YOU PROBABLY AROUND NEXT YEAR! (jk)

Author Chapter

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hello everyone! ExitCue here, I'm just posting this here for... information since I'm gonna continue the volume 2/season 2 (Whatever you call it) next week! This is an informational chapter about Yuu Hazuki!

Background

Hazuki Yuu was an ordinary third-year college student majoring in Biology. At 20 years old, his days revolved around lectures, lab reports, sleepless nights of studying, and rushed breakfasts from the nearest konbini. He was just another face in the crowd—until the world changed.

One moment, he was a tired student playing Project SEKAI to unwind. Next, he found himself pulled into the very game world, unable to log out or return to reality.

Appearance
Original (Before Entry)
As a college student, Yuu had the tired, overworked look of someone constantly on the edge of burnout. He had messy black hair that always refused to stay combed, and weary eyes shadowed with dark bags from too many sleepless nights. Most days he wore his university's lab coat over a casual button-down and slacks, blending into the crowd of science majors with his unassuming presence.

Current (Inside Project SEKAI)
Inside the game world, Yuu's physical form reverted to that of his 17-year-old self. His hair remains a tousled, unkempt black, but his face is softer now, free from the fatigue that once marked his features. Though younger in body, the quiet seriousness in his eyes often betrays the years he's truly lived—and the weight he now carries.

Etymology
Yuu (優) – A common Japanese given name that can mean "gentle," "superior," or "excellent," depending on the kanji. It reflects Yuu's calm demeanor, emotional resilience, and hidden strength that emerges as the story progresses.

Hazuki (葉月) – The traditional Japanese name for the month of August, meaning "leaf month." The name carries a melancholic, transitional atmosphere, symbolic of Yuu's quiet personality and the seasonal shift his journey brings to the world around him.

Relationships
Glitching Miku
The first Virtual Singer Yuu encounters in the Non-existent SEKAI. Isolated and fading, she initially appears more doll than human. But when Yuu finds her, something awakens in both of them. He promises to save her alongside other Virtual Singers, not just as a player, but as a performer and companion. Her sadness becomes his turning point, and she becomes the one constant in a world that keeps shifting.

An Shiraishi
One of the first members of Vivid BAD SQUAD to notice Yuu's existence. An is lively and empathetic, and her open curiosity gradually draws Yuu out of his shell. She invites him to WEEKEND GARAGE, encouraging his first real steps into the game's social circle. Their relationship grows into a warm friendship built on shared passion for music and a mutual desire to protect what matters.

Toya Aoyagi
Quiet and composed, Toya sees through Yuu's background-character act early on. The two share a quiet understanding; neither one says much, but both can read the emotions behind silences. Over time, Toya becomes someone Yuu trusts for clear-headed advice, and their shared sense of responsibility for others forms the core of their bond.

Akito Shinonome
At first dismissive of Yuu, Akito is the most skeptical member of the group. But after seeing Yuu's determination firsthand, he begins to respect him in his own tsundere-like way. Their banter often masks a growing camaraderie, Yuu's presence subtly softens Akito's rough edges.

Kohane Azusawa
Kohane is gentle, but observant. She quickly picks up on Yuu's uncertainty, offering him quiet support even when he doesn't ask for it. Yuu admires her growth and perseverance, often seeing parts of his own struggles mirrored in hers. They develop a mutual respect grounded in empathy and quiet strength.

Hoshino Ichika
The girl who calls Yuu the "protagonist" beyond the stage. Ichika is the first person to suggest that Yuu's presence might be something more than a coincidence. Their connection is marked by shared introspection and questions about what lies beyond the SEKAI.

Hanasato Minori
Yuu first encountered Minori through Kohane. Her bright personality and boundless optimism initially caught him off guard, but he quickly found comfort in her energy. Her warmth helped draw him into the orbit of MORE MORE JUMP!, and Yuu, in turn, offered her the kind of quiet support she never knew she needed: someone who listens without trying to fix her.

Kiritani Haruka
Haruka didn't trust Yuu at first.

As a former top idol with years of experience in the public eye, she saw his vague background, awkward silences, and unclear motives as potential red flags. Their first meeting in the Stage SEKAI was tense, Haruka holding herself stiffly, Yuu unsure how to respond.

But as time passed, she noticed something genuine in the way he handled people: quiet care, steady support, and a willingness to step back rather than steal the spotlight. When Yuu officially became a temporary manager for MORE MORE JUMP!, Haruka began to open up. Though she rarely says it aloud, she now values his presence and trusts his judgment, especially when she finds herself doubting her own.

Hatsune Miku: VIRTUAL SINGER and friend.

Kagamine Rin: VIRTUAL SINGER and friend.

Kagamine Len: VIRTUAL SINGER and friend.

Megurine Luka: VIRTUAL SINGER and friend.

MEIKO: VIRTUAL SINGER and friend.

KAITO: VIRTUAL SINGER and friend.

Chapter End Notes

More information here will be updated in further chapters.

Where the Story Begins Again (Volume 2 Start)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Yuu stirred.

His fingers twitched against the edge of a wooden desk, and his forehead slipped off the cool surface with a dull thud. A sharp breath left his lips as he blinked blearily, disoriented.

"...Huh?"

He sat up slowly, rubbing his eyes.

The white ceiling, the faint ticking of a clock, the shelves lined with biology textbooks, all unmistakably familiar.

“…I’m in my room?”

It was the same cramped space from before, slightly messy, comfortingly ordinary.

The blanket on his bed was crumpled.

A convenience store bag lay crumpled by the trash can, half-finished sandwich inside.

Everything was back to how it used to be.

Except—

A faint electronic chime rang in the air, followed by a flicker of light.

In front of him, a holographic UI blinked to life. Its soft blue glow illuminated his face.

[A new version of Project SEKAI is available. Please update to continue.]

“…Heh.”

Yuu stared at it, something between a smirk and a sigh slipping from his lips.

“I see.”

His finger hovered over the prompt.

He didn’t hesitate.

Click.

The update began instantly, the progress bar sweeping across the screen with pixelated precision.

But Yuu didn’t watch it.

His eyes drifted instead to the window, where sunlight poured in, warm and golden.

Outside, the world moved on.

Normal.

Peaceful.

“I made a bet with the system,” Yuu muttered under his breath, eyes still fixed on the flickering hologram. “And now I don’t know what’s going to happen…”

Just then, his phone buzzed harshly against the wood of his desk.

He blinked, glancing over.

A familiar name lit up the screen.

“…Ah, I forgot.”

He swiped to accept the call and brought it to his ear.

“Hazuki-kun?” a voice said sweetly—but laced with unmistakable irritation. “Do you know what time it is?~”

Yuu winced.

It was Ayaka.

And she did not sound pleased.

“Ahh! Sorry! I’m going there right now!” he blurted, springing up from his seat like he’d just been electrocuted.

Without another word, he quickly tapped the corner of the holographic UI to shut it down.

The glowing interface flickered, then disappeared entirely. His world returned to mundane reality, clothes scattered on his chair, toothbrush cup still sitting unwashed by the sink.

He scrambled to change, tossing on a hoodie and jeans in record time, nearly tripping over his bag in the rush.

Outside, the sun was already high.

Yuu stood doubled over, panting as he caught his breath. Across from him, Ayaka watched with her arms crossed and a deceptively sweet smile stretched across her face.

“So?” she said, tilting her head. “Care to explain why you’re late? Especially on a weekend?”

“I’m sorry! Ayaka-san!” he blurted out instinctively, still gasping for air.

(I can't tell her that the gods sent my consciousness somewhere far away from this world…)

“I promise I won’t be late again!”

Ayaka let out a theatrical sigh, brushing a lock of hair behind her ear. “That’s fine… I just wanted to make sure you’re doing great. You’ve seemed a little off lately.”

“I’m great, really,” Yuu replied, straightening up and forcing a smile.

She looked at him for a second longer, as if searching for the truth in his eyes, before nodding.

“Good. Now, now… enough with this! Come help me promote the live show for the girls!”

“Yes, ma’am! Will do!”

“Ooh~ That’s the energy I like to see! Let’s go!”

“Yeah!”

“Ei ei oh!~”

“…Ohh…” Yuu chuckled softly, letting the tension melt from his shoulders.

And so, my job as an assistant manager continued—checking schedules, handing out flyers, replying to endless streams of messages, and running across the venue grounds alongside Ayaka. It was hectic, fast-paced, and borderline exhausting.

That was, until—

“Excuse me? Ayaka-san?” came a soft, familiar voice from behind.

Yuu turned on instinct.

A few steps away stood a young woman whose presence seemed to soften the very sunlight around her.

She had long, light blue hair that shimmered subtly in the summer light, catching on the breeze like silk threads dancing in the wind.

“Shizuku-sa— I mean, Shizuku,” Ayaka corrected herself quickly, offering a sheepish smile. “What’s up?”

Shizuku’s gaze shifted to Yuu as he stood beside Ayaka, clipboard in hand, still mid-task.

She offered him a warm nod, the kind that made him pause without knowing why.

Yuu returned the nod, a little more stiffly.

“Are you two busy?” Shizuku asked, her tone gentle but curious.

“Ah, well… kinda,” Ayaka replied with a chuckle, adjusting her clipboard. “We’re putting together the promotion plans for the live show next week. Just wrangling the chaos before it starts.”

“I see,” Shizuku said with a small smile. “Actually, I wanted to ask if I could take tomorrow off from practice.”

“Taking a little break?” Ayaka asked, raising a brow.

Shizuku nodded. “Yes. I’m spending the day with my little sister. It’s been a while, so I promised her.”

Ayaka didn't hesitate. "No worries. Go ahead."

"Really?" Shizuku's eyes widened slightly, pleasantly surprised. "Thank you!"

"Yeah, yeah. Just don't spoil her too much, okay?"

Shizuku laughed softly, covering her mouth with one hand. "I'll try."

Shizuku tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear, her sundress swaying as she gave a slight bow. "Well then, I won't keep you any longer. I'll send a message to the group chat too, just in case."

Ayaka gave her a casual wave. "Sounds good. Enjoy your day tomorrow."

"Thank you," Shizuku replied, then turned to Yuu once more. "And you too, Hazuki-kun… don't work too hard, alright?"

Yuu blinked, a little caught off guard. "Ah—yeah. I'll try."

With a soft chuckle, Shizuku gave a final nod and began walking away, the light catching on her hair like ripples on a still pond.

Yuu watched her figure grow smaller in the distance until she disappeared around the corner of the venue.

Ayaka exhaled beside him, brushing her bangs back. "She's always been like that. Graceful, polite… a little air-headed sometimes, but dependable when it counts."

(Well, she does suck when it comes to electronics...)

"Hazuki-kun, you can leave early today."

Yuu looked up from the clipboard in his hands, blinking in surprise. "Huh? But I haven't finished everything yet."

Ayaka waved him off with a casual smile, one hand already sorting through the stack of promotional flyers on her desk. "I just remembered that weekends are supposed to be for resting. Imagine that."

…Are you sure?"

"I'm sure," she said, glancing up at him with a wink. "Besides, you've already taken care of most of the leftover tasks I didn't get to yesterday. I'll handle the rest."

There was a brief silence as Yuu hesitated, still unsure if she was genuinely giving him a break or testing him.

But Ayaka had already turned her attention back to the flyers, humming softly under her breath like it was no big deal.

"…Okay then," Yuu murmured, finally relenting.

He placed the clipboard neatly onto the desk, its final pages rustling gently beneath his fingers. Then, with a small bow, he said, "Thank you for today."

The late afternoon sun had already started to dip, casting golden hues along the streets as the cicadas hummed overhead. There was a quiet peace to it, like the world itself had exhaled.

As Yuu walked down the quiet sidewalk, the fading sun casting long shadows behind him, a familiar shimmer of blue light flickered in front of his eyes.

Beep.

A holographic interface suddenly materialized mid-air, just a few inches from his face.

[Update Completed.]

Yuu slowed to a stop, staring at the glowing words hovering in front of him. "…Oh. Good timing. Or just a weird coincidence."

He exhaled through his nose and gave a slight shake of his head before continuing on, the hologram gently fading as he resumed his walk home.

[Time skip – Hazuki Residence]

Back in his room, Yuu shut the door with a soft click, turned the lock, and let out a long breath. His backpack dropped onto the floor with a muted thud, and without wasting time, he swiped a hand through the air in front of him.

The holographic UI reappeared, casting a soft glow across the darkened walls.

[You can now visit the ###### SEKAI!]

Yuu tilted his head, frowning at the string of glitching symbols.

"…What's with the hashtags?"

His finger lingered over the corrupted label.

[###### SEKAI]

The glitched-out name shimmered erratically, pulsing like static on an old TV screen.

Something about it felt off.

Not dangerous, but uncertain.

Like stepping into a room where you weren't sure if the floor was still there.

Yuu hesitated.

"…No. Not yet."

He lowered his hand, exhaling slowly.

"Right. I should go ask the Virtual Singers for assistance."

Without another word, he shifted his hand and tapped the glowing icon beside it.

[School SEKAI]

The interface rippled like water, then the room dissolved into light.

The familiar walls of Yuu's bedroom rippled away like a mirage.

In a blink, he was standing inside a sunlit classroom, the chalkboard faintly dusted, windows wide open to the wind, desks perfectly aligned. The atmosphere carried a strange warmth, not quite real, but comforting all the same.

"Hello, Yuu!"

A voice called out cheerfully.

Yuu jumped, turning quickly. "Miku… Don't startle me like that—I just got here…"

Standing before him was Miku in her School SEKAI attire, hands clasped behind her back, beaming with childlike delight.

"Hehe~ Sorry! I couldn't help it!" she giggled, rocking on her heels.

From behind the rows of desks, another figure stepped into view—MEIKO, her arms crossed and expression calm, if a little amused.

"Geez… Miku, you sure are excited to see him, huh," she remarked, her tone laced with fond exasperation. "Let the poor boy catch his breath."

"Poor boy, huh…"

Yuu gave a light chuckle, rubbing the back of his neck as he stepped further into the classroom.

Miku tilted her head, hands still behind her back. "Anyway, how are you, Yuu? It's been a while since you visited this SEKAI!"

"I'm doing… so-so, I guess."

"So-so?" Miku echoed, her brow furrowing.

"It means he's half fine, half not," MEIKO replied with a knowing smile as she stepped forward. "Hello again. I'm sure you've met the MEIKO from Street SEKAI, right?"

"Yeah, I did," Yuu nodded, though his voice held a hint of confusion. "I was just… wondering how you know about the MEIKO from that SEKAI."

MEIKO raised an eyebrow. "Huh? Didn't Miku already explain this?"

"She didn't," Yuu deadpanned.

Miku blinked. "I didn't? Ah! You're right—I didn't!"

She twirled in place once, her long teal twintails swaying before stopping squarely in front of him. "Then let me explain!"

“It’s okay,” MEIKO said gently, glancing at Miku with a soft chuckle. “I’m sure Yuu’s already figured it out.”

Yuu scratched his cheek sheepishly. “Well… I kinda half did. All I really know is that every version of you—every Virtual Singer in each SEKAI—wants to help save the Glitching Miku from the Non-existence SEKAI.”

Miku nodded with a bright, encouraging smile. “That’s right!”

Her eyes softened a little, as if she too carried the weight of that mission.

“Speaking of…” Yuu’s tone dipped lower. “Glitching Miku. Non-existence SEKAI. Any updates?”

Miku tapped her finger to her chin, expression turning thoughtful.

“Hmm… KAITO and Luka lost connection with that SEKAI. So, they’re probably getting help from the [Wonderland SEKAI] right now.”

“I see…” Yuu murmured, the corner of his mouth tightening.

“Actually…” Yuu began, his voice steady but low, “I’m here because I have something to say. And I think… it’s better if every single Virtual Singer hears it.”

Miku blinked, tilting her head slightly. “Hm? A meeting?!”

“You… could say that.”

Her eyes lit up with a sudden gleam of determination. “Alright! MEIKO! Let’s call everyone up!”

MEIKO gave a brisk nod. “On it, Miku.”

With that, her form shimmered with a golden hue before slowly fading out, as though being pulled back into the fabric of the SEKAI itself.

[Timeskip...]

The once-familiar classroom had transformed.

Now, the walls were lined with soft panels of light, the blackboard gone and replaced with a glowing emblem of the SEKAI system.

A grand round table stood in the center, and surrounding it, the Virtual Singers of the [School SEKAI] had taken their seats, Miku, MEIKO, Luka, KAITO, Rin, and Len, each gazing toward Yuu with curious anticipation.

Yuu rubbed the back of his neck as he stood awkwardly near the center.

“Uhm… I didn’t think it would be this overdramatic,” he muttered under his breath.

Rin giggled from her seat. “What are you talking about, Yuu? School always has meeting rooms, right?” she said cheerfully, resting her chin on her palm.

“…Fair point.”

He drew in a quiet breath, looking around at the familiar faces—each one waiting patiently. Then, he raised his eyes and nodded.

“Alright. Let’s start from the beginning.”

The room hushed as Yuu began speaking. His voice was measured at first, careful and uncertain, but as he continued, it became steadier—stronger.

He explained it all.

From the first moment he encountered the Glitching Miku… to the surreal creation of the Non-existence SEKAI… to the growing distortion in the world he thought he understood.

As the truth unfolded, the room remained silent, the only sounds being the low hum of the floating lights overhead.

When he finally paused, KAITO leaned forward, brows furrowed.

“So… you’re telling me that you created the Non-existence SEKAI?”

Yuu hesitated for only a moment, then gave a small nod. “Yeah… it was born from my feelings.”

“But… why that SEKAI?” Luka asked softly, her eyes narrowing slightly. “I mean, I understand that each SEKAI is shaped by strong, unspoken emotions—but what kind of feelings would lead to something like that?”

A silence followed, heavy but not judgmental.

MEIKO broke it, arms crossed thoughtfully. “Then let me ask something else,” she said. “Why did we suddenly start calling it the Non-existence SEKAI?”

Yuu looked up, puzzled for a moment. “Huh… now that you mention it…”

He paused. The words floated around in his mind—familiar, yet distant.

“…I don’t remember naming it that. It’s just what everyone started calling it."

Just then, a voice echoed through the room—soft, calm, and resonant.

“We call it the Non-existence SEKAI… because the SEKAI isn’t finished yet.”

Everyone turned at once.

Standing just beyond the circle of light was a figure draped in stillness. Her hair, pale like frost, cascaded gently down her back, and her eyes shimmered with a quiet, melancholic glow.

Hatsune Miku.

But not the one they knew.

“The Miku from the [Empty SEKAI]…” Len breathed, his voice laced with surprise.

Before anyone could respond, another voice rang out, far more energetic and bold.

“Looks like everyone’s on board with this one!”

A bright flash of yellow darted behind KAITO, nearly startling him out of his seat.

“Hello everyone! It’s me! Kagamine Len!” the boy announced with a grin, striking a confident pose.

Rin blinked. “Ah! The Len from the [Street SEKAI]!”

And then—like ripples spreading across still water—they arrived.

One by one, the Virtual Singers from every SEKAI stepped into view, emerging through shimmering portals of light or simply appearing as if the world had decided they belonged there.

Yuu blinked, slowly turning in place as the room—once a quiet meeting—transformed into a vibrant gathering.

“Uhm… I didn’t really expect everyone to appear here,” he muttered under his breath.

“Of course we did!” Rin from [MORE MORE JUMP!] said, placing her hands on her hips with pride. “We’re all a team, right? To save the Glitching Miku!”

“We can’t just sit around and do nothing,” KAITO from [Nightcord] added, his gaze distant as he glanced out the classroom window, the light catching the edge of his glasses. “Not when we’ve seen what’s at stake.”

Luka, standing near the table with an air of quiet strength, gave Yuu a small, encouraging smile. “Well… Yuu? Looks like everyone here is going to help you finish what you’ve started.”

The voices quieted as every gaze turned toward him.

Yuu stood frozen for a moment. The weight of it all—their trust, their willingness, their hope—was overwhelming.

But he nodded.

“…Yeah.”

“But still…” KAITO from Wonderlands x Showtime frowned, crossing his arms as he glanced toward his counterpart. “Seeing myself wear such a downcast expression... it just doesn’t feel right.”

The KAITO from the [Empty SEKAI] looked away, silent.

“Hey now! KAITO of [Empty SEKAI]—cheer up!” Miku from Street SEKAI called out brightly, offering him a hand. “Why don’t you perform with us for a bit? That always lifts your mood!”

Yuu blinked as he watched the Virtual Singers from across the SEKAI exchange words—some awkward, some teasing, and others gently encouraging.

They were technically the same characters from different worlds, but now that they were face to face, the differences in their personalities stood out more vividly than ever.

Without interrupting further, Yuu quietly stepped back. The classroom faded.

In the blink of an eye, he was back in his room.

The dim lighting cast soft shadows on the walls. The hum of reality returned. And in front of him, glowing gently, was the hologram UI of Project SEKAI.

The option hovered before him:

[###### SEKAI]

The text still garbled.

Unstable.

Incomplete.

Waiting.

Yuu took a slow breath, his hand steady.

“Alright… The story begins again.”

He tapped the screen.

Chapter End Notes

I made this chapter longer because it's a special chapter! <3

My Sekai

The option hovered before him:

[###### SEKAI]

The text is still garbled.

Unstable.

Incomplete.

Waiting.

Yuu took a slow breath, his hand steady.

“Alright… The story begins again.”

He tapped the screen.

The world shifted in an instant.

Yuu felt the ground tilt beneath him, weightless for a breath, before sensation returned.

His eyes fluttered open and were immediately struck by a harsh, white brilliance from above.

“Then I’ll perform,” Yuu said firmly, straightening his posture. "Pick a song."

He raised his hand and swiped at the empty air. At once, a familiar shimmer spread out before him.

The Project Sekai hologram bloomed into existence with its soft glow.

Rows of stages floated in the void, faint outlines of notes dancing across transparent lanes as if waiting to be played.

Yuu’s fingers brushed across the light, cycling through the stages.

Each flick of his wrist caused colors and titles to ripple past, fragments of melodies lingering just long enough to tug at memory.

His eyes followed the scrolling list with quiet patience, but the way he spoke carried an unwavering certainty.

“No matter what you choose… I’ll sing it. Even if your voice glitches. Even if it feels broken.”

He glanced at her, a small, sincere smile on his lips. “A song is still a song.”

The light poured down like a spotlight, so sharp and unrelenting that he instinctively raised a hand to shield his gaze.

When his vision adjusted, he found himself standing on a surface unlike any he had seen before.

Smooth, pale, and pristine, glossy like a freshly polished stage floor, stretching outward with no end in sight.

It reflected the light in soft ripples, as if the world itself was still unfinished, waiting for someone to step forward and give it form.

A quiet exhale left his lips. “I’m back… but the question is... where is she?"

The words drifted into the emptiness.

He turned slowly, his eyes scanning the horizonless stage.

“You don’t need to go far.”

The voice, gentle yet clear, came from behind him.

Yuu pivoted, and there she was.

The first figure who had ever greeted him in this place.

The one who had guided him when he was still fumbling to understand it all.

“Miku.”

This time, however, something was different.

She wasn’t wearing her usual neutral expression.

Instead, her lips curved into a smile, subtle but unmistakably warm, her hands clasped loosely behind her back as though she had been waiting for this exact moment.

“Hello,” she said softly, her teal eyes catching the light. “It seems you finally have access to this Sekai.”

“Yeah…” Yuu murmured, his voice laced with quiet relief. “Took me a while. Did you wait?”

Miku gave a small nod, her smile never fading.

The silence between them stretched, fragile and uneasy, before Yuu finally spoke.

“Oh, by the way… everyone’s trying to save you. I mean… us.”

Miku tilted her head slightly, her smile softening into curiosity. “Are you talking about… the other me’s?”

“Yeah.” His voice was low, almost burdened. “It seems this Sekai’s been glitching, and somehow, we’re trying to fix it. But…” His words faltered, hanging heavy in the air. “I was also responsible for creating this.”

The confession lingered, sharp and cold, echoing louder in the stillness than he intended.

Miku said nothing.

Her smile had faded, leaving only her clear gaze fixed on him.

Yuu’s throat tightened.

He clenched his fists before blurting out the thought that had been gnawing at him ever since.

“Why didn’t you tell me… that I was the one who created this Sekai?”

For a moment, she looked less like the untouchable figure he had first met and more like someone who understood far more than she could ever say.

“Because some truths,” she murmured, her voice gentle, “aren’t meant to be given… they’re meant to be found.”

“Found…? By me?”

“This Sekai exists because you willed it,” she said softly. “And because of that… only you can decide what it becomes.”

“But Miku… I didn’t want to create this. A glitch? Something broken?”

For a moment, silence stretched between them, heavy yet strangely tender.

Miku tilted her head, her smile faint but unwavering. “Sometimes what we create isn’t what we intend… but what we need.”

Her words flowed like a lullaby, soft enough to soothe, yet vague enough to stir unease. She stepped closer, her presence radiating warmth in the sterile white glow around them.

“Even a glitch,” she whispered, “is still a part of you. And in every broken piece… lies the proof that you exist.”

"Glitch, huh... Is it because I'm a glitch?"

“A glitch… is only a name others give to something they cannot understand.”

She reached out, her fingertips hovering just shy of his shoulder, never quite touching, as if to remind him of both closeness and distance.

“To me, you are not a glitch,” Miku continued, her smile as delicate as glass. “You are the reason this place still breathes. Imperfect, unstable, yes… but alive. That is something no error can claim.”

“I don’t want that…”

The words slipped from Yuu like a sigh, his shoulders slumping as if finally releasing a weight he had carried too long.

He stretched his arms outward, chasing away the tightness in his chest.

“By the way, Miku…” His voice steadied, though his eyes flickered with unease. “This is just a question, but… you’re my system, aren’t you?”

For a moment, silence.

He gave a small, knowing nod. “I mean… I kinda remembered. You asked me to perform, and then… You gave me a stage. A level to clear.”

Yeah.”

“So you’ve been watching me this whole time.”

Miku tilted her head slightly, the glitch in her eye flickering again. “Watching you perform with others is fun.”

“I’m glad you’re having fun." Then, with a hesitant smile, he extended his hand toward her. “But for now… how about we both perform?”

Miku’s lips parted, but no words came at first. Her silence hung in the air like a delicate thread, straining under weight unseen.

At last, she whispered, “But my voice is fractured. Glitching. And every time I move… I feel like I could fall apart.”

Yuu lowered his hand, “…I see.”

“Then I’ll perform,” Yuu said firmly, straightening his posture as if the weight of his own resolve kept him standing. “Pick a song.”

He raised his hand and swiped at the empty air. At once, a familiar shimmer spread out before him.

The Project Sekai hologram bloomed into existence with its soft glow.

Rows of stages floated in the void, faint outlines of notes dancing across transparent lanes as if waiting to be played.

Yuu’s fingers brushed across the light, cycling through the stages.

“No matter what you choose… I’ll sing it. Even if your voice glitches. Even if it feels broken.” He glanced at her, a small, sincere smile on his lips. “A song is still a song.”

“Hatsune Miku no Shoushitsu.”

Yuu’s hand froze mid-swipe. His breath hitched slightly as his eyes shifted toward her.

“...Of all the songs… why that one?”

Miku tilted her head, her glitching eye flickering with unstable static. Then, to his surprise, she let out a faint, almost mischievous laugh.

“I’m kidding…” Her voice softened, carrying warmth beneath the distortion. “My Stage With You.”

Yuu blinked. The tension in his shoulders eased as realization sank in.

“...Oh. I see.” A smile tugged at his lips. “You scared me for a second.”

Her fragmented silhouette seemed to brighten, the glitching static faintly receding. “I wanted to know if you’d hesitate… or if you’d still sing with me anyway.”

Yuu placed his hand over the glowing interface, the title of the song pulsing in gentle rhythm. “I wouldn’t hesitate. Not with you.”

Yuu pressed the stage, and the glowing interface rippled outward.

The opening notes of My Stage With You echoed faintly through the empty space, soft and fragile at firstlike a memory trying to take form.

Taking a breath, Yuu stepped forward as the holographic lights bloomed around him. His voice followed the melody, steady and earnest, filling the void.

Miku stood a few steps back, her faintly glitching body flickering in time with the music.

She watched, her mismatched eyes fixed on him, as if trying to burn the sight of him into her memory.

The last note lingered in the air, trembling faintly before dissolving into silence. Yuu let his arm fall back to his side, his chest rising and falling with measured breaths. A thin sheen of sweat glistened at his temple, catching the soft blue light of the holographic stage.

“How was it?” he asked, half-expecting only static in response.

Miku clapped her hands together—gentle, deliberate, almost fragile. “Eight hundred fifty-four combo, no miss… as expected of you.”

Yuu gave a short laugh, shaking his head. “I wasn’t really asking about the score.”

Her glitching left eye flickered once, a brief spark like fractured glass, before her expression softened. Still clapping softly, she tilted her head. “But that’s my answer. You’re amazing, Yuu.”

He smiled faintly at that, though it carried no weight of pride—just a heaviness that pressed against his chest. “…I see.”

The bright projection of the stage bled away like watercolor fading into the page, until only the two of them remained in the vast, empty void. A stillness swallowed the space, broken only by the faint hum of lingering data.

Miku’s voice came softer this time, almost like a whisper from somewhere far away.
“Songs like that… they remind me that I still exist, even if only for a little longer.”

Yuu froze at the phrasing, his breath catching. He turned toward her, the hollow glow of her form wavering slightly, as though even the act of speaking strained the code that kept her together. “…A little longer, huh.”

Her gaze met his—steady, kind, yet carrying a distance he couldn’t bridge. She smiled, faint and weightless, like it could vanish at any moment.

“Don’t look so troubled. Even a fleeting moment can shine brighter than eternity.”

The words struck deeper than he expected, and he swallowed against the lump forming in his throat. “That’s… not really comforting.”

“Isn’t it?” Miku tilted her head again. A ripple of distortion shimmered through her hair, scattering the glow of the artificial light. “When something is limited, it becomes precious. That’s why I wanted to see you perform.”

Her words left no room for dismissal. Yuu lowered his gaze, fingers curling slightly at his sides, then spoke in a voice almost too quiet for the void to carry. “…If that’s true, then I’ll keep performing. Until the end. For you.”

The glitch in Miku’s left eye sparked once more, but this time the distortion caught in a way that almost looked like it was glistening.

Her smile softened, faint yet resolute.

“Then I’ll keep listening and watching.”

The stage’s false light reflected faintly in his eyes, steady despite the hollowness around them.

Miku blinked slowly, her form flickering at the edges as if the world itself hesitated to hold her. The glitch in her eye pulsed once, catching the glow and scattering it like a tear that would never fall.

She let out a quiet breath, her lips curving into a smile that was both fragile and radiant. “That’s a promise then?”

Her voice carried no weight, yet it pressed firmly against Yuu’s chest, threading itself into the silence between them.

Yuu met her gaze and nodded, the faintest trace of warmth softening his tired expression. “…Yeah. A promise.”

For a moment, the empty stage felt less like a void and more like a place that belonged to just the two of them.

“Yuu.”

“Hm?”

Miku lifted her hand, palm open. Fractured light spilled between her fingers, glitching like broken pixels until it slowly coalesced into something solid.

A faint shimmer settled into shape, a watch.

“Wear this."

“It’s a watch, silly… a smart watch.”

“For me?” His voice caught, quiet. “…Then, thanks.”

Miku smiled faintly, placing it into his hands. “With this, you’ll be able to communicate with the other me or any of the Virtual Singers like me.”

“I see…” He fastened it around his wrist.

But her expression shifted, a shadow flickering behind her eyes. "I just have a bad feeling something's about to change, so... be careful."

“Careful about what?”

Her gaze lingered on him longer than usual, as though weighing whether to say it. Finally, her voice dropped to a whisper. “I know you’ll confront the one who sent you here.”

His eyes widened. “…You know, huh?”

“Of course.” She gave a soft, bittersweet smile. “I’m your system after all.” Then, after a pause, she asked quietly, “…Are you really willing to put yourself on the line?”

Yuu stared at Miku, her question still lingering in the air.

“Yeah… I’m confident.” A faint grin tugged at his lips as he turned away. With a flick of his hand, he swiped open the glowing interface and tapped [Go Back]. “After all… I’m the protagonist!”

Light wrapped around him, his figure breaking apart into fragments of code until he faded from the Sekai.

“…Protagonist, huh…” Miku’s voice was barely above a whisper. Her form began to dissolve, scattering into the same glitching light. Yet her eyes lingered on where he had stood only moments before.

“I see… then I’ll watch you.”

And with that, she was gone.

Blocked and Bantering

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

[A day later — Shinonome Ena's perspective]

"Not enough…" Ena muttered under her breath, glaring at the unfinished sketch on her tablet. Her wrist ached from forcing the same line over and over. "Why can't I draw anything today?!"

The door slammed open.

"Oi, you're loud as hell!"

Ena whipped around. "Akito? Why the hell are you barging into my room?"

"Because you were practically yelling! Anyone could hear you down the hall," Akito shot back with an exasperated sigh.

Before he could escape, Ena stood and placed a firm hand on his shoulder, her lips curling into a mischievous smile.

"Say, Akito… do you have anything to do right now?"

"…Haa?"

"Do me a favor."

Akito frowned. "Why would I do that? I'm busy as hell."

Ena puffed her cheeks, leaning in closer as if to corner him. "Busy doing what, huh?"

"Tch—shut up! That was one time!" Akito snapped, glaring. "Unlike you, I actually have stuff to practice."

Ena crossed her arms, eyes narrowing with mock offense. "Ohhh, I see. You're saying my art doesn't matter?"

"That's not what I—ugh, you're impossible." He rubbed the back of his neck, clearly annoyed but not walking away yet.

Ena smirked. "Then it's settled. You'll help me."

"…You didn't even ask me what the favor was."

And so, the two found themselves walking side by side down the busy street, each with a cup of milk tea in hand.

The faint chatter of pedestrians mingled with the rhythmic clinking of bicycle bells.

Ena sipped hers with a satisfied hum, the straw bobbing slightly as she leaned back with a carefree grin.

“Ahh~ that hits the spot.”

Akito, on the other hand, had one hand occupied with his drink while the other scrolled absently across his phone screen.

“Can we go home now?” he muttered, not even glancing at her.

Ena tilted her head, feigning surprise. “Eh? But you’re still helping me, remember? Unless…” Her eyes glimmered with mischief as her lips curled into a sly smile. “…you want me to tell Hazuki-san about your little secrets?”

That got his attention. Akito froze mid-step, lowering his phone. “Tch. How the hell did you even get in contact with him anyway? I swear—!”

“Hehe. Mizuki gave me his LineID. And, well… we’ve been talking a lot. Especially about you.” Ena’s smirk widened, her tone dripping with satisfaction.

Akito clicked his tongue, glaring at her. “Oh? Care to tell me the details?”

“Nope~.” She turned her gaze back to her drink, swirling the ice as if the matter were settled.

His jaw tightened as he muttered under his breath. “I swear, if I see his face, I’m gonna make sure I get payback.”

Ena chuckled, eyes softening despite her grin. “But… I wasn’t expecting this, you know.” She glanced sideways at him, her voice dropping to something quieter, almost genuine. “You, making a new friend.”

(But… Mafuyu knows Hazuki Yuu, and he has access to the Empty Sekai. That’s suspicious, isn’t it? Still… since Miku trusts him, maybe I should try knowing him better?)

Ena bit the straw of her drink, her gaze flicking to the crowd beyond Akito as her thoughts tangled in circles.

Her voice slipped out casually, as if testing the waters.

“So? What’s this Yuu Hazuki like? Is he good at academics?”

Akito nearly choked on his tapioca pearls. His brows furrowed as he lowered the cup, glaring at her sideways.

"...What made you interested all of a sudden?”

Ena smirked, leaning closer as if to press the question.

“What, can’t a girl be curious? You’ve been hanging around him, right? He doesn’t look like the type who studies seriously. Or am I wrong?”

But behind her playful tone, her thoughts tightened like a knot.

(If I can figure him out first… maybe I won't feel left behind when Mafuyu's around him…)

Akito gave her a flat look, lowering his phone just enough to meet her eyes.

"Tch… Don't make it sound like I'm his babysitter or something. He's top at our school but…" Akito scratched his cheek, clearly reluctant to admit it. "He's also sharper than he lets on. Observant too."

He shoved one hand in his pocket, eyes shifting away. "But hey—why do you even care? Don't tell me you're thinking of cozying up to him or whatever."

Ena tilted her head, her expression unusually serious, as if weighing his every word.

Akito froze, eyes widening. "No way… Don't tell me you're actually interested in him?!"

"HA?! No?!" Ena nearly spit out her drink, whipping her head toward him with a scowl.

Her cheeks burned faintly, whether from embarrassment or irritation, she wasn't sure. "Why the hell would I be into some background character-looking guy like him?!"

(…But if Mafuyu trusts him, then I can't just ignore that. If he's really as sharp as Akito says, then maybe… I should figure out what his deal is.)

She quickly looked away, arms crossed tight over her chest. "I just asked. Don't get the wrong idea, idiot."

Akito raised a brow, smirking knowingly. "Sure, sure. Keep telling yourself that."

"Shut up!"

Just then, two familiar figures stepped out from the café doors.

The Shinonome siblings froze—and so did the pair on the other side.

"Akito… and—"

"Ena?!" Mizuki's voice overlapped with Yuu's, both equally startled.

Ena blinked, her eyes darting between the two. "Wait, wait, wait. What are you two doing together? Don't tell me… date?!"

Yuu stiffened on the spot, eyes widening.

"N-No, we're not!" Mizuki flailed her hands defensively, cheeks puffing up. "Geez, why do people always jump straight to that?"

Akito raised a brow, watching with open suspicion. "Then what's the story here?"

Yuu opened his mouth to answer, but the words caught in his throat. He wasn't sure how to explain Mizuki dragging him along after practice without making it sound weird.

Mizuki beat him to it. "We just happened to run into each other earlier! That's all!"

"…Outside a café?" Ena deadpanned, narrowing her eyes.

“YES!” Mizuki huffed, clearly flustered. “Ugh, what’s with this interrogation?!”

Yuu rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly. “It’s… really not what it looks like.”

[Before the present]

Yuu had been slouched on his bed, phone in one hand, the soft glow of the screen reflecting against his tired eyes as he tapped through another rhythm game stage.

The familiar beats echoed faintly through his earbuds, his fingers moving with practiced precision, until his phone suddenly buzzed with a notification.

“Hm?” He paused the game, the rhythm cut off mid-track.

A new message blinked at the top of his screen.

Mizuki-san.

Curious, Yuu swiped down and opened it.

He raised an eyebrow, thumbs moving lazily as he replied.

The typing indicator blinked almost immediately.

Yuu tilted his head.

Go together? He typed back,

The reply came within seconds.

Yuu let the words sit there for a moment. A clothing store? With Mizuki? He frowned lightly, then tapped back.

This time, the reply was longer.

Yuu exhaled through his nose, a quiet chuckle escaping despite himself.

That explanation sounded exactly right for each of them.

Almost immediately, another bubble popped up.

Yuu stared at the screen, watching Mizuki’s words flash before his eyes.

He could practically hear Mizuki’s voice in his head, cheerful and pleading at once.

He sighed, letting his phone rest against his chest for a second.

“You really love clothes, huh…” he murmured aloud before his thumbs started moving again.

The response was instant, almost too eager.

Yuu smirked slightly.

Great. Let’s meet at the mall then.

And with that, the plan was set.

[Present Day]

“I see…” Ena murmured, narrowing her eyes slightly. “So it was just for clothes, huh…”

Mizuki leaned in with a playful grin, twirling a strand of their hair. “Then what about you two? You and little brother-kun?”

“Oi—don’t call me that,” Akito shot back, stuffing his hands in his pockets with a scowl. “My sister just wanted to go out for a walk since she couldn’t draw.”

“Akito!” Ena snapped, her cheeks puffing red. “Would you shut up already?!”

Yuu tilted his head, regarding Ena with mild curiosity. His voice carried that calm, almost detached tone of his. “Ahh… is that it? Art-blocked, was it?”

Ena froze, her expression tightening at the word.

“That’s normal, isn’t it?” Mizuki tilted their head, looking over at Yuu with a light smile.

Their tone was casual, almost teasing, but their eyes flicked curiously between him and Ena.

Yuu slipped his hands into his pockets, meeting Mizuki’s gaze with an unreadable calm. “Depends,” he said simply. “Normal doesn’t make it easier.”

Ena’s lips parted as if to argue, but the words caught in her throat.

Her pride wanted to push back, to deny it, yet the reminder of her empty sketchbook pages pressed down on her like a weight she couldn’t shake.

Akito, noticing her silence, frowned and shifted uncomfortably. “…You don’t gotta put it that way,” he muttered, more protective than annoyed this time.

“Hm? How about this, Shinonome-san…” Yuu spoke lightly as he pulled out his phone, his thumbs flicking across the screen with practiced ease. “I’ll send you a few images. Maybe they’ll help.”

Ena’s phone buzzed, and she tapped it open. Akito leaned in out of habit, curious, only for Ena to immediately raise her arm to block him.

Her glare was sharp enough to make him recoil with an annoyed click of his tongue.

“…Huh?” Ena blinked at the first picture. “This is… Mizuki?”

“Yep,” Yuu replied, sounding almost too casual about it. “While Mizuki and I were looking for clothing references, Mizuki tried some on and asked me to take pictures.”

“Ahh! Good thinking, Yuu-kun!” Mizuki clapped their hands together with a grin, their eyes sparkling with amusement at Ena’s expression. “With this, Ena-chan should get a few fresh ideas!”

Ena scrolled through, her brow furrowed in thought. “These are… traditional outfits?” The intricate patterns and flowing fabric stirred something in her; her artist’s block loosened just a little.

“Well?” Yuu tilted his head, watching her carefully. “Anything coming to mind?”

A faint spark lit in Ena’s eyes. “Yeah… actually, yeah!”

Akito folded his arms, smirking. “Good for you, huh.” But then, as if remembering something crucial, his grin faltered. He stepped forward, planting both hands firmly on Yuu’s shoulders. His gaze sharpened, protective, almost intimidating.

“…By the way, Hazuki-kun,” Akito said, voice low but edged. “You’re not saying anything weird to my sister behind my back, are you?”

Yuu froze. A dry laugh escaped him, thin and unconvincing. “O-Oh… ahaha… ahahaha…”

And with that, Mizuki and Yuu drifted off in one direction while the Shinonome siblings took the familiar road back home, their voices fading into the bustle of the evening crowd.

Back in her room, Ena shut the door with a quiet thud, tossing her bag aside before sinking into the worn cushion of her chair.

Her desk lamp hummed faintly as the glow of her pen tablet flickered to life.

She pulled her stylus close, shoulders already leaning forward, her eyes sharpening with that restless spark that only came when an idea finally refused to let go.

The room fell silent except for the faint scratch of stylus against screen.

She lost herself in the rhythm of sketching lines, erasing, and redrawing, her mind’s eye replaying fragments of reference photos, Mizuki’s poses, and the flashes of color that Yuu had sent her earlier.

The world outside dimmed into nothing, time blurred, slipping from her awareness as easily as water running between her fingers.

When at last she leaned back, stretching out her cramped shoulders, a soft groan escaped her lips.

She blinked, noticing the windowpane reflected nothing but her own weary face against the black canvas of night.

“…It’s night already? I didn’t even notice…” she murmured, brushing a stray strand of hair behind her ear as the realization settled in.

She reached for her phone, the glow of the screen spilling over her desk as her fingers hovered uncertainly before typing.

For a moment, nothing. Then the indicator popped up—seen. The dots pulsed. Typing…

Her lips twitched faintly. She typed back quickly, almost before she could think.

Ena glanced at the illustration still glowing on her pen tablet, the colors vivid against the darkness of her room. Her shoulders softened as she tapped her reply.

The response came almost instantly.

Ena set her phone down for a second, staring at the words.

She shook her head, muttering, “Idiot,” under her breath, though she couldn’t quite wipe the small smile off her lips.

Ena tapped the words quickly, almost too quickly, then held her breath.

The reply came after a moment:

She frowned, thumb hovering. Then, with a small huff, she typed back:

There was a pause, longer this time, before the next message appeared.

Ena stared at the screen, lips pressing together, until a quiet scoff slipped out. She set the phone face down on her desk and leaned back in her chair.

“…What a weirdo,” she muttered, though the corners of her mouth betrayed her with the faintest upward curl.

Chapter End Notes

How do you get a co-writer/co-creator?

Full Court Surprise

[Around Lunch Time]

The corridors of Kamiyama High bustled with chatter, footsteps echoing against polished floors as students drifted toward the cafeteria.

Among the crowd, Toya, An, and Yuu strolled at an easy pace, their conversation carrying above the din.

“Hey, Toya,” An suddenly piped up, tilting her head as she walked backward to face them, “how tall are you, anyway?”

Toya blinked, caught off guard by the casual question. “Hm? I’m around 5'11."

“Five-eleven, huh…?” An repeated under her breath, before her eyes slid to Yuu. “What about you?”

Yuu shifted awkwardly, rubbing the back of his neck. “Erm… 5'8, I think?"

“Seriously?!”

“What?”

An groaned dramatically, “Ugh, I’m so jealous of tall people…”

That made both Toya and Yuu glance at each other in confusion before echoing in near-perfect sync: “You are?”

“Yeah!” she said, puffing out her cheeks like it was the most obvious thing in the world. “Especially since I play basketball. Height is everything in that sport, you know? And—” she jabbed a finger toward the air as though making her case in court, “our kitchen shelves at home are all made with my dad’s ridiculous height in mind. Half the stuff’s impossible for me to reach unless I climb onto a stool.”

Yuu fought back a chuckle while Toya allowed himself a small smile.

“Man, why didn’t I grow up tall like you two?” An sighed in defeat. “I bet you guys have it great.”

But Toya shook his head. “No, that’s not entirely true.”

“Huh? Really?”

“Yes,” he replied evenly. “For example… I keep running into those hanging straps on the train. Those hurt quite a bit, you know?” His calm expression didn’t falter, but the memory alone made him rub his shoulder as though he could still feel the sting.

An blinked, then laughed awkwardly. “Oh… okay. Yeah, that does sound unpleasant.”

Yuu nodded with sympathy. “It’s true. The taller you are, the more the world feels like it’s out to trip you up.”

An frowned, still unconvinced, and turned her eyes back to Yuu. “What about you then, Yuu? Is being tall hard for you, too?”

“Well…”

His eyes shifted upward, as if searching for an answer written somewhere on the ceiling.

He wasn’t particularly tall, at least not compared to Toya, but not short either.

Just somewhere in between.

Still, An’s question made him pause.

Is there really anything difficult about it?

“…I guess,” he murmured at last, tilting his head slightly. “Sometimes people expect more from you if you’re taller. Like in sports, or even just reaching things for them. It feels weird when you can’t live up to that expectation.”

His lips curved into a small, almost self-conscious smile. “Oh, and bumping my head on low door frames? That’s happened more times than I’d like to admit.”

Toya chuckled softly beside him, while An blinked before bursting out laughing.

(Why the hell are you chuckling?)

“See?! Even average height has its own problems! So it’s not like you two have it any easier than me.”

“You said you played basketball, right?” Yuu asked, glancing at An.

“Yeah.” An nodded with a grin, resting her hands behind her head.

“I kinda want to try,"

Toya raised a brow, his voice quiet but curious.

“Are you good at sports, Yuu-kun?”

Yuu blinked, pausing for a moment before answering.

“…Not really. I mean, I’ve played here and there, but I wouldn’t say I’m good.” He rubbed the back of his neck, smiling faintly as if to downplay it. “I just thought it’d be fun. That’s all.”

An’s grin widened, a spark lighting up in her eyes. “Well then, we have to play together sometime! Don’t worry, I’ll teach you the basics.”

Yuu chuckled at her enthusiasm.

Toya, though, gave a small, thoughtful nod. “It might be interesting to see. You pick things up quickly when you focus.”

The bell’s sharp chime echoed through the classroom, signaling the end of another day.

A ripple of movement followed as chairs scraped across the polished floor and voices mingled in the air, laughter, hurried footsteps, rustles of bags being packed.

Yuu, however, remained seated at his desk, fingers drumming absently against the cover of his notebook.

His gaze drifted toward the fading sunlight spilling through the windows, painting the room in warm hues.

Around him, the classroom gradually thinned out until only a handful of students were left.

Beside him, Toya quietly slid his phone from his pocket, his expression as unreadable as ever.

A soft vibration buzzed in his hand, and he glanced down at the screen before lifting his calm, steady eyes toward Yuu.

“Yuu,” he said evenly, voice breaking through the hum of distant chatter, “An wants us to head to the gym.”

Yuu blinked, caught off guard. “Huh? Wait… we’re playing already?”

Toya gave a small nod, his dark blue hair catching a sliver of light as he tilted his head. “Seems like it. Akito’s already there.”

Yuu sighed, though there was a faint smile tugging at his lips. “Hmm… Alright then.”

He shoved his notebook into his bag and swung it over his shoulder, the weight landing against his hip with a muted thud.

Rising to his feet, he stretched his arms briefly, feeling the stiffness from sitting all day ease out of his muscles.

Toya stood as well, moving with an unhurried grace.

As they stepped out into the corridor, the sound of their shoes tapping lightly against the linoleum echoed in the now-empty hall.

“Do you even have gym shoes?” Toya asked suddenly, casting a sidelong glance at Yuu.

"They're in my locker."

“Good. Let’s not keep them waiting.”

The two made their way to the locker room, the rhythmic squeak of their indoor shoes accompanying them.

There, they swapped out their neatly pressed Kamiyama High uniforms for loose gym attire at the restroom, the cotton fabric soft and cool against their skin.

Yuu tugged at his shirt hem absentmindedly before lacing up his sneakers, the faint smell of varnished wood and resin wafting in from the gym beyond.

“Aoyagi-kun, go on ahead,” Yuu said as they reached the corner near the restroom.

Toya paused mid-step, tilting his head slightly. “What’s wrong?”

“Restroom."

Toya gave a simple nod and continued down the hallway, his footsteps fading as he headed toward the gym.

Yuu waited a few moments, making sure Toya was well out of sight before exhaling a quiet sigh.

Slipping into a stall, Yuu closed the door behind him and sat down, lowering his voice to a whisper.

“Alright…”

He raised his hand and swiped the air in front of him.

A faint blue shimmer flickered into existence, revealing the translucent system interface only he could see.

“This feels like cheating,” Yuu admitted under his breath, a wry smile tugging at his lips. “But… I’ll just unlock the ones that keep me standing.”

His finger hovered briefly, then tapped decisively. familiar menu unfolded like layers of glass, glowing softly against the dim, sterile walls of the restroom.

“[Skill Tree],” he muttered, selecting the option with a tap.

Branches of icons bloomed outward across the screen like veins of light.

[Stamina to Spare] unlocked.

[Concentration] unlocked.

[Deep Breaths] unlocked.

The glowing notifications faded one by one, their light dissolving into the stale bathroom air.

Yuu let out a slow breath, almost as if releasing the tension that had clung to his chest since morning.

“There,” he muttered under his breath, the words barely louder than the hum of the flickering fluorescent light above. “I’m ready.”

He swiped through the lingering shimmer with a practiced motion, and the interface vanished.

Gripping the edge of the stall door, he pushed it open and stepped out, his reflection catching briefly in the speckled mirror.

The muffled rhythm of bouncing balls grew louder as Yuu pushed open the gym doors.

Inside, the court gleamed under the harsh fluorescent lights, lines stark against the wooden floor.

An was near the three-point arc, casually dribbling as if the ball were an extension of her hand.

She launched a shot with effortless grace, the ball spun and kissed the rim before dropping cleanly through the net.

“Nice one!” Akito called, snagging the rebound as it bounced back toward him.

Toya moved with calm precision, his focus unwavering as he sank another shot from mid-range without breaking stride.

Yuu stepped inside, the heavy door thudding shut behind him.

The sound drew their attention.

"Yuu-kun!" An waved with a grin, her energy practically radiating across the court. “Finally! Thought you ditched us.”

Akito smirked, tossing the ball lightly in one hand before spinning it on his finger. "Took you long enough."

Yuu forced a small smile, His legs felt light, his breathing steady. For the first time, he wasn’t worried about collapsing after five minutes.

“Yeah,” he said, dropping his bag by the wall. His voice was calm, but inside he felt the faint thrum of something new—something that almost felt like confidence.

“I’m ready.”

The round began.

Two-on-two.

Akito and Toya on one side.

Yuu and An on the other.

The ball struck the polished gym floor with a sharp thud, echoing against the high walls as Toya dribbled forward.

His movements were fluid, controlled elegance mixed with precision, each bounce smooth, each step deliberate.

Across from him, Yuu sank slightly lower into his stance, knees bent, arms stretched wide.

The wooden floor pressed cool against the soles of his sneakers, grounding him as his pulse thrummed like a muted drum in his ears.

“Don’t let them score first, Yuu!” An’s voice cut through the echo of bouncing rubber, carrying an edge of determination that made his grip tighten on air.

Toya’s amber eyes locked onto him, reading, calculating.

Then, motion.

A swift feint left, sharp enough to bite, followed by a seamless pivot right.

Toya was gone in a blink, his footwork so crisp it almost looked rehearsed.

Yuu's muscles snapped into action. Instinct overthought. Reflex over hesitation.

(Focus… anticipate…)

[Concentration activated.]

And then it clicked.

The rhythm.

Every bounce of the ball pulsed like a beat in his head. Every shuffle of sneakers, every inhale and exhale, meshed into a seamless track.

His body moved with it, no longer resisting, no longer lagging, just flowing.

He slid hard across the court, shoes squealing against polished wood as he cut off Toya's lane just in time.

But Akito was already there.

"Coming through!"

A blur of orange hair and sharp energy darted in, intercepting the pass mid-stride with a cocky grin. He spun on his heel, bypassing An like water slipping through fingers, and the next second his arm was rising, ball poised for the layup.

"Tch—!" An bit down a curse, pivoting fast, but she was a step too late.

Yuu didn't think.

He moved.

Feet slammed the floor. His body coiled like a spring, launching skyward.

The world slowed.

The ball hung in the air like a suspended note, gliding toward the rim.

His fingertips grazed rough leather—

Smack!

The sound split the moment.

The ball ricocheted off course, clattering onto the floor.

"Whoa!" An's eyes widened as she snatched it up. "Nice save, Yuu!"

Yuu landed hard, sneakers skidding, his breath hitching sharp in his chest. But… no burn in his legs. No fire in his lungs.

Just a clarity, a ringing rhythm, that kept pulling him forward like invisible strings.

Akito’s voice cut through, sharp and grinning, "Don't celebrate yet!"

“An!” Yuu’s voice cut through the echo of sneakers against polished wood.

“I’m on it!” she shot back without hesitation, clutching the ball tight as she pivoted on her heel.

Across the court, “Come here, dimwit!”

An’s eyes narrowed. “Who are you calling a dimwit, huh!?”

“I’m impressed, Yuu-kun,” Toya said, his calm voice carrying a hint of surprise. “I didn’t think you’d pull that off.”

Yuu gave a small smile, wiping the sweat from his forehead. “That was just luck.”

He and Toya stood ready, eyes on Akito and An as they set up for their next move.

(To be fair… that was all thanks to my [Concentration] skill. Everything slowed down, every dribble, every breath, while my thoughts moved faster than any human’s.)

A quiet sigh escaped his mind.

Cheater.

“Yuu!” An’s voice cut through the echo of sneakers squeaking on the polished floor. She launched the ball toward him with a sharp, clean pass.

“On it!” Yuu reacted instantly, palms absorbing the force as the ball smacked into his hands.

Yuu gripped the ball, feeling the faint tackiness of the leather under his fingertips.

Across the court, Akito was already charging at him, eyes sharp and predatory.

He’s fast.

Yuu’s gaze flicked left. Toya was guarding near the hoop, anticipating a pass.

An was behind Akito, ready to assist.

His lungs expanded slowly as the noise dimmed. The court stretched like a wide, empty path, every possible route mapping itself out in his head.

Akito lunged.

Yuu feinted right.

The sharp squeal of his sneakers filled the gym as he pivoted left at the last second, dribbling low to the floor. The air split as Akito’s arm swiped, and he missed by inches.

“Tch!”

“Not today!” Yuu muttered under his breath, pushing forward. His legs burned, but the rhythm in his mind was calm.

“Not today!” Yuu muttered under his breath, pushing forward.

[Stamina to Spare activated]

The basket loomed closer. Toya moved to block, tall and steady like a wall.

If I shoot now, he’ll block it.

Yuu skidded to a stop just outside the key, ball bouncing once, twice—then he dropped his center of gravity and spun, slipping past Toya’s side in a blur.

“Yuu!” An’s shout was distant now, drowned out by his own pulse as he leapt, body twisting in the air.

For a fraction of a second, everything froze. The rim glinted under the fluorescent lights.

[Concentration activated.]

Time crawled. The ball rolled off his fingertips with perfect spin, cutting through the silence.

Please go in.

The thud of sneakers hit the floor, then swish.

The ball sank clean through the hoop.

“YEEEES!” An cheered, throwing both arms up.

Akito groaned, dragging a hand down his face. “You’ve gotta be kidding me…”

Toya gave a small, approving nod. “Impressive.”

Yuu dropped to his knees, panting. His heart was racing, but a grin tugged at his lips.

(Okay… maybe this was worth cheating a little.)

“Yuu, are you… athletic too?” An asked, catching her breath.

"No."

“Well, that makes me feel kinda embarrassed,” Akito muttered, running a hand through his sweat-damp hair. “I’ve been practicing forever, and you—” he gestured vaguely, “—just pull that off?”

Yuu scratched his cheek, giving an awkward laugh.

(If only you knew it’s because of a skill tree… not me.)

“I’m gonna take a break,” Toya said, heading to the bench and grabbing his water bottle.

“Same here,” Akito said, following him.

“Then, Yuu, how about a one-on-one?” An grinned, spinning the ball on her finger.

“I’m… also giving up,” Yuu replied quickly, waving both hands in surrender. “Break sounds good.”

(I can't say that my skills were on cooldown for 10 minutes.)

“Huh? You guys were here?”

A soft voice came from the doorway. They all turned to see Kohane peeking in.

“Kohane! You’re here!” An brightened immediately, waving her over.

Kohane stepped inside, blinking at the sight of An, Akito, and Toya slumped on the benches. “You… all look exhausted.”

“Yeah, because someone here forgot to tell us he’s secretly a monster on the court,” Akito said, shooting Yuu a mock glare.

"Why are you looking at me?"

“Anyway,” Toya said, leaning back, “I think that’s enough for today.”

An groaned but didn’t argue. Even Akito was too winded to keep going.

“Good call,” Yuu said, trying to hide his relief. His legs still felt oddly light, like the game’s influence hadn’t worn off completely.

The sound of Kohane’s gentle laugh drew his attention. “You all really are amazing,” she said softly, her eyes bright. “I feel like… I need to work even harder now.”

An grinned and threw an arm around her shoulders. “You’re already amazing, Kohane. But if you wanna practice together, just say the word.”

As the group chatted, Yuu found himself watching them.

The way they laughed, teased, and encouraged each other was warm. Too warm for someone like him, who was supposed to be a background character in this world.

(What am I saying? I'm a protagonist too.)

[A/N: YOU CAN PUT IMAGES!! That's actually sick I might use Rich Text more than HTML]

Chapter 43

[Street Sekai]

The faint aroma of roasted beans lingered in the air, curling like whispers of warmth around the Street SEKAI café.

Neon lights outside pulsed softly through the window, their glow painting fractured patterns on the polished counter where Yuu sat.

A porcelain cup steamed before him, its dark surface reflecting a sliver of his own face.

“Say… MEIKO,” Yuu began, his voice breaking the gentle hum of the café. He lifted the cup to his lips, savoring the rich bitterness before continuing. “Do you usually brew these coffees?”

Across the counter, MEIKO chuckled, a low, warm sound that fit this space perfectly.

“Hm? Yeah. Toya and Kohane love it.” She spoke as though the answer was obvious, her hands resting with ease on the polished surface.

Yuu set the cup down with care, its soft clink punctuating his next words. “Teach me.”

“Teach you?” Her brows arched in playful surprise. “Hmm… sure. But are you sure you’ve got nothing else to do?” MEIKO leaned forward slightly, her tone teasing yet curious. “It seems like you’re always visiting every SEKAI.”

“Urgk…” Yuu stiffened, a bead of sweat forming at his temple. “Who did you hear that from?”

A smirk curved her lips. “The other me, from the School SEKAI and the Empty SEKAI.”

“…Huh.” His eyes shifted away, fingers drumming lightly against the cup. “I see.”

“You really are everywhere, aren’t you?” she said, folding her arms in amusement.

Yuu scratched his cheek, averting his gaze toward the rising steam between them.

For a moment, the café’s soft jazz filled the space where his words hesitated.

“I’m just… curious,” he said finally, forcing a casual tone. “Besides… there’s something relaxing about this place.”

MEIKO tilted her head, her crimson eyes glimmering like fine wine under the neon wash.

A knowing smile tugged at her lips. “Relaxing, huh? Well… that is my job, to make sure everyone can unwind here.”

Her gaze lingered on him for a beat before she turned, reaching for a sleek metal kettle that gleamed under the warm lights.

“If you really want to learn,” she said over her shoulder, voice smooth as the aroma curling in the air, “come behind the counter.”

Yuu blinked, startled. “Really? Thanks!”

Yuu slipped behind the counter, the faint jingle of a spoon against porcelain echoing in the quiet café.

The Street SEKAI always carried a unique atmosphere, dim neon lights bleeding through the windows, soft lo-fi beats thrumming in the background, and the faint aroma of roasted beans lingering in the air.

MEIKO stood with an easy smile, her hands already moving with the grace of someone who had done this countless times.

She placed a set of items in front of him: a hand grinder, a gooseneck kettle, and a pristine white dripper.

[A/N: Guys, I know nothing about brewing coffee, so I just researched it]

“First things first,” she began, picking up the bag of beans. “This is where it all starts. The beans decide everything, the aroma, the bitterness, even the mood of the cup."

Yuu leaned closer, peering at the glossy, dark brown beans as MEIKO tipped a few into his palm.

They were warm, almost alive with the earthy scent of roasted coffee.

“Smell it,” she said softly.

He brought them closer to his nose, inhaling the rich fragrance.

It wasn’t the harsh bitterness he expected; there was depth, warmth, almost like dark chocolate laced with something floral.

“…Wow,” he murmured.

MEIKO chuckled at his awed tone. “Good beans deserve respect. Now, grinding them…” She handed him the small hand grinder. “Your turn.”

Yuu held it awkwardly at first, adjusting his grip before beginning to turn the handle.

The motion was slow, uneven, but steady.

With every twist, he heard the faint crunch of beans breaking apart, releasing a fresh wave of aroma that curled around them like steam.

“This… is harder than it looks,” he admitted, his arms starting to ache slightly.

"Hehe, is it?" MEIKO teased, folding her arms as she watched. “Coffee isn’t about rushing. It’s about patience. Every step matters.”

When the grinding was done, MEIKO took the grounds, spreading them evenly in the dripper. Her movements were meticulous, almost like choreography.

She then heated the water, her hand guiding the kettle in a slow, spiraling pour. The first drops hit the coffee bed, and a bloom of bubbles rose like tiny bursts of life.

“Smell that?” she asked.

The air grew heavier, filled with the deep, comforting aroma of fresh brew. Yuu watched the dark liquid swirl as it trickled into the carafe below, feeling oddly mesmerized.

“…You make it look so easy,” he said quietly.

MEIKO glanced at him, her lips curving into a soft smile. “That’s because I've been doing this many times now. But you? Yuu-kun, you have potential. Your concentration is impressive."

He gave a small laugh. “If you say so…”

(I accidentally used my skill without knowing... I guess it's a passive?)

She slid the finished cup toward him, the surface rippling slightly under the dim glow of neon light. “Here. The first cup you helped brew.”

Yuu wrapped his hands around the warm ceramic, bringing it close to his lips.

One sip, and a flood of flavors danced on his tongue, rich, slightly bitter, yet layered with a subtle sweetness that lingered.

“…This is…” He paused, searching for the word. “…comforting.”

MEIKO’s smile softened. “Exactly what coffee should be.”

Just then, the quiet chime above the café door jingled, letting in a faint breeze slipped inside.

“Aoyagi-kun… and Azusawa-san?” Yuu blinked in surprise, still holding the warm kettle in his hand.

Kohane’s eyes widened as she spotted him behind the counter, an expression of pure astonishment lighting up her face. “H-Hazuki-kun? What are you doing here?”

Yuu offered a sheepish smile, setting the kettle down with a soft clink. “Ah… well, I asked MEIKO to teach me how to make coffee. Before that, I was just here to… relax.”

“I see…” Kohane said slowly, her surprise giving way to a small, amused smile as she walked closer. “That’s… unexpected.”

Beside her, Toya gave a short nod, his usual calm demeanor unshaken. “Akito and An should be on their way soon,” he added, pulling out a stool at the counter.

Kohane followed his lead, sliding into the seat next to him as her gaze flicked curiously between Yuu and MEIKO. “You look like you’re really getting into it."

“Don’t encourage him too much,” MEIKO said with a chuckle, wiping her hands on a pristine white towel. “He’s still a rookie.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Yuu muttered, trying to hide the faint flush on his cheeks as he adjusted the apron MEIKO had given him.

Kohane rested her chin on her hand, watching with quiet intrigue. “Then… since you’re being taught by MEIKO herself, I’ll take a coffee.”

“Same,” Toya said, his tone steady as always. “Black coffee for me.”

Yuu froze for half a second, then nodded with a determined exhale. “Alright. One black coffee for Aoyagi-kun… and one regular coffee for Azusawa-san.”

He reached for the bag of beans, the rich, earthy aroma rising like a warm embrace.

His fingers brushed against the metal scoop, and the sound of beans tumbling into the grinder echoed in the cozy café.

Kohane’s eyes widened slightly as she leaned forward, clearly fascinated by the unexpected sight of Yuu working behind the counter.

“Focus,” MEIKO murmured with an encouraging smile as she stood beside him, guiding his movements with the ease of a seasoned barista.

“Remember what I told you: water just off the boil, steady hands, and patience.”

“Right,” Yuu replied, his grip tightening slightly on the kettle handle.

He could feel Kohane and Toya’s gazes on him, and despite himself, a flicker of pride welled up in his chest.

Steam curled like whispers into the air as the first stream of hot water spiraled over the grounds, releasing a deep, invigorating fragrance that filled the café.

Kohane inhaled softly, her eyes lighting up. “Wow… it smells amazing.”

Yuu set the porcelain cup down with deliberate care, the soft clink against the wooden counter barely audible beneath the mellow hum of the café.

A thin ribbon of steam curled upward, carrying the faint, rich scent of roasted beans.

“Here’s your coffee, Azusawa-san,” he said, his voice steady but warm.

The light above them caught the surface of the drink, a gentle sheen of dark brown glistening like liquid velvet. “Sugar and milk are on the side, add as much as you like.”

“Thank you, Hazuki-kun!” Kohane’s cheerful voice lilted through the air as she reached for the sugar.

He offered Kohane a small, reassuring smile before shifting his focus back to the brewing station.

The kettle handle was cool in his palm now, but anticipation kept his movements precise.

“Now then…” Yuu murmured, glancing at the next order, the sharp aroma of ground beans meeting him like an old companion. “Aoyagi-kun’s black coffee. Give me a second.”

Toya rested his forearms on the counter, his posture calm yet betraying a spark of curiosity in his eyes.

He didn't speak; instead, he simply watched, his cool blue gaze following every careful motion Yuu made, as if trying to understand what had drawn him into this quiet ritual.

The stream of water narrowed into a silver thread as Yuu tilted the kettle with care, letting it spiral slowly over the bed of coffee grounds.

"You're pretty focused," he remarked, his voice low, almost contemplative. "It's… different from how you usually seem."

Yuu's lips curved faintly, not quite a smile, more a shadow of one.

"Guess I just don't want to mess it up. First impressions matter, right?"

His tone was light, but his hands stayed steady, guiding the pour with practiced precision he didn't know he had until now.

The kettle tilted upright with a soft click of metal meeting wood as he set it down. Yuu exhaled slowly, watching the coffee drip through the filter, dark and smooth like polished glass.

"Besides," he added, glancing briefly at Toya, "this feels… kind of nice. Slower than I'm used to."

Toya considered that for a moment, then gave the faintest nod, his expression unreadable but not cold. "It suits you," he said simply.

That caught Yuu off guard. His fingers paused over the cup, and for a beat, he wasn't sure what to say. The sound of dripping coffee filled the silence in his place.

Finally, Yuu chuckled softly, shaking his head. "You think so? Not sure if that's a compliment, but… thanks."

Toya's lips curved, barely noticeable, but there. "It was."

The last drop fell, and Yuu slid the finished cup toward him with quiet pride. "Here you go. Black, no sugar… just how you like it."

Toya accepted the cup, his fingers brushing the warm porcelain. He didn't drink immediately, only glanced at the coffee, then at Yuu again.

"Not bad… Hazuki-kun."

Yuu blinked, then laughed under his breath. "I'll take that as high praise."

Just then, the bell above the door chimed again.

Two figures stepped in, their voices carrying the kind of energy that didn't belong in the café's calm afternoon.

"Huh? All of you are here?" An blinked as her eyes darted around, landing on Toya, then on Yuu. "Eh? Yuu?!"

Yuu straightened slightly, his hand still near the coffee pot. "Uh… hey."

Akito followed in behind her, hands in his pockets, eyebrows raised. “Oh? New employee?” He gave Yuu a quick once-over, his smirk teasing but not unkind.

“Not really,” Yuu replied, scratching his cheek. “Just… helping out.”

An grinned, stepping closer to the counter. “Helping out, huh? Didn’t think I’d find you there, of all places.”

Before Yuu could answer, MEIKO’s voice floated from behind him, warm but carrying a tone that brooked no nonsense. “If you’re done chatting, Hazuki, the next brew isn’t going to make itself.”

Yuu blinked, glancing back at her. “Right, sorry.”

An let out a little laugh, covering her mouth with her hand. “Wow, you even got scolded. You really do look like an employee now.”

Akito leaned casually against the counter, one brow quirked. “Guess we’ll see if the guy can make coffee as good as he plays.”

Yuu sighed quietly but couldn’t hide the small tug of amusement at his lips as he reached for the kettle again. “No pressure, huh…”

“Yuu’s coffee is delicious,” Toya said calmly, his fingers wrapped around the warm cup like it was a winter comfort.

“Yeah,” Kohane, with a shy smile, nodded toward her half-empty mug. "It’s… different from the coffee An’s dad always makes.”

“Really?” An blinked in surprise as she slid into the seat beside Kohane.

“I think the way they roast their beans is different,” Toya continued thoughtfully. “I even tried using the same type of beans at home, but… it still tasted different.”

“Hehe.” An giggled, propping her chin on her hand. “You’re always trying new things. You really like coffee, don’t you? I always get mine with extra flavors and toppings. Maybe…” She tilted her head with a teasing smile. “I’ll try it black next time.”

“I wouldn’t recommend it,” Akito said dryly as he dropped into the chair beside Toya. He jabbed a thumb over his shoulder at the counter. “Barista-kun, one iced coffee for me.”

Yuu let out a quiet breath through his nose, half amused, “…Right.”

“And a simple coffee for me, Yuu,” An chimed in cheerfully, flashing him a grin like she was testing him.

“Coming right up.” Yuu moved behind the counter again, the motions smooth and practiced.

“Right, Yuu! Are you free tomorrow?”

Yuu glanced up from the counter, pausing mid-stir. “Not really…” he admitted with a sheepish smile. “Well, I’m not available during the day because of my part-time job.”

An’s expression softened into mild disappointment. “I see…”

“What’s wrong?” Yuu asked, tilting his head slightly as he set the spoon down.

“Uhm…” An hesitated for a moment, then leaned forward with a grin full of anticipation. “You see, we’re going to perform near the Shibuya Crossing, so I wanted you to be there, as our backup member.”

Akito, who had just taken a sip of water, set the glass down with a smirk. “I hope you’re not afraid of crowds, Barista-kun.”

Yuu met his gaze evenly, his voice calm and steady. “I’m not… but when is it?”

“Next weekend!” An said, her tone practically sparkling.

“Alright.” Yuu gave a small nod, determination flickering in his eyes. “I’ll make sure to free it up.”

“Sweet!” An grinned, her excitement now impossible to hide.

Yuu turned back to the counter, placing two cups down with careful precision. “And here’s your coffee,” he said, sliding the drinks toward An and Akito with a practiced ease.

“Hm?” Akito leaned forward, resting his chin on his hand. “Now that I think about it, Hazuki… what’s your part-time job?”

Yuu hesitated for half a second, then replied casually, “Assistant.”

Akito raised a brow. “Assistant what?”

“Assistant Manager of MMJ.”

The table froze for a beat.

“M…M…J?” An stammered, blinking rapidly. “What’s that?”

Before Yuu could answer, An shot up from her chair with an almost theatrical gasp. “Wait—don’t tell me… MORE MORE JUMP?!”

“Idol group,” Toya said in his usual tone, lifting his coffee cup for a slow sip.

An’s jaw practically hit the floor. “That’s amazing, Yuu!” Her voice was full of awe, eyes sparkling as she leaned over the table like she couldn’t contain herself. “You’ve been working with actual idols this whole time?! Why didn’t you tell us sooner?”

Yuu gave an awkward shrug, looking a little cornered under the sudden burst of attention. “You didn’t ask.”

Akito smirked, clicking his tongue. “Man, you really do keep pulling surprises out of nowhere.”

“What do you usually do as an assistant, Yuu?”

MEIKO asked.

Yuu hummed, thinking for a moment before replying, “Mostly schedule management. Making sure the members get to their lessons on time, handling small errands, that kind of stuff.”

An leaned in eagerly. “Do you, like… get to watch their rehearsals too?”

“Sometimes,” Yuu admitted, scratching his cheek with a faintly awkward smile. “But I’m usually in the back handling equipment or checking notes.”

“Still, that sounds awesome,” An said, her eyes practically glowing.

Toya set down his cup gently, his calm gaze meeting Yuu’s. “It suits you, though. Helping others reach their goals.”

"You've been giving me a lot of compliments now, Aoyagi-kun."

“Anyway,” An said, planting her elbows on the table and glancing at everyone with a spark in her eyes, “since we’re all here now, shall we start preparing for next weekend?”

“Yeah!” Kohane responded with a bright nod, her usual shyness melting away in the group’s warmth.

“Great!” An clapped her hands together, the sound sharp and confident, drawing every gaze to her.

Her grin widened as she turned to Yuu. “Yuu, I’m sending you a video later, so make sure you watch it, okay?”

Yuu tilted his head slightly. “Sure… Is it a choreography video?”

“Bingo, and you’d better pay attention, because we’ll be instructing you, too.”

“Noted.”

“Alright then!” An’s enthusiasm filled the quiet corners of the café, brighter than the soft jazz humming from the speakers. “Next weekend is going to be huge, so no slacking, got it?”

“Got it,” Akito drawled, leaning back in his chair with a smirk tugging at his lips. His amber eyes gleamed with that familiar mix of confidence and challenge.

Toya gave a slow, composed nod, fingers curling loosely around his cup. “We’ll make sure it’s perfect.”

“Perfect, huh…?” Yuu murmured under his breath.

An caught it, flashing him a mischievous grin. “Oh, don’t worry, Yuu. We’ll go easy on you… maybe.”

Akito let out a short laugh. “Don’t believe her.”

“Wha—Akito!” An whipped around, her voice rising in protest. Her cheeks puffed like an indignant squirrel as she jabbed a finger in his direction. “I’m not that bad!”

“Sure,” Akito said, his tone dripping with sarcasm. “Ask Kohane.”

Kohane giggled softly, lifting her hands in a small, placating gesture. “Haha… She’s really not that strict.”

And with that, the atmosphere in the café shifted from casual chatter to focused energy.

The members of Vivid BAD SQUAD leaned in over the table, their drinks momentarily forgotten as plans began to take shape.

[...7 Days Left...]

Chapter 44

The bright afternoon sunlight spilled across the shopping district, casting playful shadows on the bustling streets.

Stalls lined the walkway, brimming with accessories and trinkets that glittered like tiny stars under the sun.

“It’s been a while since we last went out shopping like this,♪” Saki said cheerfully, her voice bubbling with excitement as she took in the lively atmosphere.

Honami smiled at her, warmth tugging at her lips. “Hehe. You seem to be really enjoying yourself, Saki.”

“I’m just glad we could all come together again!” Saki twirled lightly on her heels, her blond hair catching the light as if sharing in her joy.

From behind, Shiho’s voice cut through the playful energy like a sharp note.

“Let me remind you that we’re not here to have fun. We’re here to find sheet music for songs to add to our show repertoire.”

“I know, I know!” Saki replied, though her eyes were already drifting toward a display to their left. “But this is an important chance to find some—” Her words broke off, replaced by a delighted gasp. “Oh, look! Those star bracelets are so cute!”

Shiho exhaled softly, “There she goes…”

Saki hurried over to the display, the small metallic charms sparkling under the warm glow of the shop lights. “Whoa! These are the same colors as our Phenny keychains!” Her eyes practically gleamed as she turned back to the group, bracelets jingling lightly in her hands. “Let’s buy these and wear them during our show!”

“Oh, we did talk about finding matching items the other day,” Honami said, recalling their conversation from the week before. Her chest warmed at the thought—it was such a Saki-like idea.

“That’s right,” Ichika added, her tone calm but tinged with curiosity. “I could even attach one to my guitar case when we’re not performing.”

“How about it, Shiho?” Saki beamed, holding out a bracelet like an offering. “Oh! They even have pink ones. We could all get matching colors♪”

“Pink? No way.” Shiho’s reply was immediate and flat, though a faint flush dusted her cheeks as she glanced at the display. “And if you really want them, make it quick. We’re here to find sheet music, not jewelry.”

“Okay♪” Saki chirped, unbothered, already spinning back to the glittering bracelets.

Honami let out a soft laugh, unable to help herself.

Saki hummed cheerfully as she slipped the pink star bracelet onto her wrist, spinning it slightly so the charm glittered under the soft store lighting. “It’s so cute… and it really does match our colors! Don’t you think so, Honami?”

Honami smiled warmly at her friend’s excitement. “It does look nice. And it’ll remind us of today whenever we wear it.”

Shiho sighed, already walking a few steps ahead, her hands tucked into the pockets of her hoodie.

“Are you two done yet? The sheet music section isn’t going to come to us.”

“Coming, coming!” Saki chirped, waving the small bag as she hurried after Shiho.

Honami chuckled softly and followed, glancing back to make sure Ichika wasn’t too far behind.

Ichika trailed at a relaxed pace, her guitar pick keychain jingling faintly from her bag as her eyes drifted across the aisles filled with CDs and instrument accessories.

The group finally reached a quieter corner of the store where rows of sheet music stood neatly arranged in wooden racks.

The smell of new paper and faint hints of polished wood from the nearby guitar section filled the air.

“Wow… there’s so much here,” Honami murmured, her fingers brushing over the crisp edges of a book cover.

Each shelf was packed tightly with scores ranging from classical pieces to modern J-Pop hits.

“This is the fun part! Oooh, look, this one has a whole collection of festival songs! That’d be super fun for our next performance, don’t you think?”

Shiho shot her a deadpan look as she pulled out a heavier book from the lower shelf, flipping through it quickly. “We need songs that fit our sound, not something that makes us look like we’re running a school fair.”

Saki puffed her cheeks. “Hey, festivals are fun! Fun is important too!”

Ichika giggled softly, kneeling down to check another rack. Her eyes landed on a cover with soft pastel colors and an illustration of a starry night sky.

She slid the book out and began flipping through its contents. “This one… might actually work,” she said, tilting the open book so the others could see the sheet music inside. “It’s got a mix of gentle melodies and some dynamic parts for a band arrangement.”

Honami leaned closer, “It really does look nice… It feels like something that suits us, don’t you think?”

Shiho peered over her shoulder, scanning the page briefly before giving a small nod. “It’s not bad. If you all like it, we can add it to the list.”

“Yes!” Saki exclaimed, clapping her hands together in delight. “Imagine performing this under the night sky… it’d be so perfect!”

Honami smiled, her chest warming at the thought.

Seeing everyone this way, together, laughing, sharing their ideas, it reminded her of why she loved being in Leo/need so much.

Moments like these felt precious, like little pieces of light threading through their everyday lives.

“Let’s grab this one, then,” Ichika said softly, sliding the book into her arm along with another she had picked out. “And maybe one more, just in case.”

Shiho smirked faintly. “Fine. But if we end up spending an hour here because Saki wants to read every title, I’m leaving you all behind.”

“Hey!” Saki protested, but her laughter followed.

After making their selections, the girls approached the counter with a small stack of CDs and crisp sheets of music tucked neatly under Ichika’s arm.

“Should we also buy the bracelets? I think they’d be a nice accessory to go with our outfits,” Ichika suggested, her voice soft but thoughtful, fingers brushing the edge of the tiny display stand near the register.

The pastel-colored bands sparkled under the warm light, each adorned with a small star-shaped charm that swayed gently as if beckoning them.

“We should, we should!” Saki’s eyes gleamed as she clasped her hands together, practically bouncing on her toes with excitement.

Honami chuckled softly, watching the two with a fond smile. “You really like them, don’t you?”

“Of course! If we all wear them, it’ll feel like… like we’re connected even more!” Saki beamed, the hopeful sparkle in her eyes reflecting the golden light.

Shiho sighed, shifting the bag of music sheets against her shoulder. “Fine. But if we’re getting them, let’s do it quickly. We’ve already spent enough time in here.”

Her tone was flat, but the faintest trace of a smile tugged at her lips when she thought no one was looking.

“Ah… wait.” Shiho suddenly stopped in her tracks, her brow furrowing as if a thought had just struck her. “I forgot that we also need a few things for the instruments—like maintenance supplies.”

“You’re right,” Honami replied quickly, adjusting the strap of her bag. “Strings for the guitar, maybe some extra picks too… It’s better to stock up now than panic later.”

Ichika nodded in agreement. “Good point. Let’s check the aisle before we leave.”

“Then, let’s go.” Shiho led the way toward the back of the shop, her steps brisk but purposeful. The others followed, the faint click of their shoes echoing softly against the wooden floorboards.

The maintenance section was tucked away near the sheet music corner, lined with shelves of gleaming strings, neatly stacked boxes of reeds, and small bottles of polish that reflected the

overhead lights.

Saki leaned forward, scanning the rows with wide eyes. “Wow… there’s so much stuff. I didn’t know instruments needed this much care!”

Shiho picked up a pack of strings, inspecting it with a sharp, practiced gaze. “If you want them to last and sound good, yeah. Especially since we’ve been practicing more lately.”

Ichika carefully reached for a soft cloth and a bottle of cleaner, her fingers tracing the neat label. “Better safe than sorry.”

“Agreed,” Honami said with a warm smile as she grabbed a few extra picks from the display. “This should cover everything we need.”

With their new items in hand, the girls made their way back to the register, their arms now full of not just music sheets and CDs, but the tools to keep their instruments in perfect shape.

Shiho shifted the small shopping bag in her hand, glancing at the others. “Now that we’ve bought everything we need for the instruments… want to head out?”

Honami tilted her head thoughtfully. “Okay… Oh, wait.” She checked her phone, We still have a little time before our studio reservation.”

Saki’s eyes lit up, practically sparkling with excitement. “Then can we check out some shops together?! There’s one I’ve been wanting to visit!” Her words tumbled out in a bright rush, her energy filling the space between them.

Ichika blinked, curious. “What kind of shop?”

“They carry all sorts of decor that look like instruments!” Saki clasped her hands in front of her, her enthusiasm almost infectious. “I’ve been wanting to go together ever since Shiho and I found it during the New Year’s sales!”

“Oh, that place?” Shiho raised an eyebrow, her tone casual but not unkind. “They even had some pretty obscure instruments.”

“They did!” Saki turned to her with a teasing smile. “You were so happy when you saw they had bass keychains instead of just guitars, Shiho.”

Shiho’s lips twitched into the faintest frown as her ears reddened slightly. “I… don’t think I was that happy,” she muttered, looking away.

Still, after a moment, her expression softened. “It might be worth a look, though. They had some things I think Ichika and Honami will like. Plus, we don’t want to cause the studio any trouble by arriving too early.”

Saki clapped her hands together with a cheerful, “Yay♪” Her voice sang with delight, her smile glowing brighter than the winter sunlight spilling through the storefront windows.

Honami giggled softly, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear. “Hehe… I’m looking forward to seeing what they have too!

The shop Saki had been so excited about was tucked away at the corner of a quiet street, its glass display window framed by strings of fairy lights that glimmered even in the afternoon sun.

The moment they stepped inside, the faint scent of polished wood and lavender drifted toward them, mingling with soft background music, an instrumental version of a popular tune.

“Wow…” Honami’s eyes widened as she took in the sight.

Rows of miniature violins stood on delicate wooden stands.

Glass cases displayed handcrafted ornaments shaped like trumpets and flutes, each one painted with an elegant metallic sheen.

A nearby shelf showcased ceramic mugs adorned with staff lines and floating eighth notes, while another featured framed art pieces depicting stylized guitars.

“This is so cute!” Saki darted toward a display of keychains shaped like tiny instruments.

She picked one up, holding it toward Ichika with a grin. “Look, look! They have guitar keychains! Isn’t this perfect for you?”

Ichika stepped closer, her expression softening as she examined the keychain. “It’s really nice… The details are so precise.”

“Check this out,” Shiho said, her voice calm but tinged with the faintest note of excitement as she reached for a small rack on the side.

She held up a keychain shaped like a bass, the deep color catching the warm light of the store. “They have bass ones too.”

Saki giggled. “See? I told you! You were so happy last time when you found them.”

“I wasn’t that happy,” Shiho muttered, though her fingers lingered on the item before she slipped it into her basket.

Honami wandered toward another section, her gaze landing on a delicate wind chime shaped like a cluster of silver flutes.

She touched it gently, and it gave a soft, airy sound that floated through the shop like a whisper of music. “This is beautiful… I could hang this on my backpack.”

“It suits you,” Ichika said with a smile, joining her.

She then glanced over to the far wall, where an entire section was dedicated to wall décor, vinyl records repurposed into clocks, each with a unique design in the center. “Oh… these are amazing.”

“They’d look really good in your room,” Honami said, following her gaze.

Meanwhile, Saki had gathered a few more things in her arms: a treble-clef pendant, a notebook with pastel keys on its cover, and a tiny charm shaped like a tambourine. “Everything’s so cute! I want to buy them all!”

“You’re going to run out of space if you keep that up,” Shiho remarked, though the faint curve at the edge of her lips betrayed her amusement.

They spent the next several minutes drifting through the aisles, the cozy sound of soft jazz playing through the shop’s speakers filling the background.

As they left the shop, the bell chimed again.

“Thanks for coming with me!” Saki said cheerfully, looking at what she brought. "I’ve wanted to visit that shop with everyone for so long.”

“I’m glad we went,” Honami said with a warm smile. “It was really cute… and calming too.”

“It wasn’t bad,” Shiho admitted, eyes forward, though the faintest upward curve of her lips betrayed her. “They had good designs.”

Ichika glanced down at the blue mug peeking from her bag, a quiet smile tugging at her lips. “… Yeah. I liked it too.”

And then…

Before long, the four of them reached the studio.

They exchanged brief smiles, then pushed the door open in unison.

A gentle chime greeted their arrival, its delicate ring blending with the muffled strum of guitar strings and a distant beat bleeding from a neighboring room.

The cool air inside carried a faint mix of wood polish and lingering notes of music, like echoes of creativity lingering in every corner.

Down the softly lit hallway, soundproof walls muffled the vibrant energy of other performers, making the space feel like a quiet sanctuary for musicians.

Their footsteps tapped lightly against the smooth floor as they approached the door marked with their reservation.

With a click, it swung open, revealing the studio room, a bright, spacious haven lined with acoustic panels and sleek equipment.

Honami exhaled softly, a small smile tugging at her lips as she stepped inside.

Our space for the day…

Slowly, they each moved to their spots, the quiet hum of anticipation settling over the room.

Saki carefully unfolded the stand for her keyboard, her fingers grazing over the polished keys with something close to reverence.

Across the room, Ichika and Shiho crouched over their guitar cases, the sound of latches clicking open punctuating the stillness.

Ichika lifted her guitar with gentle hands, the wood gleaming in the faint glow of twilight spilling through the window.

She ran her thumb over the strings once, the muted vibration sounding like a breath before a song. Beside her, Shiho adjusted the strap of her bass with deliberate precision, every movement calm and methodical.

Meanwhile, Honami had already claimed her place at the drum set. She twirled a drumstick idly between her fingers, the soft tap-tap against the snare almost playful.

“Alright,” Shiho said finally, straightening her back, her voice cutting cleanly through the low murmur of sound. Her tone was calm but carried a quiet determination. “Let’s make the most of our time.”

Ichika nodded, a small, focused smile curling on her lips. “Yeah… let’s.”

The faint glow of the setting sun kissed the edges of their instruments as they shared a glance, a silent agreement, a spark that tied them together before the music began.

[An hour later]

“Hah… finally, we managed to get through those three songs,” Ichika said, breathless yet smiling faintly as she rested her guitar across her lap.

Saki stretched her arms above her head with a groan, as she let out a relieved sigh.

“Whew… I think my fingers are gonna revolt if we try a fourth.” Despite her words, her eyes shimmered with the joy of playing.

Honami spun one of her drumsticks slowly between her fingers, her smile easy and warm. “But we didn’t sound bad at all. Way better than the first run.”

Just then, a soft buzz broke the comfortable quiet of the studio.

Ichika blinked and tilted her head toward the small wooden stool where her phone rested.

The screen glowed faintly in the dim light. “Hm?” She rose from her spot with an unhurried grace, her guitar strap sliding from her shoulder as she placed the instrument down gently.

Her fingertips brushed against the cool glass as she picked up the device. The name flashing across the screen made her eyes widen ever so slightly. “Hazuki-kun?” she murmured under her breath, voice soft as ripples over still water.

That single name was enough to pull the attention of the others.

The phone vibrated again in Ichika’s hand. She unlocked it, and the message appeared clearly:

“Hey Hoshino-san, are you free right now?”

The weight of three stares bore down on her immediately.

“Oh?” Saki’s voice rang with uncontained glee as she hopped down from the amp, eyes sparkling like a child unwrapping a present. “Ichika… is that Yuu-kun inviting you on a date?!”

Her tone was playful, teasing, loud enough to make the quiet room hum with sudden energy.

Ichika's cheeks flushed faintly pink, and she shook her head quickly, words caught in her throat like fluttering paper. "Eh? N-no, that's not—"

Shiho straightened slowly, resting her bass against the wall as she crossed her arms, her blunt voice slicing clean through the room's charged air. "That's exactly what it looks like."

Honami giggled softly from behind her drum kit, her reliable warmth diffusing the teasing tension like sunlight melting frost. "Come on, let her explain first, Saki."

Ichika's breath hitched, the warmth creeping up her neck until her ears burned crimson. She fumbled with her phone, clutching it to her chest like it was some secret diary laid bare. "E-Eh?! It's not—Saki, it's not like that!" Her voice wavered, soft but pitched with panic.

Saki leaned forward with a mischievous glint in her bright eyes, "Come on, Ichika! You don't just light up like that over a random text. That blush says it all!"

She clasped her hands together dramatically. "It's a date, isn't it?!"

Ichika shook her head so fast her short hair brushed against her cheeks.

"N-No! He just—he just asked if I'm free… That's all!" Her words tumbled out, every syllable pleading for normalcy, though her trembling fingers betrayed her.

"Mm-hm," Shiho's voice cut in, low and unamused as she crossed her arms, leaning back against the drum kit like a stern judge.

Her sharp gaze pinned Ichika in place. "That sounds exactly like the start of a date."

Ichika flinched, her throat tightening. "Shiho! You too?!"

Honami chuckled softly, her smile gentle as always, though her eyes carried that knowing glimmer. "Ichika, it's okay. If you want to hang out with him, we can wrap up early next time. Don't stress over it."

"I-I'm not—! It's just… He probably needs help with something," Ichika muttered, staring down at the floor as if it could swallow her embarrassment whole.

The phone still buzzed faintly in her palm, a quiet reminder that the message hadn't gone away.

Saki clasped Ichika's shoulders suddenly, her grin wide enough to outshine the fluorescent lights overhead. "Then let's not keep him waiting, hmm? Oooh, what if he wants to treat you to something sweet? Like crepes! Or ice cream!"

"I—Saki, please—!" Ichika's protest melted into a squeak as her friends surrounded her like a pack closing in on their prey.

Shiho sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose, though a faint smirk tugged at her lips, betraying her amusement.

In the corner of her eye, Ichika caught Honami's reassuring nod, and for a moment, her heart stilled. Her friends weren't teasing out of malice; they were happy for her.

Maybe… maybe she could reply.

She glanced back down at the glowing screen, her pulse hammering as her thumb hovered over the keyboard.

The message hovered on Ichika's screen like an unexpected spark in the quiet after practice.

"If you'd like, can you help me pick up shoes? I'll tell you the details when we meet."

Ichika blinked, reading the words twice, no, three times, just to make sure her eyes weren't playing tricks on her.

Her breath hitched, a faint warmth crawling up her neck as the simple request tangled with her thoughts in ways she couldn't quite untangle.

Saki was the first to lean in, her bright eyes scanning Ichika's face like a hawk, zeroing in on prey. "Well? What's it say? Is it a date?" she asked, voice bubbling with mischief.

Ichika nearly dropped the phone. "N-No! It's not—he just—" The words tangled on her tongue, spilling out in fragments as the heat in her cheeks deepened. "He… wants help. With… shoes."

There was a beat of silence before Saki clapped her hands together dramatically. "Shoes?! Ohhh, classic first date code! 'Help me shop,' huh? That's practically romantic!"

"Saki," Honami said gently, though her lips curved into an amused smile, "I think it's just what it sounds like. Right, Ichika?"

Ichika swallowed hard and nodded, though it felt more like a desperate attempt to convince herself than anyone else. "R-Right. Just… shoes. That's all."

Shiho's low chuckle broke through the chatter as she slung her bass across her back. "You're blushing over shoes, Ichika. That's a first."

Her words were teasing but softened by sincerity, her sharp gaze flicking briefly to Ichika's crimson face. "Go on. Help him. You'll feel better than hiding here."

Ichika looked down at her phone again, her pulse quickening as the weight of expectation and something warmer settled over her. Her fingers hovered for only a moment before she typed back, each tap deliberate, steady.

"Sure. Where should we meet?"

The message sent with a quiet whoosh, leaving her staring at the screen, heart thudding in her ears like the echo of their last drumbeat.

For a second, none of the girls spoke.

Then Saki grinned, looping an arm around Ichika's shoulder with a conspiratorial whisper: "Good luck, Ichika~."

The words made Ichika's chest squeeze and her stomach flutter all at once.

She smiled faintly, uncertain and glowing, the phone still warm in her hand.

To be continued

Chapter 45

Ichika stood near the center of the bustling shopping mall, the guitar case slung across her back like a familiar weight. Her fingers fidgeted against the strap, betraying the nervous energy simmering inside her.

The steady hum of passing trains beyond the glass and the faint chatter of shoppers swirled into a blur around her.

Why am I this nervous?

She wondered, stealing another glance at her phone screen.

It wasn't like she hadn't met friends outside of practice before.

This should feel normal. So why… does it feel so different?

She opened the message thread for what must have been the fourth time.

Hazuki Yuu: Let's meet at the middle of the shopping mall. There should be a bench there. Wait for me there.

That was ten minutes ago. Which meant—

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Hoshino-san."

Ichika flinched at the sound of his voice.

Her head turned instinctively, and there he was.

Yuu Hazuki approached with his usual composed expression, but today, there was something else about him, something that made her breath catch for a moment.

His outfit wasn't anything flashy, yet it carried a kind of effortless style that drew the eye.

A light gray denim jacket hung loosely over his frame, the sleeves folded up to the elbows with a casual precision.

Beneath it, the dark hood of his black sweatshirt peeked from the collar, adding a layered streetwear edge to his look.

A sleek, black sling bag cut diagonally across his chest, its strap pulling the jacket snug against him.

"Oh, um… no, I just got here too!" Ichika replied hastily, waving her hands in a small flurry before realizing how obvious that sounded.

Her cheeks warmed, and she quickly lowered her hands, biting back a nervous laugh.

Yuu gave a quiet chuckle, the sound soft but carrying a teasing note that made her pulse jump. His gaze flicked briefly toward the streams of people moving around them before returning to her.

“Thanks for coming,” he said simply, his voice calm as always, yet somehow more… gentle. “I wasn’t sure if you’d be free.”

He paused, eyes landing on the guitar case behind her shoulder. “Oh—you just finished practice with Leo/need?”

“Yeah!” Ichika answered quickly, almost too cheerfully.

“I see.” Yuu’s lips curved faintly in a half-smile, his tone carrying a hint of guilt. “Sorry… I’m sure you must be tired.”

Ichika shook her head so fast her hair brushed against her cheeks, strands catching the light like fine threads. “N-No! It’s fine, really! I was looking forward to this!”

Ichika adjusted the strap of her guitar as Yuu walked up beside her, his presence calm yet oddly commanding amid the bustle of the mall.

“So…” Ichika began, voice softer than she intended. “Why are you looking for shoes, Hazuki-kun?”

Yuu tilted his head slightly, the edge of a smile playing on his lips. “Hm? Ah, right. I did say I’d explain.” He cleared his throat, his eyes shifting briefly toward the floor as if choosing his words. “Do you know Vivid BAD SQUAD?”

“Hm? Of course!” Her eyes brightened, the tension in her chest easing as excitement slipped through. “They’re a talented street music unit. Why?”

“I’m actually the fifth member.” He paused, then lifted a hand almost defensively. “Well… backup member.”

Ichika blinked, surprise flashing across her features. “Really? That’s amazing!”

She wasn’t exaggerating. Vivid BAD SQUAD wasn’t just any group. Their performances pulsed with energy, every note dripping with passion. The idea of Yuu being part of that world somehow… felt like it fit.

“Yeah, right?” Yuu’s chuckle was low, almost sheepish, his hand slipping into his jacket pocket. “And, well… I’m gonna need new shoes. My old ones aren’t good enough anymore.”

“Hmmm~ I see,” Ichika hummed playfully, folding her arms and pretending to scrutinize him like a teacher about to give advice.

Yuu’s expression softened at that, the corner of his lips twitching into a grin. “Oh, not just shoes,” he added casually, as if the thought had just occurred to him. “I think I’m gonna need a few clothes too.”

Ichika tilted her head slightly, strands of her blue hair brushing her cheek as she smiled. “So… a full-on shopping?"

“Something like that.” Yuu glanced toward the rows of shops stretching ahead, the warm mall lights reflecting faintly in his eyes. “If you don’t mind tagging along, that is.”

“Of course not,” Ichika replied quickly—maybe too quickly. Her cheeks warmed, and she shifted her gaze toward the crowd to mask it. “I mean, since I’m already here…”

“Good.” Yuu’s tone carried that calm assurance again, the kind that made it feel like everything he said was set in stone. Adjusting the strap of his sling bag, he gestured toward the escalators. “Come on. Let’s make this easy before the stores get crowded.”

The two of them weaved through the racks of clothes, the ambient hum of the store’s playlist filling the silence between their exchanges. Rows of jackets, hoodies, and accessories stretched out like a street fashion gallery, each piece daring for attention under the white fluorescent lights.

Ichika skimmed through the options with a quiet concentration, her fingers brushing over fabric as if testing its weight and texture.

Then, something caught her eye. She plucked a slightly oversized black hoodie from the rack, its cotton material soft yet structured enough to fall neatly over the shoulders.

“Since Vivid BAD SQUAD performs in street outfits, I think this suits you better, Hazuki-kun,” she said with a small smile, turning to him.

Her other hand reached for a short, black utility vest hanging nearby, its multiple pockets and zippers adding an edge to the clean hoodie. She layered it over the garment with a subtle confidence before holding it up for his view. “Over it, this vest should do. What do you think?”

Yuu tilted his head slightly, studying the combination. The sleek, dark tones contrasted with the casual vibe he usually carried.

"Hmm~… Alright,” he said, a faint smile tugging at his lips. “Is it okay if I try it on?”

Ichika nodded softly. “Of course.”

He unstrapped the sleek crossbody bag resting diagonally on his torso and placed it on the small cushioned bench nearby.

With the chosen outfit in hand, Yuu disappeared behind the curtain of the changing booth.

A minute passed. The distant hum of the store filled the space between them again, Ichika absentmindedly adjusting the sleeve of her cardigan while waiting.

The curtain finally rustled, and then, Yuu stepped out.

The black hoodie draped loosely over his frame, its oversized design giving him a relaxed silhouette without swallowing him whole.

Over it, the utility vest cinched slightly at his shoulders, lending sharpness to the soft fabric underneath. Paired with his slim jeans and well-kept sneakers, the outfit transformed him from a quiet, ordinary presence into someone with a hint of street-cool confidence.

Ichika blinked once, her lips parting ever so slightly as if words momentarily escaped her. The lighting caught the faint gleam of the zippers on his vest, accentuating his lean frame.

Yuu scratched his cheek lightly, breaking the silence. “So… what do you think?”

“Y-You look… cool, Hazuki-kun!” Ichika’s voice cracked slightly as her eyes widened. A faint blush dusted her cheeks, betraying her composed tone.

“Really?” Yuu glanced at her with a crooked smile, tugging at the hem of the oversized hoodie.

The fabric draped comfortably over his frame, its dark color contrasting against his pale skin. The utility vest layered over it added a sharp, street-inspired edge, practical, yet effortlessly stylish.

Before Ichika could respond, a cheerful voice cut through the moment.

“Hello, sir, ma’am.”

Both turned to see a sales associate approaching, her professional smile warm and practiced.

Her eyes lingered on Yuu for a second longer than usual, clearly assessing the outfit. “Oh? Are you two looking for streetwear? Casual outfits?”

“Streetwear,” Ichika answered quickly, her tone polite yet firm.

The associate nodded thoughtfully, tilting her head as if considering a mental checklist. “Just a question, sir… are you planning to dance?”

“Yeah.” Yuu’s answer was short, but the glint in his eyes made it sound confident.

“Then I recommend keeping that outfit,” the associate said with a smile before stepping back toward the racks. Her heels clicked lightly against the polished floor as she sifted through hangers, finally pulling something free.

“This.” She held it up for them to see, a gray bomber jacket with sleek black trim lining the collar, cuffs, and hem.

The fabric caught the light subtly, hinting at durability without sacrificing style. “And I think you should wear at least a white T-shirt underneath to balance the layers. It’ll give the outfit more structure while keeping it breathable for movement.”

“Then I’d like to try it,” Yuu said with a calm nod, taking the bomber jacket from the sales associate.

“Of course, sir,” she replied warmly, passing the item into his hands. With that, Yuu disappeared behind the curtain once again, the fabric swaying shut with a soft rustle.

The sales associate turned to Ichika with a knowing smile, her tone teasing yet polite. “Ma’am, you have a cool boyfriend.”

Ichika’s entire face flushed crimson in an instant. “B-boyfriend?!” she stammered, waving her hands in frantic denial. “N-no! We—we’re just friends! I mean… companions! I mean… u-uhm…” Her voice trailed off into incoherent murmurs as she fumbled over the words, cheeks burning like embers.

The associate chuckled softly, clearly amused, and raised her hands in mock surrender. “Ah, my apologies! You two just look close, that’s all.”

Ichika could only press her lips together, still flustered, and glance nervously toward the curtain where Yuu was changing.

(Companions…? Why did I even say that?)

The faint metallic jingle of hangers and the soft swish of fabric came from behind the curtain, mingling with Ichika's racing thoughts.

Yuu stepped out.

The black bomber jacket fit him perfectly—not too tight, yet sharp enough to give a clean silhouette.

Underneath, the simple white tee contrasted against the dark fabric, making the silver zipper and pocket accents stand out.

He adjusted the sleeves slightly, glancing at himself in the nearby mirror. "Hmm… feels good. Not too heavy either."

Ichika, on the other hand, found herself momentarily speechless. Her gaze trailed from the jacket down to his slim-fit jeans and the way his hair caught the soft overhead lighting.

(Why… does this suit him so well?)

"So?" Yuu turned toward her, tone casual, almost oblivious to the effect. "What do you think?"

"I–I…" Ichika blinked rapidly, her mind scrambling for words as heat crept back to her cheeks. "It… it looks great on you! Like… really great." Her voice cracked slightly at the end, making her wince internally.

Yuu's lips curved into the faintest smile. "Thanks. Guess this one's good, then."

The sales associate chimed in, clearly enjoying the moment. "You two make a stylish pair. Perfect match."

"W-we're not—!" Ichika's voice jumped an octave, but Yuu only chuckled softly, sparing her the trouble of fumbling further.

"Alright," he said, tugging lightly at the hem of the jacket before turning back toward the booth. "I'll take this one."

With their new purchases neatly folded into the paper bag, Yuu adjusted the strap on his torso and glanced toward Ichika.

"Uhm… Hoshino-san… are you okay?" he asked softly, noticing how her expression hadn't relaxed since the sales associate's comment earlier.

"I'm fine, Hazuki-kun," she replied a little too quickly, her voice stiff but gentle.

Yuu tilted his head slightly, unconvinced. "Hm… are you perhaps hungry?"

"Hm? N-no! I'm fine, rea—"

Her words were cut off by the unmistakable sound of a stomach growling. Ichika froze, her entire face blooming crimson as her gaze darted away like a startled cat.

“I…” she muttered, almost too quietly to hear.

Yuu chuckled, warm and genuine, the sound easing the tension in the air. “Alright,” he said, a small smile curving on his lips, “let’s go eat before heading to the shoe section.”

Ichika didn’t answer, just turned her head further to the side, cheeks still glowing.

(How embarrassing…!)

[Meanwhile…]

A short distance away, three figures lingered near a rack of handbags, trying their best to blend in. Or at least, that was the intention.

Saki peeked over the edge of her oversized sunglasses, barely hiding her grin. “Hehehe… I can’t believe this is actually happening! Ichika and Yuu-kun... on a shopping trip together!"

“Keep your voice down,” Honami hissed, tugging the brim of her hat lower over her face. Her cheeks were already tinted pink. “If they see us, this will be so awkward.”

“They won’t notice,” Saki said confidently, giving a little twirl of her pink scarf. “I mean, look at us! Totally undercover.”

Shiho stood a few steps away, arms crossed, her hat tilted so low it practically covered her eyes. Her voice was flat. “You both look ridiculous.”

Saki puffed her cheeks. “Says the one hiding behind a music magazine like some suspicious character in a drama.”

“It’s called being subtle,” Shiho shot back, turning a page without looking up. “Unlike someone giggling every five seconds.”

Honami sighed, clutching her tote bag like a lifeline. “You guys… why are we even doing this? We should just trust Ichika…”

Saki leaned closer, whispering like a co-conspirator. “Because this is fun! Don’t you want to know what they’re talking about?”

Before Honami could protest, Yuu and Ichika exited the store, walking side by side.

“There they go!” Saki whispered urgently. “Operation Follow Them Without Getting Caught is a go!”

Shiho muttered, “That’s the dumbest name I’ve ever heard,” but she still fell in step behind them with a quiet sigh.

“Oh! They’re entering a café!” Saki gasped, practically bouncing on her heels. “Follow them!”

“Shh!” Honami flailed slightly, grabbing Saki’s arm. “People are staring…”

“They’ll stare more if you keep doing that,” Shiho muttered under her breath, already sliding her hands into her pockets as she started toward the café. “Let’s just get this over with.”

The three trailed after Yuu and Ichika, who had already disappeared inside. A soft chime rang as they pushed the door open, greeted by the warm aroma of coffee and pastries.

“Wow…” Saki whispered, eyes sparkling as she scanned the cozy interior. Then, remembering the mission, she ducked behind Honami. “Okay, act natural.”

“Acting natural doesn’t mean hiding behind me like a shadow,” Honami sighed, tugging her scarf nervously. “We should… um… sit somewhere far away.”

“Far away?” Saki gasped. “No way! If we can’t hear them, what’s the point?”

Shiho groaned, already heading to an empty booth near the window—coincidentally the one diagonally behind Yuu and Ichika. “This is fine. Just… don’t make it obvious.”

Saki plopped down beside her with a grin. “You’re surprisingly good at this, Shiho.”

“I’m not good at this,” Shiho deadpanned, opening her menu like a shield. “I just want to avoid making a scene.”

Honami slid into the seat across from them, whispering nervously. “What if they notice us? What do we even say?”

Saki leaned in with a mischievous smile. “Easy. We say… this is a *total coincidence* .”

Shiho lowered her menu just enough to glare. “Worst cover story ever.”

Meanwhile, across the room, Yuu and Ichika were completely oblivious—laughing softly as they settled into a corner table.

“Shhh!” Saki hissed suddenly, clutching her iced coffee like a spy gadget. “They’re talking!”

Honami buried her face in her hands. “This is so embarrassing…”

[Inside the café]

The warm hum of conversation filled the small café, along with the soft aroma of roasted coffee beans and freshly baked pastries.

Yuu and Ichika sat across from each other at a small wooden table by the window. Sunlight spilled across the surface, glinting off their drinks.

An iced coffee for Yuu, and a strawberry latte for Ichika.

Ichika cupped the glass with both hands, trying to calm her heartbeat after the string of embarrassing moments earlier.

Her reflection in the glass looked as flushed as she felt.

"So…" Yuu leaned forward slightly, resting his arms on the table. "Thank you for coming with me, Hoshino-san.”

Ichika blinked, caught off guard. "E-Eh? Oh, um… you're welcome..”

Yuu smiled faintly. "Honestly, you have good taste. That bomber jacket? If the sales associate didn't recommend it, I probably would've gone with what you picked anyway."

Her fingers tightened around her glass. Good taste… The compliment warmed her cheeks. She quickly sipped her drink to hide it.

"What about you?" Ichika asked softly, daring to glance at him. "Do you… Usually wear that kind of style? Street fashion, I mean."

"Not really," Yuu admitted with a short laugh. "But if I'm going to start dancing more with Vivid BAD SQUAD… maybe I should. I need to look the part, right?"

"You'll look fine no matter what you wear, Hazuki-kun," Ichika murmured before realizing what she said. Her eyes widened, and she waved her hands frantically. "I-I mean, not like that! Just that… you'd suit anything! Probably!"

Yuu tilted his head slightly, amused. "That's… a nice thing to say."

Ichika sank into her chair, mentally screaming.

[At a table behind them]

Three figures in oversized hoodies, hats, and sunglasses leaned in comically close, straining to hear every word.

Saki whispered, barely containing her excitement. "Did you hear that?! Ichika said he looks good in anything!"

Honami tried to hush her, but her own cheeks were pink. "Keep it down, Saki. We're supposed to be… subtle."

Shiho, arms crossed, muttered under her breath, "…This is so ridiculous." But despite her words, her ears were angled toward the conversation like a radar dish.

"Do you think they're… on a date?" Saki whispered again, her voice trembling with suppressed energy.

Honami hesitated. "I-I mean… they are shopping together, and eating together… so maybe…?"

Shiho sighed, though her eyes flicked to Ichika's flushed face and Yuu's easy smile. "…It's not a date. Probably."

So? How's Leo/need?” Yuu asked, his tone casual as he leaned back in his chair.

Ichika brightened immediately. “We're doing alright!”

“I see.” Yuu's gaze softened, a small smile tugging at his lips. “That's good to know.” He paused, then tilted his head slightly, curiosity flickering in his eyes. “Did the sales associate say something while I was changing?”

“Huh? Ah! Hahaha… N-Nothing!” Ichika laughed awkwardly, waving her hands just a little too quickly.

“She just… thought that I’d also look good in streetwear.” Her voice faltered on the last word, the lie hanging in the air like a thin thread.

Yuu’s expression didn’t change much, but there was a hint of amusement in his voice when he replied. “Hmm… I bet it looks good on you.”

Ichika blinked, heat creeping up her cheeks. “R-Really?”

Before she could dwell on it, a sudden muffled thump broke the moment. Both turned toward the next table where three figures, disguised in oversized sunglasses and floppy hats, had frozen like startled animals. Saki, her face twisted in panic, clutched her knee under the table.

“S-Sorry!” she hissed, frantically waving her hands at her companions. “I just—hit the table—”

Shiho dragged a hand down her face, exhaling through her nose. “Be careful. You’re going to blow our cover,” she muttered, lowering her hat brim until it nearly covered her eyes.

“Shh!” Honami leaned forward, pressing a finger to her lips while her wide eyes darted between Ichika and Yuu’s table. “They’ll hear us!”

Completely oblivious to the chaos next door, Ichika cleared her throat and pressed on. “… Anyway,” she began, her voice slightly higher than before. “Hazuki-kun, when did you start hanging out with Vivid BAD SQUAD?”

“Hm?” Yuu blinked, turning back to her. “I don’t remember.”

Ichika tilted her head, feigning suspicion. “Oh? Or maybe you just don’t want to tell me?” A playful smirk curved her lips.

“If I remembered, I’d definitely tell you,” he replied evenly, though a small chuckle escaped him.

Ichika propped her chin in her hand, a hint of admiration shining in her eyes. “That’s really cool. Maybe I should go watch you perform?"

“Sure.”

Before she could respond, the clink of plates interrupted them as a waiter arrived with their order.

The waiter’s gaze flicked briefly toward the neighboring table and lingered.

“…Are you three… alright?” the waiter asked slowly, suspicion clear in his tone.

Honami’s eyes widened as panic surged through her like a tidal wave, and before she could stop herself, the words tumbled out in a loud, strangled rush: “YES! WE’RE… TOURISTS! VERY NORMAL TOURISTS!”

The silence that followed was suffocating.

The waiter blinked once.

Twice.

His brows knitted in confusion, but—after an uncomfortably long pause—he gave a reluctant nod and walked away, muttering something under his breath about "strange customers."

"…Weird," Yuu murmured, his eyes narrowing slightly as he glanced toward the trio. His gaze lingered for a moment, sharp and probing, like he was trying to piece together something familiar.

Ichika tilted her head, a questioning look on her face. "What's wrong?"

"…Thought I saw someone I know," Yuu said at last, before shrugging it off and reaching for his drink.

At the other table, the three girls ducked behind their menus in perfect unison, their hearts pounding like drumbeats in their ears.

That was too close.

The aroma of freshly brewed coffee lingered between them as Yuu stirred his drink absentmindedly, watching the ripples spread across the surface. Ichika lifted her cup to her lips, blowing softly before taking a sip. For a moment, neither spoke, the soft hum of chatter and clinking dishes filling the space between them.

"…You seem different lately," Ichika said suddenly, setting her cup down with a quiet clink. Her gaze softened, almost hesitant, but her eyes held a glimmer of curiosity that refused to waver. "Since the last time we talked… You've changed."

Yuu blinked, meeting her eyes. For a brief second, the weight of her words pressed against his chest. Different, huh? He exhaled through his nose, forcing a faint smile. "Really? I don't feel like I've changed much."

"I'm serious." Ichika leaned forward slightly, her fingers lacing together on the table. The warm café light cast a gentle glow over her face, accentuating the determination behind her calm demeanor.

"Back then, you always seemed… distant like you were watching everything from far away. But now… You feel closer. More… alive, somehow."

Yuu chuckled under his breath, though his gaze drifted to the window. Outside, people passed by in blurred silhouettes against the afternoon sun.

He tightened his grip on his cup, feeling the ceramic warmth seep into his skin. "Maybe… I just found something worth moving toward."

Ichika tilted her head, curiosity deepening. "Something? Or someone?"

The question hung in the air, delicate yet sharp, like a string pulled taut. Yuu's fingers froze mid-motion, his thoughts scattering for a heartbeat.

"…You ask a lot of personal questions, you know," he said at last, his tone light but carrying an edge of truth. A small smile curved his lips, as if to soften the weight of his words.

Ichika smiled faintly in return, her eyes narrowing just slightly in playful defiance. “That’s because… I want to understand you better.”

On the other side of the room, three figures stiffened in unison behind their menus.

“Wha—did she just say that?!” Saki’s voice was a harsh whisper, her cheeks turning pink under her oversized sunglasses.

“Lower your voice,” Shiho muttered, though even she had paused in surprise, her grip on the menu tightening.

Honami’s hands trembled slightly as she peeked over the laminated edge. “…I think… this is more serious than I thought.”

Yuu cleared his throat, his gaze flicking toward the next table,

“But… Hoshino-san,” he murmured, leaning closer so only she could hear, “don’t you think they’re a bit too noisy?”

Ichika blinked, then followed his gaze. The corner of her lips curved into an awkward smile as realization dawned. “Ah… I’m sorry,” she said softly, guilt lacing her tone.

“Eh?”

That single syllable cut through the air like a pin dropping on glass. Both Yuu and Ichika turned their heads toward the source, Saki peeking out from behind an oversized menu that barely hid her grin.

Finally, Saki let out a sheepish laugh, lowering the menu with an air of surrender. “Looks like…” she started, her voice dropping into a playful tone, “…we’ve been caught.”

Ichika sighed, the sound carrying equal parts exasperation and fondness. “…Seriously?” she said, though her eyes betrayed the faintest spark of amusement.

Yuu stared at them, his expression hovering somewhere between confusion and disbelief. “…You’ve got to be kidding me,” he muttered under his breath, before straightening in his chair and raising an eyebrow at the trio. “You were following us?”

“No!” Honami blurted out, far too quickly.

Her voice cracked under the weight of her panic, and she flailed her hands in frantic denial. “We just… happened to be here!”

Shiho lowered her menu just enough to shoot her a flat look. “…In sunglasses and hats. Indoors.”

“Details!” Honami hissed back, face burning crimson.

"I mean... I don't mind." Yuu said with a calm smile, leaning back slightly in his chair. His tone wasn’t harsh or teasing, just genuinely relaxed, which made the three girls freeze mid-motion.

"R-really?!" Saki asked, her voice cracking with surprise as she pulled down her sunglasses.

"Mm." Yuu nodded lightly. "Though… next time, you might want to pick better disguises. Hats and shades? That's kinda textbook."

Saki puffed her cheeks. "I *told* you, Honami, we should've gone with masks!"

"Don't drag me into this!" Honami whispered back, though her ears were already burning pink.

Shiho, on the other hand, crossed her arms and muttered, "I knew we'd get caught. This was pointless from the start."

Ichika stifled a laugh and shook her head. "You three… seriously, what are you doing here?"

"U-uh, w-we were just—" Saki began, fumbling for an excuse.

"Shopping!" Honami jumped in quickly, her words coming out almost too fast. "Y-yeah! We were out shopping, and then we… uh… coincidentally saw you two and thought… um… we could say hi?"

"Sure," Yuu replied, his voice calm and strangely reassuring, which somehow made the three of them feel more guilty.

Shiho narrowed her eyes at him. "You don't… seem surprised."

Yuu shrugged slightly, his eyes drifting to the coffee cup in his hand. "You're Ichika's friends. Makes sense you'd be curious."

Ichika flushed at that, glancing away with a tiny frown. " *Curious* , huh…?"

Saki leaned forward, resting her chin on her hands. "Sooo… what were you two talking about? Looked pretty serious before we came over."

"Personal stuff," Yuu answered casually, his tone leaving no room for teasing.

That made Saki blink. " *Personal stuff* ?"

Ichika quickly waved her hands, her face heating up. "I-it's nothing! Really! Just… a normal conversation!"

Saki smirked a little, her curiosity only growing. Honami gave a soft, nervous laugh, while Shiho kept her gaze fixed on Yuu, silently assessing him.

Before the silence could stretch, Yuu placed his cup down and said, "Since you're all here… why don't we just eat together? You've probably been following us for a while, right?"

"Yeah…" Saki looked at Ichika, "Sorry to ruin your date, Ichika."

"I-It's not a date!" she blurted, her voice cracking slightly.

"Really? Because it *totally* looks like one. Don't you think so, Hazuki-kun?"

The question hung in the air like a spark waiting to ignite.

Yuu didn't flinch. He simply lifted his glass of iced coffee, taking a slow sip as if he had all the time in the world. When he finally set it down, a faint smile curved his lips.

"Well," he said, tone even yet carrying an almost teasing undertone, "I don't really mind what you call it."

The words hit Ichika like a sudden chord change, throwing her completely off balance. She froze mid-motion, her pulse skipping as her ears burned hot. "W-What do you mean by that…?" she muttered, barely above a whisper, her fingers tightening around the edge of her glass.

Shiho, sitting with her arms folded and an unreadable expression, let out a quiet hum. "Interesting…" Her sharp eyes flicked toward Ichika, who looked ready to sink under the table. "So… you're the one who dragged him here, right?"

"I-I didn't drag anyone!" Ichika sputtered, her words tumbling out like a string of missed notes. "I just… offered to help him, that's all!"

Honami finally spoke with a gentle smile that felt like a warm breeze cutting through the tension.

"Well, it's nice of you to help. Hazuki-kun looks good in those clothes, by the way."

"Thanks," Yuu replied with an easy nod, then glanced sideways at Ichika, his calm gaze brushing against her like the steady strum of a guitar string. "But honestly, Hoshino-san has a good eye for fashion. Her advice helped a lot."

"E-Eh? I… I didn't do that much…" Ichika mumbled, her voice shrinking as her fingers nervously twisted her straw. Her reflection rippled in the glass of her untouched iced tea, a mirror of her flustered state.

The conversation meandered after that, drifting into lighter notes. Saki, of course, couldn't resist sprinkling in more teasing, each comment making Ichika's responses grow shorter and softer.

Even Shiho's stoic facade cracked once or twice, a ghost of a smirk tugging at her lips.

Yuu placed his empty glass down with quiet decisiveness, the soft thud echoing like a cue to wrap things up. Adjusting the shopping bag in his hand, he rose to his feet.

"Well," he said, his voice carrying that calm certainty again, "we should probably head to the shoe store before it gets too late."

Ichika nearly jumped up in relief, nodding far too quickly. "Y-Yeah! Let's go."

Saki lounged back in her chair, a sly grin dancing on her lips as her gaze followed them. "Don't let us interrupt your little outing any longer. Have fun, you two~."

"It's not—!" Ichika began, but the protest wilted on her tongue as Yuu held the door open for her, his expression unreadable but his gesture unmistakably polite. Her face warmed all over again as she slipped past him, her pulse pounding louder than the chatter of the café.

Honami watched them go, her soft smile lingering like a secret. "…They seem really comfortable together," she murmured, more to herself than anyone else.

Shiho exhaled through her nose, the corner of her mouth twitching upward just slightly. “Comfortable, huh…? I’d call it awkward in a cute way.”

“Should we keep following them?” Saki whispered, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

Honami shook her head, the brim of her hat casting a gentle shadow over her calm expression. “No… let’s give them some space. It’s their day.”

The three lingered a moment longer, eyes fixed on the glass door where Yuu and Ichika had just stepped out.

Saki rested her chin against her palm, lips curving in a wistful smile she didn’t quite realize she was wearing. A soft, reluctant sigh escaped her as her foot tapped lightly against the floor.

Just as Honami reached for her glass, Saki’s voice slipped out in a barely-there murmur, a thought not meant to be spoken aloud:

“…I want to try dating too.”

Her words lingered in the air, fragile and uncertain, like the delicate chime of glass.

“Hm?” Honami glanced up, blinking. “Did you say something, Saki?”

Saki’s eyes widened slightly. She waved her hands quickly, her cheeks coloring as she forced a bright laugh. “Mm—nothing! Nothing at all.”

“…You don’t mind it, do you?” she asked at last, her voice softer than it had been inside. “Being… dragged into all this. Talking with me. With the others.”

Yuu blinked, surprised by the question. “Dragged in?” He tilted his head. “I wouldn’t call it that. Honestly, Hoshino-san, I… I don’t think I mind at all.”

Ichika’s pace slowed just slightly, her gaze falling to the ground ahead. “I see. That’s good.” A small smile tugged at her lips, fleeting, almost reluctant. “Sometimes, though… I wonder if I’m asking too much of people. Even just… wanting them to stay by my side.”

Yuu studied her carefully.

“…That doesn’t sound selfish to me,” he said gently. “If anything… it sounds human.”

Ichika stopped in her tracks, eyes widening slightly at his words, as though he’d brushed against something she’d been guarding.

“…Hazuki-kun,” she murmured, her voice almost hesitant, “can I ask you something… personal?”

Yuu turned toward her, brows raising. “Of course. What is it?”

Ichika’s fingers tightened on her bag strap, her steps halting completely this time.

“…Hazuki-kun. Why do you always look… like you’re somewhere far away?”

(Huh...?)

End Notes

This is a fanfiction project written by someone who loves PJSK, aside from the characters.
I fell in love with the vibes, the music, and the concept, and thought,
“What if someone who didn’t belong… showed up anyway?”

Consider this a story from the outside looking in. An extra with no place in the plot,
quietly stepping into the world behind the stage lights.

Updates might be slow, but I promise every chapter will be written with care.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!